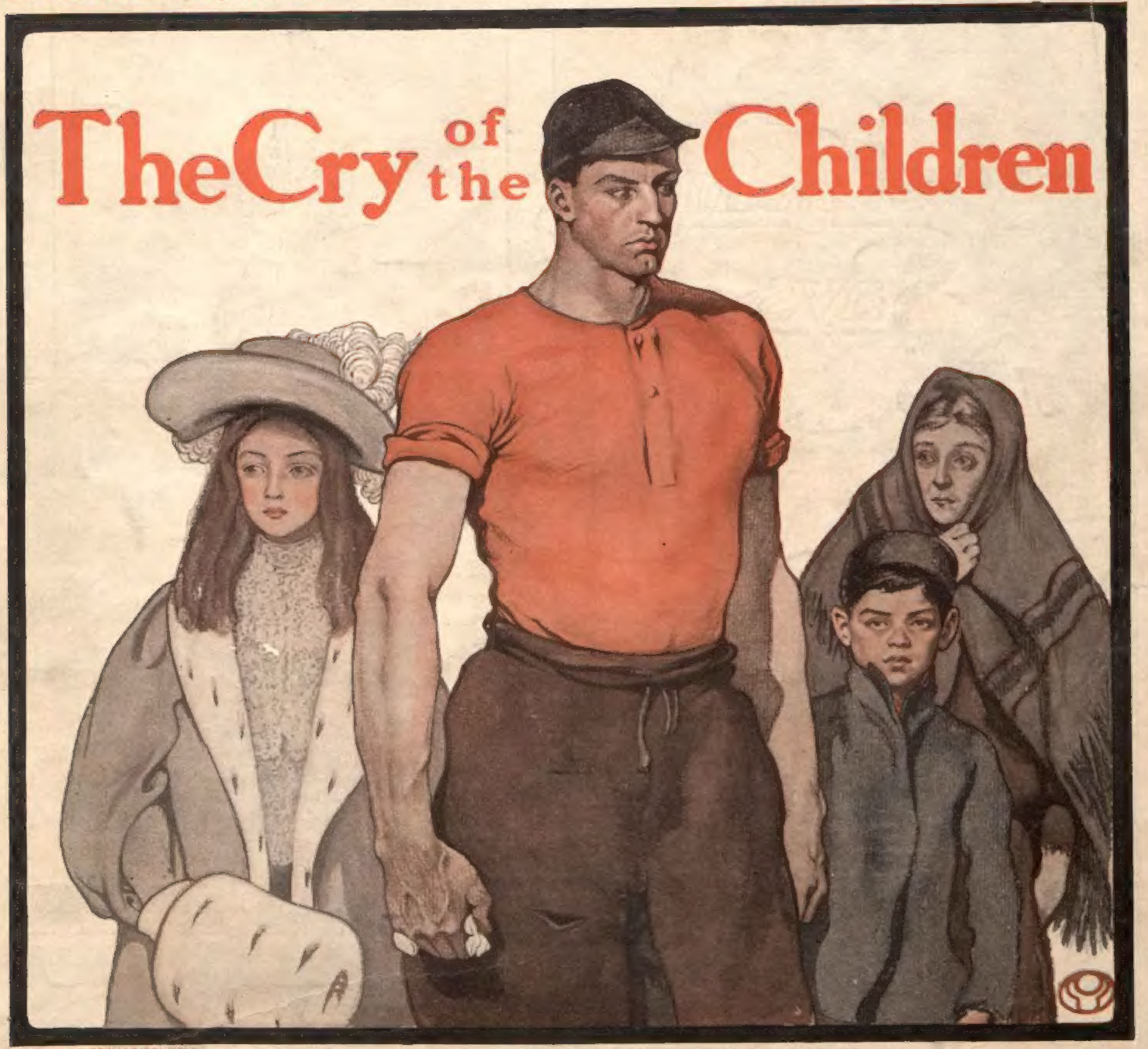
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 10, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Cry of the Children



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

PETTIJOHN'S
BREAKFAST FOOD

Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Company

Pettijohn Says:-

When you begin to know you have it, you are beginning to lose it. Your digestion, I mean.

News from it is always bad news. I never let my food get the best of me.

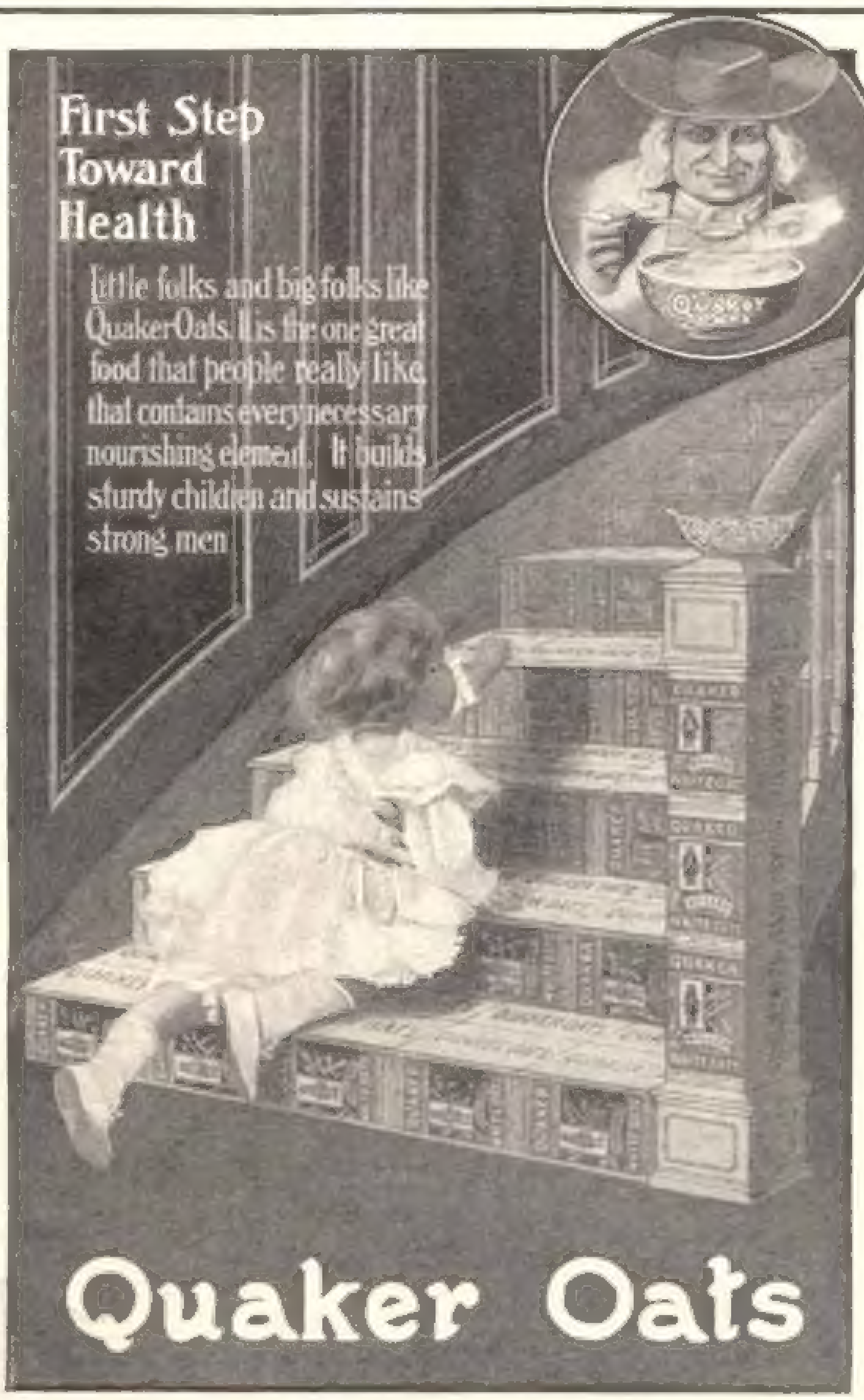
I get the best of food. I eat

Pettijohn

ALL WHEAT **GOOD TO EAT**

P.S.—Pettijohn is the wheat,
the whole wheat,
and nothing but the wheat.

Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Company


First Step
Toward
Health
Little folks and big folks like Quaker Oats. It is the one great food that people really like, that contains every necessary nourishing element. It builds sturdy children and sustains strong men
QUAKER
Quaker Oats

Look for "CONGRESS" on every box
CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS
GOLD EDGES

Designs copyright, 1899-1900-3-4-5 by The U. S. Playing Card Co.

To play with zest, get the best. It makes the fingers fly—the game move with snap and vim—when you play with

Congress Cards

(Cards of quality. Gold edges.)

The beauty of these cards grows on you—their smooth, ivory-like feel fascinates you—their superb playing qualities satisfy you.

The backs are works of art—miniature paintings—of which one never tires. In their *variety* they meet every individual taste.

The faces are clearly printed—the corner indexes large and distinct.

Let us send you samples (single cards) and illustrations free.

Over 100 designs to choose from—all in gold and rich colors—including
Pictorial Series—Reproductions of best pictures of American and European artists.
Initial Series—Enables you to have your initial on your playing cards.
Club Series—For Whist, Poker, Euchre, etc. Cards of quality in set pattern designs.

Buy of your dealer, or send 50 cents per pack for backs desired.

DUPLICATE WHIST—best of card games, in which skill—not luck—wins. Played with Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays—12-Tray set, $5.00; extra fine set, $10.00. 3 months' course of Whist Lessons free with each set. Also Students' Whist Sets, 8-trays only, $1.00 per set. Sold by dealers. Send for illustrated list.

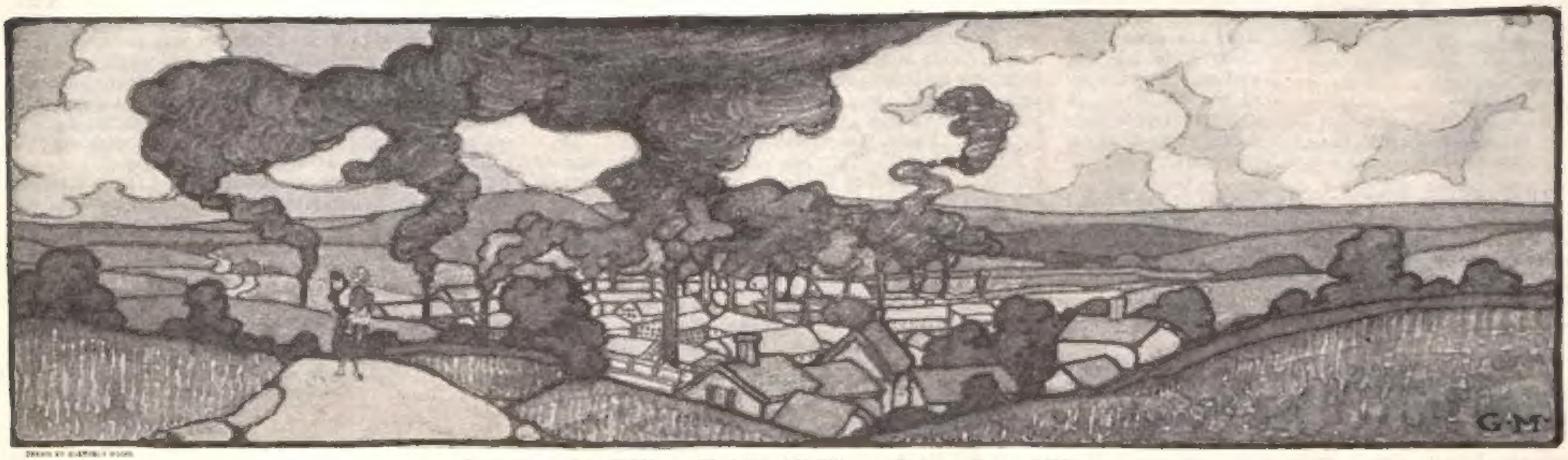
Address Dept. 10 **The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.**

Makers also of "Bicycle Playing Cards." Popular price—conventional designs for everyday use. Fine dealing and wearing qualities.—Sold by dealers, or send 25 cents a pack for designs wanted. Illustrations sent free.

We send above goods, prepaid, on receipt of prices named in this advertisement if your dealer does not supply them.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.
Founded A°D' 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1906 Number 37

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN



Over a Slope of the Hill Hung a Black Cloud, Fed Perpetually from a Forest of Chimneys

Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

THERE is one fact regarding the industries in America which concerns every man and woman throughout the land. Since cotton mills began to spring up like mushrooms, and sociological philanthropy began to be the fashion, we have heard much about child labor; so much, indeed, has it been a matter for discussion that the very life has been taken out of the phrase itself and it has come to have no meaning. It suggests reports and dull discourses and lobbying for legal reform, and dry statistics. It has assumed the form of a mere stereotyped heading which serves as a watchword to deter the hurried reader from wasting any time on articles he "always skips." Yet back of these two words linked incongruously together is the fact that concerns us all, an outrageous fact that cannot be denied, a fact that need only be presented from its human side in order to touch every heart that beats for the good of the country and the welfare of others. In our thriving mills, both North and South, there are thousands and thousands of little children at work. As I formulate this simple statement I can hear a chorus of protests: echoes of past objections which have been made for years by those whose interest it is not to acknowledge the truth. In response I have only to say that I started, a skeptic myself, upon a tour of inspection regarding what I held to be "sensational reports" about child labor. After remaining six weeks in various cotton-mill towns of Maine, New Hampshire, Georgia and Alabama, I have determined to relate only what I saw—all too sensational, alas!—believing the simple account of realities to be the most convincing, and daring to hope that it may serve as an appeal, and that it may stir those whom it touches into procuring some remedy for an existing condition of things which is contrary to every principle of civilization and Christianity.

The facts of the case as regards the law are these: Each State being free to impose upon manufacturers what regulations it pleases, there is a variety of labor problems to choose from in studying any single American industry. Not having unlimited time in which to make a general investigation, I selected as centres of observation for these studies of child labor: Maine, where there are good laws poorly enforced; New Hampshire, where there is no factory inspection; Alabama, where the laws are poor and the enforcement poorer; Georgia, where there are no laws at all. I confined my visits almost entirely to the woolen and cotton mills because more children are employed there than in the other complicated manufactures, and because, also, by making a comparative study of the same industry under different conditions it was possible to arrive at some general conclusions regarding it.

To be sure, even the most rabid reformer could not hope that business be run as a philanthropy, and the question might easily be asked whether—once a model child labor law had obtained—there were still any profit to be made by the cotton-mill owners. The nearest approach to an ideal state of affairs being that which exists in Massachusetts, I made also a sojourn at Fall River, studying there the evolution of reform and its practical effects both upon the well-being of the employees and the welfare of employers. But, if the articles which follow make a slight pretense of tracing the history of an industry, their most earnest purpose is to get a hearing for the little children who toil; to let them speak for themselves; to show something of their lives which will be eloquent in claiming for them protection, legal and humane: to sound their cry.

Listen for it in what I am going to tell. A complaint? you ask, used as you are to the wheedling of charity recipients. A complaint! Why, the children of the mills are an army of tiny pilgrims whose miserable bodies, in the onward march, are but the vehicle for a spirit that no suffering can repress. Victims of ignorance and avarice, robbed of health by the heavy burdens too early placed upon their fragile shoulders, denuded of hope, they trudge forward on life's way with a fortitude and determination which makes their cry less a complaint than a summons. The memory of faces such as theirs clings in the mind with lingering tenacity: faded masks of withered flesh, dark eyes gazing out of pale, swollen brows; all the ugliness visible which deprivation and toil can practice upon the human features: yet, illuminating this sullied, tragic image, an expression that glows as the sun does for whole days behind clouds which seem to diffuse and magnify its brilliance.

The bringing about of any modification in social conditions is, in a republican country like ours, determined by public opinion, and this irrepressible force is composed of so many minor opinions that no one is excused, on the ground that "what he thinks can't make any difference," from taking an interest in such a national question as this of child labor.

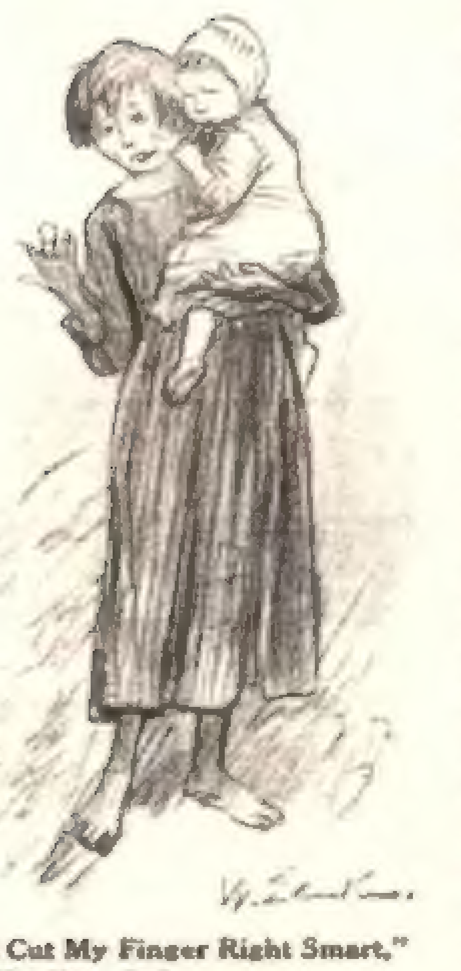
Census bulletins show that there are at work in the United States over a million and a half of children between the ages of ten and fifteen; twenty-five per cent. of all the textile operatives in the South are under sixteen; two thousand girls under thirteen are doing night-work in Pennsylvania; ninety-two thousand are employed at this age or younger in New York State. . . . But it is not statistics that we are looking for. Considered thus, as mere figures in an official statement, these thousands of children seem like one of the necessary elements in a great industrial organization.

How are they designated on the pay-rolls of the great mills? How are they alluded to familiarly by employers? Not even by the generic name of children: they are called, very pertinently, *hands*. Their hands, and what they can do with them, are all that attract the manufacturer. For him, the rest of their little persons—from the youth that is repressed within them to the soul to which not even greed can attain—is of minor consequence. Yet it is only by taking time to think of these "hands" as individuals that they can appeal to us from a human point of view. It is just this life of theirs therefore, which the mill disregards, that I would aim to make the subject of these articles; the life, not as it manifests itself in so many mechanical gestures with relation to a machine, but the inward life, the life of sentiment and feeling, the home life, the character of the children, their occupations outside of working-hours, their pleasures, and their own opinions about child labor.

"We don't want to hear any horrors!" This is a remark often made among the less militant of the fairer sex. Physical sufferings, squalor, poverty are not the only "horrors": paucity of spirit, lack of compassion, and indifference can also come under this comprehensive heading. Those who are "all stirred up" by what they read and who take no action are apt rather to be provoked

---

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Van Vorst in which the victims of the new slavery tell their own stories.



"I Cut My Finger Right Smart," She Drawled

with existing conditions than with their own inactivity. They argue in this way: "What is the use of knowing about such dreadful things when we can't help them?"

So long as there are over a million children at work for us, our industrial records need such forcible cleaning up that everybody can "help." If those who set their shoulders to the wheel find that their hearts fail them in the effort for reform they need only consider the example of these little laborers, and once hear the cry of the children, in order to renew their energy and their courage.

After first consulting the State Records at the Capitol in Montgomery where all corporations are registered, and determining upon what centres it seemed advisable to visit, I accepted a letter of introduction to the owner of a mill in Birmingham and set out for that place, the second city, with Montgomery, in Alabama, which has attained to a population of thirty thousand.

The idea of a letter of introduction was, to be sure, incongruous with that of making a tour of investigation, and though the few courteous lines I presented to the proprietor of the mills might have procured me hospitality under his own roof, they sent me as an outcast from his factory gates. "It was of no interest to him that a piece should be written about his help.". This he made quite clear, and, having done so, he closed the door peremptorily, leaving me without to meditate upon some more successful method of obtaining entrance to the factories I had determined to visit.

Profiting by the presence at Birmingham of several ladies who had been more or less active in passing the only laws which place any restraint upon Alabama manufacturers, I called upon them before proceeding to Anniston, and gathered from their conversation certain facts regarding the situation in their State.

My chief informant was a pretty woman of the graceful, languid type we designate in a word as "Southern." It was a shock to hear her affirm in her soft, musical voice, with its drawling intonation:

"Why, child labor in Alabama is a necessary evil."

"Do you think," I exclaimed, "that it is just as well for a child twelve years old to be at work as to be in school?"

Her gentle eyes reflected in their smile a feeling of inward indulgence.

"That," she said, "is not a fair question. When you know more of these people you'll see that they're just like animals. In the mill they have some chance of getting civilized. If we made laws restricting labor we should frighten away capitalists and wreck our very surest chances of progress and prosperity."

She followed up her argument with pitiful descriptions of ignorance among the people who flock in from the hills and plains to feed the mill machinery.

"They don't even know enough to level the ground where they build their cabins. They fry every bit of their food, even the bread." And then she repeated the comprehensive phrase: "They're just like animals."

She was a stockholder, this gentle "Southerner," in the mills I had just attempted to visit. Oh, hideous logic which greed alone makes plausible! What part, pray, had God in creating a class "like animals," and who could maintain, with justice, that out of such mental and moral insufficience a better state might come, were it coupled to physical oppression and misery? Two wrongs cannot make a right; and the cursory dispatching of a whole class of people to the realm of the animal does not free the bondsman from his ultimate accounting for the soul which has passed, along with the body, into his keeping.

As a matter of fact, there was a law made in 1903 which prohibited the employment of children under twelve years of age in factories unless widowed mothers or aged or disabled fathers be dependent upon the labor of such children, and the same law forbade children under thirteen to work after 7 P. M. or before 6 A. M., and all children to hire out for more than sixty-six hours a week day-work, or forty-eight hours night-work.

"Why did we pass the law?" responded one of my feminine informants. "Why not? What difference does it make? There are no inspectors, no school laws, no truant officers, and where there is nobody to enforce a law it can't inspire much respect."

The method of asking permission having met with such rebuff as I took to be characteristic, I determined, on reaching Anniston, upon the more simple plan of walking into any factory that might be open and pursuing my inquiries regardless of consequences, until I was stopped or put out.

The town of Anniston lies among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, half-way between Birmingham and Atlanta. There was little need to ask directions for reaching the mills: over a slope of the hill on the village outskirts hung a black cloud, fed perpetually from a forest of chimneys that rose like the dark cypress trees of some *campo santo*. Thither I bent my steps.

The cotton-mill "folks" wear unwittingly a badge which distinguishes them far and wide. As I came along down over the hillside I met a child holding in her arms another smaller child; both were covered—their hair, their clothes, their very eyelashes even—with fine flakes of lint, wisps of cotton, fibres of the great web in which the factories imprison their victims.

"Hello," I said, "do you work in the mill?"

"Yes, meaum." The voice was gentle and the manner friendly. She hitched the baby, who had a tendency to slip from her tiny, motherly arms, and showed me one of her fingers done up in a loose, dirty bandage. "I cut my finger right smart," she drawled, "so I'm takin' a day off."

"How old are you?"

"Tweayulve."

"Got any brothers or sisters?"

"I've got *him*." She straightened the piece of lemon stick candy in the baby's mouth as she thus called attention to "him," and continued: "And I've got one brother in the mill."

"How old is he?"

"Tweayulve."

"Twins?" I asked.

She smiled, and shook her head.

"He's tweayulve in the mill, and he's teyun outside."

This little bit of humanity, taking a day off as mother to a still tinier being, seemed a promising sponsor, and I suggested that we walk along together. She could not go to the mill with me, she explained, without first consulting her mother, so we proceeded to the settlement in which she lodged, along with the other eighty or a hundred families who man the mills in which she worked.

"That's where we live!"

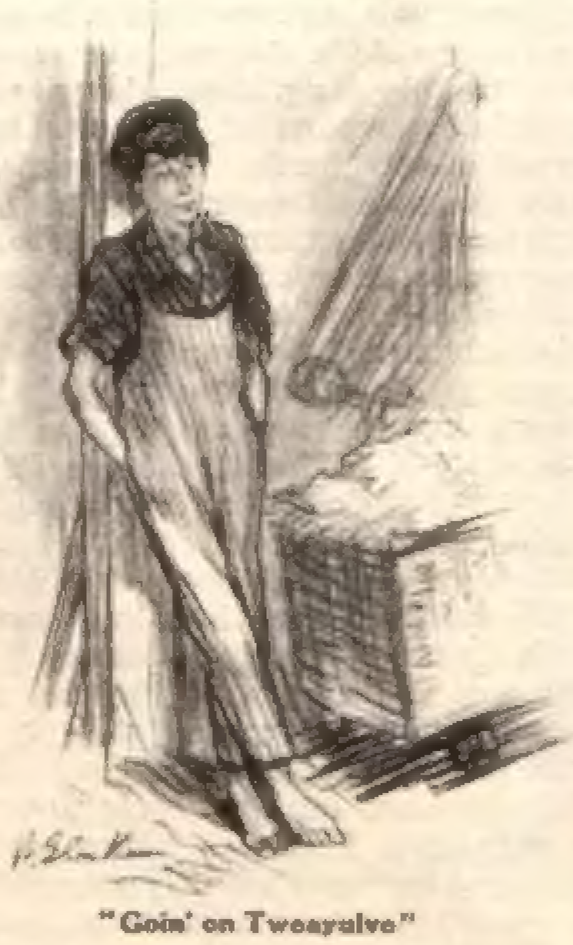
Her fleet little bare feet picked a way deftly over the stony path, and she kept a hand free—when it was not laid on the baby's back—to point out the turns that led to "where she lived."

Her home was one of a group of frame one-story houses perched on a slant of ground. Each house was encircled by a wooden veranda, and the order of housekeeping described itself before the eyes, as a whisk of the broom which carried all dirt from the kitchen on to the porch, and another whisk which landed it on the slant of ground, bedecked, in consequence, with old tin cans, decaying vegetables, pieces of dirty paper, rags, and chicken feathers.

It was to the more intimate quarter, however, that I penetrated with my guide. The inside court or square upon which these "homes" opened their back doors was a large mud-puddle overhung with the collective wash of the neighborhood. In and out of the mud-puddle wallowed the younger members of the mill families, receiving from time to time admonishing reprimands from a gently irate parent, who swished her long cotton wrapper over the mud court, drawling to her offspring:

"I sure will whip you if you-all don't quit."

"That-a-way's where we live," said my little companion, stepping on to the porch and depositing her load, as she opened the door and ran to announce a visit to her mother. The woman turned listlessly from the sewing-machine over which she was bent.



"Goin' on Tweayulve"

"Won't you come in?" she called to me, dragging out a chair by the fire, without getting up.

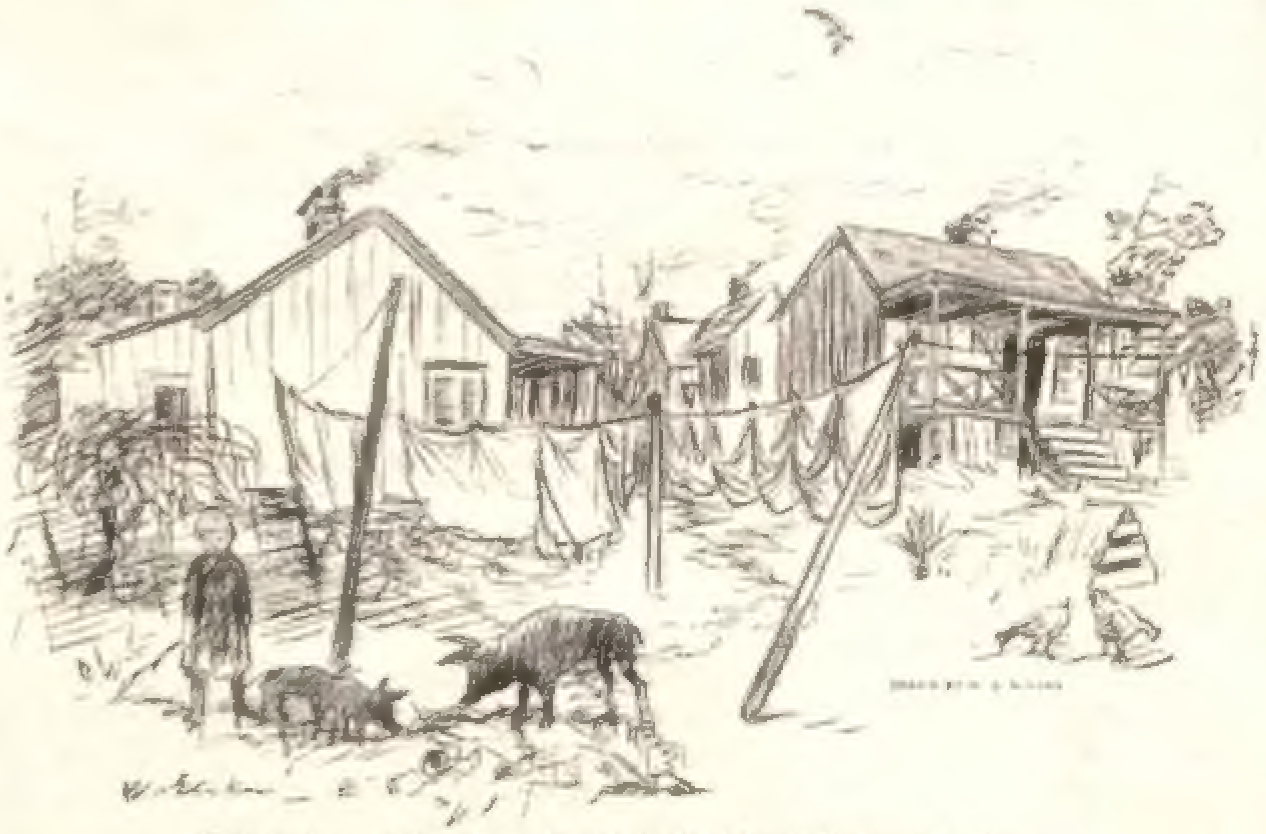
"Lookin' fer work?" she asked.

I took a seat, glancing at the interior which my little friend called "home." The outer room was a kitchen—though it might, except for the stove, have been mistaken for a hen-coop. The chickens pecked their way about the dirty floor, venturing as far even as the table upon which stood the meagre remains of a noonday meal. The second and the inner room had each a bed—an unmade bed I was going to say, but how, indeed, could a bed be made without either sheets or pillows? Two grimy counterpanes were flung in disorder across the mattresses; a few chairs, a bureau and a machine completed the house-furnishings.

As the listless woman talked with me in a kindly manner about work, the baby, who had crawled in from the porch and arrived as far as its mother's skirts, now tugged at these to be taken up. His tiny hands had served as propellers across the filthy floor, the stick of lemon candy was still clutched in one, and it added to the general stickiness of the dirt with which his face and clothes were smeared. As a soldier shoulders his gun—the burden to which he is most accustomed—this mother swung her baby into her arms, and while she talked on, giving items about the cost of living and factory wages, she loosened her cotton jacket—evidently the only garment she had on—and, folding the baby to her breast, lulled its whimpering.

"Yes," she said, "we pay one-fifty a week for three rooms. That's a little over six a month. I call it high. We don't get no runnin' water. Every drop we use's got to be drawed in the yard; 'n we don't get no light either—nothin' but lamps."

The baby, comforted and consoled, though the stick of lemon candy had slipped from its grasp, let its hand stray over the woman's throat with little spasmodic caresses which left in their trail smears of dirt, flecked with tiny scarlet streaks where the sharp nails had caught in the pale, withered flesh.



The Order of Housekeeping Described Itself Before the Eyes

"I reckon you-all might be cold," she said, directing the older girl to put more wood on the open-grate fire, thinking apparently nothing of herself. "We don't like it here first rate. Mebbe we'll move again. I sure do crave travelin'. Well, honey," this was addressed to the baby who had sat up with a jerk and begun to whine. The candy, picked up from the floor where it had fallen and restored to its owner's mouth, did not seem the desired thing. The mother looked at me with a knowing smile.

"I reckon I can guess what ails him. He wants his babies." And at this, always without getting out of her chair before the machine, she reached behind her and drew from a shelf over her head two white rats. This was apparently what the baby had wanted. In the game that ensued between him and his pets, his chief delight seemed to be in seeing the rats disappear through the open-throated gown of his mother, and make the tour of her bodice, wriggling, burrowing, crawling, to emerge finally from her collar at the nape of her neck. Sometimes they diversified their gyrations, proceeding upward into her hair and down again by way of her ears on to easier climbing-ground. Impassible, unmoved, she talked on in her gentle, drawling voice, giving no sign whatever that she noticed the animals. It was only when the baby plunged its sharp nails into the white rat's side that she ejaculated mercifully:

"Quit that! You-all 'll hurt them babies."

I was somewhat dazed as I proceeded presently with my little guide from this interior to the mill. The squalor and disorder of what I had seen, the ignorance and the insensibility, contrasted strangely with the friendly concern about any intention I might have to get work, the desire to help me on my way, the strange lethargic tenderness which took the form of pity for even rats.

"Like animals," my friend had told me. That we must wait to see.

Following thus in the bare footprints of my companion, the way seemed to lead directly into the mill, the door of which stood open with no more formidable porter than a tired overseer. He nodded an indifferent "Yes" at our request to visit the mill, and we stepped over the threshold on a level with the street, and into the spinning-room.

There were thirty-eight hands in this spinning-room. Not ten of them had reached the age of twelve.

It was only after I had talked with them and questioned them for some twenty minutes that the "second man" came to me and explained in a jovial, courteous way that "talkin' kept the hands from work." But in that twenty minutes there was a little world revealed to me of which I had known nothing, and had read only such accounts as I believed to be "sensational."

The operation of spinning is an extremely simple one. An expert hand can run as many as a thousand bobbins or ten "sides." A child of ten keeps from two to four "sides" going with no further effort than the renewing of the large spools, the cleaning of the "saliva" from the frames, and the refilling of the spindles whose threads have snapped. The replenishing of the quills or bobbins is done by the smallest hands, who from the process they perform in lifting the full spools off the frames to put empty ones in their place are called "doffers."

The first child to whom I spoke here stood waiting, without work, for the machinery to start up. He had on a cloth cap, overalls, and a blue cotton shirt open at the throat. His face was wan, his eyes blue, with an intenser blue streak beneath them. His mouth was full of tobacco which had caught in a dingy crust about his lips. As he leaned back, one foot crossed over the other expectant for the spindles to begin again their whirling, he presented, in his attitude and his gestures, the appearance not of a child, but of a gaunt man shrunk to diminutive size. Coming over to where he stood, I began:

"How many sides do you run a day?"

"Three to four," he answered.

"How much do you make?"

"About $2.40 a week."

Then hastily I put the question: "How old are you?"

"Goin' on tweayulve," he responded. "I've been workin' abeaout four years. I come in here when I was seven."

"Ever been to school?"

He shook his head. "No, meayum. I don't know if I'd like it. I reckon I'd as soon work here as be in school."

"How many hours do you work here a day?"

"From six until six."

The noise of the machinery was distracting, and as I bent over him to catch his answers, piped in a shrill, nasal voice, I could not but notice how fine and delicate his features were; the deep eyes, the high-arched nose, the slender lips, were placed in the oval face as features only can be placed by the unerring mould that breeding casts. Observing also the miniature shoulders that seemed to have been oppressed by some iron hand, I said:

"Don't you get very tired?"

There was a pause which made more marked the honesty of his response:

"Why, I don't never pay much attention whether I get tired or not."

"You have an hour at noon?"

Here he pushed the cloth cap on to the back of his head, and sent a long, wet, black line from his mouth to the floor.

"Well," he said (it was the man who spoke, his arms akimbo, his body warped in the long tussle for existence), "they aim to give us an hour, but we don't never get more'n twenty-five minutes. We all live right up there." He nodded toward the square of houses clustered around the mud-puddle on the brink of the slovenly hillside.

Here the bobbins began to revolve slowly, the spindles to whirl, and the boy started back to his work.

"You can't loaf much," he explained, "when the machine's a-runnin'."

Up and down he plied on his monotonous beat—lone little figure. Ah, how far some of us could go if we worked thus in tacit submission, without stopping even to question whether or not we were tired!

Evidently waiting to join in the conversation, a small boy, I noticed, was standing beside me. His dark eyes sparkled merrily in his colorless face; he was dirty and covered with lint.

"What's your job?"

"Sweepin'," he grinned.

"How much do you make a day?"

"Twenty cents."

"And how old are you?"

"Seayvun."

The boy at the card machine, making straps for the spindle, was "goin' on tayun." He made twenty cents a day. Others I questioned were eight, nine, ten, and occasionally there was one as old as twelve.

Some of my Birmingham informants had told me that there were whole families of dwarfs who came down from the mountains and took work in the mills, greatly misleading certain visitors who supposed them to be children "under age." As I walked on now through the mills, talking with a twelve-year-old red-headed girl who had been four years at work, my eyes suddenly fell upon a strange couple (doubtless, I thought, some of the dwarfs against whom I had been warned). I could not take my attention from the tiniest of the tiny pair; the boy's hands appeared to be made without bones; his thumb flew back almost double as he pressed the cotton to loosen it from the revolving rod in the spinning frame; they no longer moved, these yellow anæmic hands, as though directed in their different acts by a thinking intelligence: they performed mechanically the gestures which had given them their definitive form.

The red-headed girl laughed and nodded in the direction of the dwarf.

"He's 'most six," she said. "He's been here two years. *He come in when he was 'most four.* His little brother 'most four's workin' here now."

"Yes? Where?"

"Oh, he works on the night-shift. He comes in 'beaut half-a-past five and stays till six in the mornin'."

I went over to the other dwarf of the couple, older evidently than the boy "'most six." Below her red cotton

(Continued on Page 28)

THE LUCK OF CAPTAIN SPINK

And How He was Kind to the German Empire

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

THE Swan of Avon, a newly-built tramp steamer named after one that Captain Spink had lost, was well to the sou'west of Socotra, and the calm of the more northern waters inside Cape Guardafui had given way to a particularly disgusting sou'west monsoon. The heat was horrid and as wet as a Russian vapor bath. The Swan wallowed and grunted as she got the sea on her starboard bow, and the only really cheerful man on board was Captain Spink. This Ward, and Day, his two mates, put down to natural deviltry. They frankly owned that weather like that did no man any good, and yet Spink went about singing. It was more than the second mate did when he relieved Ward at midnight. It was a great pleasure to him that he soon saw something in the dark of the night which justified him in calling the skipper.

"I wonder what the deuce that is," said Day. "I wonder what the deuce it can be."

He got out his glasses and stared into the mirk of night with his nose pointed about northeast.

"I'll swear it wasn't lightning," said Day, "though at first I thought it was. Dashed if I know. It comes and goes in a mighty queer fashion. Hanged if I don't have old Spink up. I don't care if he is mad: serve him right anyhow for bein' so beastly merry all day."

He slipped off the bridge and, entering the "old man's" cabin, turned up the light. It woke Spink at once, and he called out without opening his eyes:

"Well, what's wrong now, Day? Has the ship fallen overboard?"

"I thought you'd be mad to be woke up, sir," said Day in an obvious tone of disappointment.

"Well, I ain't mad in the least," said Spink. "I can't afford to sleep sound with officers picked solely for their fighting capacity, because I can't live with any one that I can lick. What do you want me to come up and teach you now?"

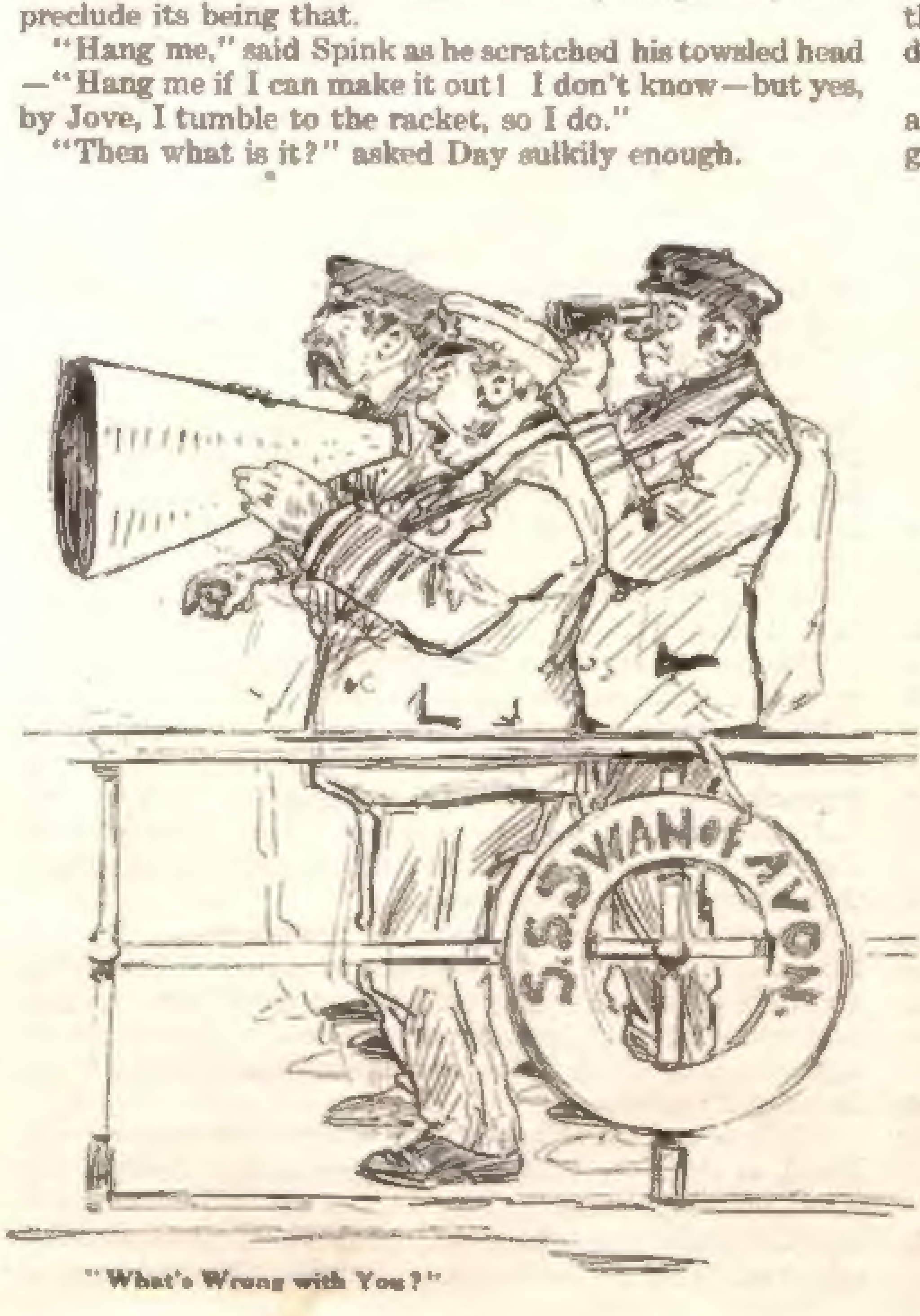
"I'll never come to your school to be taught manners, sir," growled Day. "There is a strange winking light away to the nor'east, and I can't make it out."

"I never expected that you would," said Spink as he pulled on his trousers. "I shipped you to do nothing with brains in it, same as Ward. I'll be up in a pig's whisper."

He was on the bridge a minute later and soon made out the appearance to the north and east that had puzzled Day. For a little while it puzzled him as well. Wherever the strange light came from, it was very far off and only visible by being reflected on the heavy clouds of the monsoon. It was obvious that it was not lightning, or any natural phenomenon: it came and went and reflected itself with so much regularity in its very irregularity as to preclude its being that.

"Hang me," said Spink as he scratched his towsled head—"Hang me if I can make it out! I don't know—but yes, by Jove, I tumble to the racket, so I do."

"Then what is it?" asked Day sulkily enough.


S.S. SWAN of AVON.

"What's Wrong with You?"

By this time Spink was sure in his mind and he proceeded to "rub it into" the second mate.

"Can't you see, you thick head?" replied the self-satisfied, discourteous Spink. "Why, even Ward, who is often a bigger fool than you, would see it right off if he was sober. That's a man-of-war playing up signalin' with her searchlight, or I never saw Glo'ster. Fetch me up Todd's book. There's something in it I want."

When Day brought up the book Spink took it into the chart-house and looked at marks which he had put down: ——— — ——— — ——— —

"While I'm thinkin' jot down what they say in longs and shorts," said Spink to the second mate. And Day growled, but did it.

"What d'y' make of it?" he asked.

Spink found the Morse code in Todd and he soon spotted the fact that the signal was N. C., which, in the international code, means: "In distress, want assistance." He slapped his thigh.

"This should mean money," he said joyfully. And Day, who had put down a lot of scratches on a piece of paper, handed it to him, and asked once what he made of it.

"I make money of it," said Spink, "that's what I make of it. I've got brains, Day, and I smell gold. I'll read what you've got and consider whether I shall satisfy your curiosity or not."

He found that Day's paper read N. C. over and over again. And then P. J., which, by the code, means: "Want coal immediately."

"And I've got coal, my son," said Spink coolly. "I've got lots of it. What's wrong, I wonder? It's one of them beastly German warships goin' off to China and missed her colliers, for a fiver! I read of 'em in the papers as bein' too proud to coal at English coaling stations."

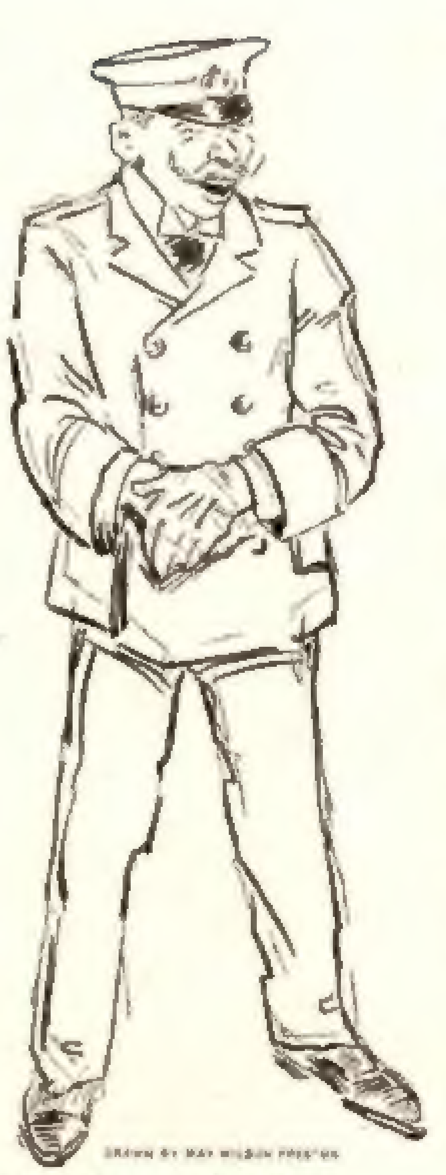
Day shoved his bullet head into the chart-house.

"Well," said Day, "what do you make of it?"

"'Tend to your business," said Spink, "and head her for the searchlight of a German man-of-war that I've business with in those latitudes. You thought we were bound for Singapore, didn't you? Well, maybe you'll not set foot on Tangon Pagar wharf this trip. Alter the course right away."

He went below and turned in again.

"A gold mine," said Day sadly. He thought it was a great pity that Spink had become a lunatic. "In


DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"For What, or How Much, Will You Tow, and How Much the Coal Will You Sell?"

some ways he's not a bad chap. But he's a snorter and no mistake."

The night was as dark as a Port Said coaling nigger, and was only lighted by phosphorescent gleams from the breaking waves and the sea that the Swan washed through as elegantly as a towed barge. Her wake showed like a Milky Way in a dark sky and it was as broad as Regent Street. She was built to carry cargo and had as much elegance about her as a Dutch vroouw of fifty. When she was at anything less than full speed in a following sea she steered like a 'bus on a greasy road.

"There she goes again!" said Day as he watched the light on the sky. "I wonder what it means. Perhaps old Spink is right after all. He's no fool."

Spink would have been pleased to hear it, for Day rarely owned that the skipper knew anything. But he did so now, for it was soon obvious to any one what the northeast lights were. And gradually the dawn came out of India, and when the skipper was called he found Ward and Day on the bridge looking at a peculiarly helpless first-class cruiser lying wallowing in the sea. She was German by her paint, and her appearance and her flags acknowledged her shame.

"This is a gold mine," said Spink. "Day, run up a signal and ask if she wants assistance. Oh, don't I love the Germans! I'll sell 'em coal, oh yes, and at twopence a ton, too!"

As the flags showed out, Spink ran on and rounded to, head to the wind, under the lee of the big cruiser within easy hailing distance. He rang the Swan down to dead slow and just kept her going.

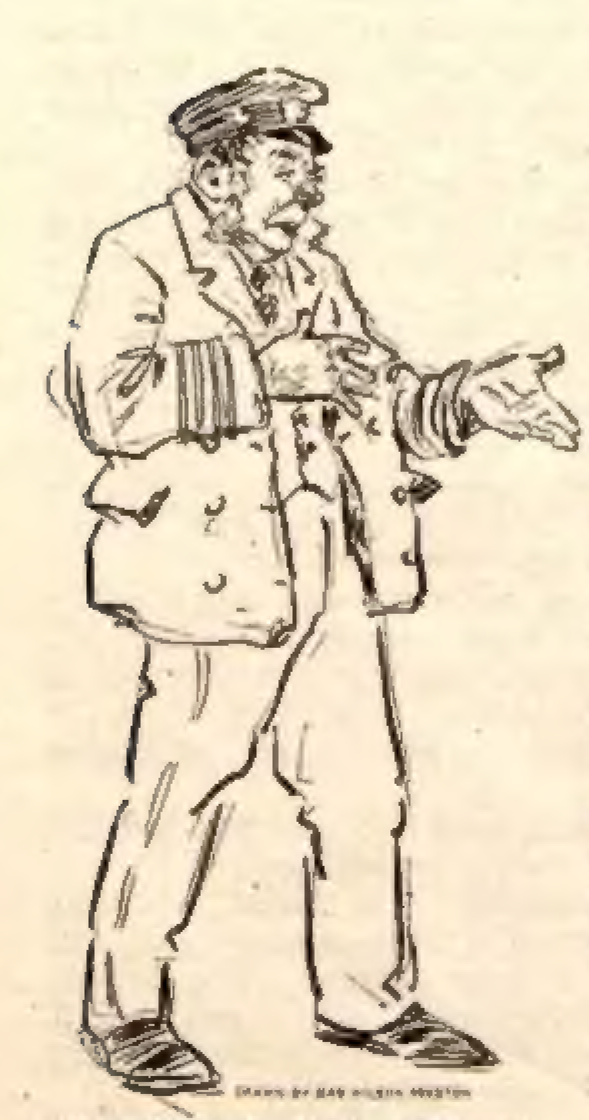
"The old tin pot!" said the lordly Spink; "and to think that they manage things like this! It's my firm opinion that no one but Englishmen should be allowed out of sight of land, unless they have an English skipper. Gimme the speaking trumpet. Ring down to stop her!"

And with that he let out a bellow that rolled up to windward in the most surprising way.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked, and he was promptly answered by one of half a dozen officers on the bridge of the cruiser:

"We are out of coal," said the "owner" in excellent English. "Can you supply us with some?"

"I'm loaded with the very best brand of it, my son," said Spink, "but I'm takin' it to Singapore, and I've no authority to sell it in the Indian Ocean. How do you chaps come to be without any? I never had much opinion of any of you as seamen, after a long experience of Dutchmen, but I did think you had enough savvy to take some coal to sea with you."


DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Well," Said the Noble Spink, with His Hand at His Heart, "I Propose to Say Nothing About it Publicly"

The "Dutchman" was obviously annoyed, but he said nothing more than that one of his officers would come on board.

"Right," said Spink and, though he was ready to see them capsize a boat and drown a few men, he observed that they got a boat over the side smartly enough in spite of the sea. When they ran alongside, a lieutenant came on board without getting as much as a splash, and he was met by Spink with a smiling face.

"Glad to see you," said Spink. "You did that very nicely."

"Thank you," said the fair young lieutenant, whose English was not so spick and span as his uniform. "Have you coals to sell?"

"How do you come to be without 'em?" said Spink bluntly.

"Our coal-ships have collisioned with each other," said the German, "and accordingly they are both sunk and we have not much."

Spink turned to Ward and addressed him in rapid slang.

"Hear the trickiness of the galoot, Ward! He's letting on that he has some when his bally bunkers are as bare as his sweet face. Pipe his Jills as I palaver; do you think he tumbles? Oh, I'll sell 'em coal!"

"Ach," said the youngster, "you will sell, eh?"

"Sell, eh? To be sure," said Spink. "Ain't I the whole market in the Arabian Sea? And do you think I won't do a good turn even to a German? Oh, no, I'm not that sort, and you can tell your skipper that I'll fill him up right enough."

The youngster hastened to impart the good news to the helpless cruiser. When he spoke, he told the anxious commanding officer that the Englishman was a queer chap, but ready to help them, and a pleased and happy smile spread itself over the faces of all who heard him. They were bound for China and had refused to coal at any English coaling station out of their new-born sea-pride. As a matter of fact, they had received orders to coal at sea, so that the German nation should have an object-lesson as to the necessity of coaling stations.

"But there are too many sea waves—how do you say it?—to coal here," said the lieutenant. "How do you do it, eh?"

Spink looked at him cheerfully and then winked at Day.

"We've got the bulge," he said with a heavenly smile. "Oh, here we have the bulge on the whole German Empire and no mistake! We'll tow you into the lee of Socotra and coal you there, my son. Tell your skipper that we'll do that, and tell him we'll do it at a moderate price considering the circumstances."

Day and Ward knew their Spink, and were exceedingly anxious to learn his extremely moderate terms.

"You mark me," said Ward, "he'll bankrupt the German Empire or I come from Amsterdam myself."

The same thought was doubtless in the minds of the Germans when they heard that Spink was ready to treat. The lieutenant and his captain conversed for some time in their own language and presently the young fellow turned to Spink.

"For what, or how much, will you tow, and how much the coal will you sell?" he asked.

Spink reflected, and in order to assist his powerful intellect he scratched his head. But when he spoke it was sharply and to the point.

"I'll give you a pluck into calm water for ten thousand pounds, and I'll sell you not less than a thousand tons at ten pounds a ton."

"*Ach, Himmel!*" said the German, with his mouth open and his eyes staring, "you do not mean—you are choking, sir."

He mistook Spink's heavenly smile—that smile that always overspread that handsome, childlike countenance when the Englishman found himself in a position of superiority. Now Spink smiled again and shook his head.

"If you mean that I'm joking, my son, you are away off it by leagues. Of course, you thought I should ask more. I know you did. But I'm not a greedy man and I'd fair hate to take advantage of any one, even a German, when he is in distress on the high seas. Tell your captain and we'll get to work right off."

There was a brief interchange of rapid German between the German skipper and his lieutenant, and it was obvious that the "owner" of the cruiser was in a rage.

"He's swearing, I do believe," said Spink to his mate, "and I like to hear it. Oh, but I've got him and his Empire on the hop and no mistake! Ward, my son, this Dutchman is going to refuse to pay my very moderate demands. I feel sorry already that I asked so little. I hope he will refuse, for then up go my prices."

Ward sighed.

"You are a wonder, sir," he said, and the lieutenant turned to Spink.

"My captain says that your price is a very much too high one and that he cannot pay so much."

"Right, my son," said Spink without so much as a quiver of the eyelid. "I ain't in the coal-selling trade nor am I a tugboat, and I can keep my coal and he can keep the German Empire's money. I never did approve of your Emperor's scheme for bulldozin' China, and I don't hanker to sell him coal to carry it out."

The stranger found it tolerably hard to follow Spink's talk, but it was by no means hard to gather his meaning, and he was far too young and ingenuous to hide the fact that to be left derelict once more was a real prospect of terror to him. This Spink spotted, and he said to Ward in a rapid aside:

"This josser could never play poker with you and me, Ward, could he? Why am I so generous? I might ask more, oh, much more!"

Once again the lieutenant spoke to his commanding officer and that autocrat lost his temper. He had learned English in England and he showed Spink what the fullness of his heart was and what he knew of English abuse.

"Good, good, very good indeed," said Spink, and just as Ward thought he was going to answer an awful broadside he turned to the lieutenant and said:

"Your captain speaks very good English. I don't know when I have heard a foreigner speak it better. Good-by."

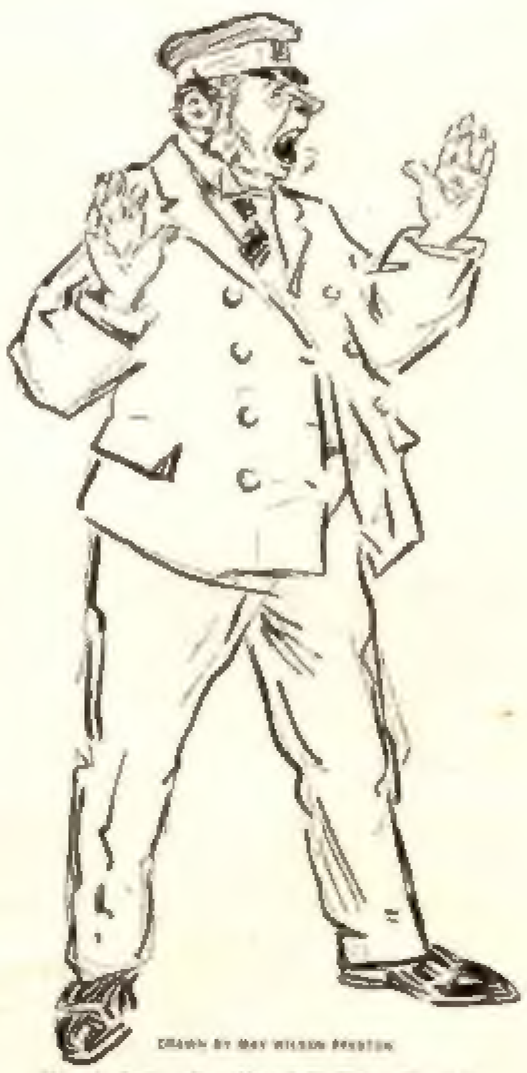
And he held out his hand in the pleasantest way. The poor lieutenant sighed and gasped and took it.

"You will not sell for less than ten pounds, sir?"

Spink beamed on him as if he was his dearly-beloved brother.

"The price is twenty pounds now," he said amiably, "and twenty thousand for towage. But good-by, sir, I see your captain will not pay and I'm losing time, which is money in all languages except Spanish. I've been very glad to make your acquaintance. If you ever come to England I shall be glad to see you. I'm Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster."

And he accompanied the lieutenant to the gangway with the most affectionate courtesy.


DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I ain't in the Coal-Selling Trade Nor am I a Tugboat"

"Run the ensign up and dip it politely to these poor chaps, Day," said Spink as the German went over the side; "their skipper has been rude, but I can understand his feelings and he can't understand that I am acting out of regard for my country's interests. We don't want Germans in China if we can help it, and though I was bound to try and deal with him on account of my owners, I'm glad it has fallen through."

But Spink knew well enough it had not fallen through, and when he dipped his ensign and rang the Swan "full speed ahead" he was quite aware that the business had only begun. Nevertheless, he was a mile off and was going at nine knots an hour before the German made a sign. Then she made another signal: "I want to communicate with you." And Spink turned to the two mates and smiled once more.

"When it comes to business, I'm a real cultivated daisy," said Spink. He brought the Swan round again in a circle and headed her for the German. He showed them how he could handle a steamer, and, as he said, he put the fear of Heaven into their hearts by making them think he was going to run her down. But, just as they began to yell at him furiously, he went full speed astern, came round with his propeller and his helm working together and stopped her dead and broadside on within fifty feet.

"How's that for high?" asked Spink. "I'm the boy to handle a boat.

"Well, what do you want to communicate this time, sir?" he asked, still with the greatest politeness. "For if you have only brought me back here to swear I want you to know that I shall answer you this time, and no fatal error. You ain't to think because I said nothing just now that I can't use my mother tongue to advantage. Come to business. What are you after, sir?"

"I think you had better come on board and then we can talk," said the German, who was a very big and typical clean-shaved North German with a complexion like a milkmaid's and the voice of a bull.

"Thank you, but after the way you have abused me I decline to do anything of the sort," said Spink. "If you want to see me, I request that you will be so good as to come on board this vessel thoroughly prepared to make me an ample apology for the use of language to which I am quite unaccustomed." To this he added in lower tones: "Except from my two officers that can lick me."

The situation was anything but pleasant for the German and he squirmed visibly. He spoke to some of his officers who were divided in opinion.

"Some of them are telling him to tell me to go to blazes, and others are wiser and are suggesting that he should cave in," said Spink joyously. "I know these Germans, and now I'm gettin' even for all the things that an Englishman has against their beastly country. And I don't forget the way I was once treated in Bremen—I don't forget by any means. This is a joyful day to me."

It was even more joyful presently when the German intimated that he would come on board.

"This is score number two," said Spink.

He went down on the main-deck, and in five minutes the German skipper came on board accompanied by the lieutenant who had been the first visitor.

"I am very happy to receive you on board my ship," said Spink as he held out his hand, "and I regret very much to see so fine a vessel as yours lookin' so paralyzed and helpless. It must be a very humiliatin' situation for you."

"Well," said the German with an air of cheerfulness that Spink greatly admired—"Well, I would rather it was you than me, I own that."

His English was much better than Spink's own and his accent was quite perfect.

"Why, you talk English like an Englishman," said Spink. "Have you ever lived there?"

He had lived there and his mother had been an Englishwoman.

"Oh," said Spink, "you don't say so? That's very remarkable. My name is Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster. Do you know Glo'ster by any chance?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't," said the German.

"I don't know whether I am sorry or not that you don't," said Spink thoughtfully. "If you'd known it or Sharpness I should have felt bound to allow you a decent discount."

He led the way into the Swan's cabin.

"You want coal and I've got it to sell," said Spink, "and in this matter I want you to know that I'm a thorough gentleman and wouldn't take advantage of a brother seaman for the world, even if he swore at me as you did."

"I apologize, Captain Spink," said the German, who was delighted to see some prospect of his being reasonable, after all. "I must apologize ——"

Spink interrupted him.

"We'll speak of the apology later, if you don't mind," he said; "I've got an idea about that, too. But I want you to understand that if I open my mouth very wide in the matter of prices I feel that I am not dealing with you but with the German Empire. And, to put it quite straight, though I like you, I can't abide the German Empire and never could.

"Oh, I don't say it's your fault," went on Spink, "but that's the truth, and it clears the ground before us. Whatever I make you pay for coal and towage, I want you clearly to understand that any squeezin' I do is because I have a down on your Empire and on the way it is interfering in matters that it doesn't understand and never will so long as it has a nose on its face, so to speak. I refer especially to China. I don't approve of the way you are carryin' on there, and it goes against my grain as a seafarin' man and a man from Glo'ster to help you on your way out there. For, if I'm not mistaken, you are goin' there now if I give you any coal. I pause for a reply."

"Yes, we are bound for China," said the German captain dryly.

"Nobody in England approves," said Spink severely. "Do they, Ward?"

"I guess not," grunted Ward. "Certainly they don't."

"They don't," said Spink, "and they hold the general opinion that you and your Empire will some day have to be spoke to very severely, though they are loth to do it, as it might cause a row. I hope you understand now how I stand in this matter."

"I understand," said the amazed German. But he didn't.

"And you see the fix I'm in?" asked Spink anxiously.

"I can't say I do," replied the naval captain.

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face," said Spink contemptuously. "On the one hand, I want to do the proper thing to a brother seaman in distress, though to me it seems mighty clumsy management for a seaman to have got into such a hole. And on the other hand, as a patriotic Englishman, I don't approve of helpin' a German vessel to go out to the East and collar something else from a helpless country like China, especially as we might want it ourselves by-and-by. Now do you see?"

"I see, sir."

"Then we can get to business with a clear program before us," said Spink. "Have I explained it clearly to him, Ward?"

Ward had got over his very unnatural fit of silence and was burning to speak.

"I'm glad you think of asking my opinion at last," he grunted; "and as you've asked for it you shall have it straight. I think you are wastin' a lot of valuable time in useless jaw with these Dutchmen. Why not name your price and have done with it?"

Spink turned to the German captain with a very red face.

"I apologize for this officer of mine, who has no manners," he said sadly. "I'm greatly humiliated by his conduct—as much as you must be by havin' no coal and bein' as silly lookin' as a winged duck in a pond. What would you do to any officer of yours that was as insolent as mine?"

The naval officer declined to say what he would do in like circumstances, but if the way he looked at Ward was any criterion of his conduct, the insubordinate officer was likely to have a very bad time. But Ward only laughed. Spink explained that he was a very unfortunate man with a very unfortunate disposition.

"It's very horrid," said Spink, "but I have to ship officers that I can't control, because, if I can lick them, I do, and then they pull me up for assault, and I pay most of my money away in fines and I get a bad name. Oh, I'm a very unfortunate man!"

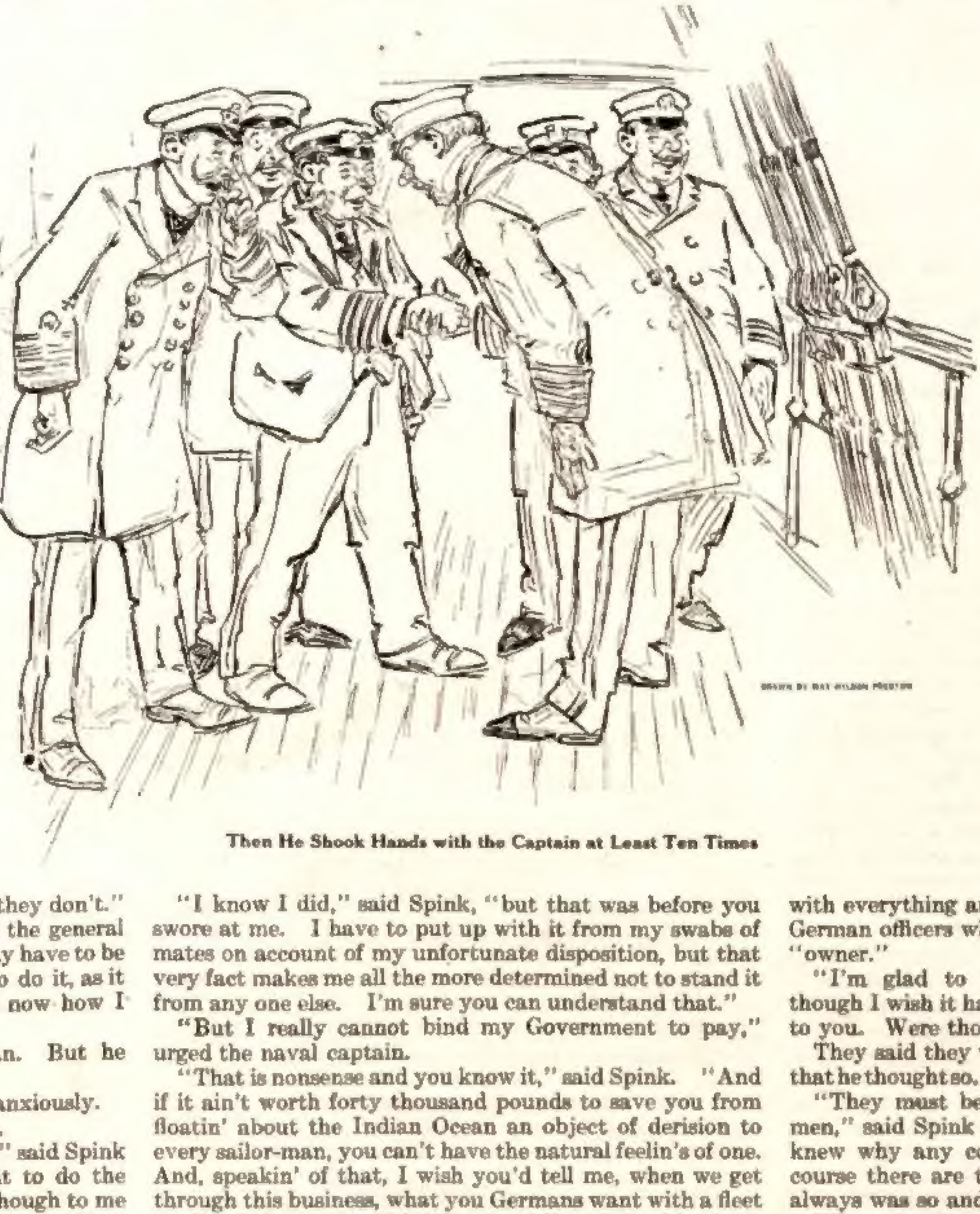
"You'd be all right if you had less jaw," said Ward, "and I sha'n't stay here any longer. If you want me you can call me."

He went to his berth and lay down, and in a minute was fast asleep.

"Now we can do business," said Spink with a sigh. "But you see the position I am in. I want twenty thousand pounds to tow you into the lee of Socotra and I will sell you a thousand tons of coal at twenty pounds a ton. That will make forty thousand pounds altogether, and it's dirt cheap."

The Germans both gasped.

"But you said exactly half the money before," urged the poor and helpless captain of the German cruiser.


DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Then He Shook Hands with the Captain at Least Ten Times

"I know I did," said Spink, "but that was before you swore at me. I have to put up with it from my swabs of mates on account of my unfortunate disposition, but that very fact makes me all the more determined not to stand it from any one else. I'm sure you can understand that."

"But I really cannot bind my Government to pay," urged the naval captain.

"That is nonsense and you know it," said Spink. "And if it ain't worth forty thousand pounds to save you from floatin' about the Indian Ocean an object of derision to every sailor-man, you can't have the natural feelin's of one. And, speakin' of that, I wish you'd tell me, when we get through this business, what you Germans want with a fleet at all. If I was our Chief Foreign Officer I should take it away from you. However, that's by the way. Do you agree to my terms or don't you? I have an important engagement at Singapore and I shall be late. And you're driftin' nor'east like billy-oh, and will go ashore at last somewhere about the benighted coast of Oman."

"It looks as if I had no choice," said the German skipper.

"I'm glad you see it," said Spink; "for if you don't agree inside of five minutes I shall double it."

"Very well," sighed the German captain. "Will you draw up the paper which I am to sign?"

"I'd rather have it all in your hand of write," said Spink. "And, as it means a deal of money in a way, I'd like all your officers to put their fists to it, so that, if you come to grief before you get where you are goin', your Emperor won't be able to say that I've forged your signature."

This was agreed to and then Spink looked at his friend the enemy.

"There was another thing," he said, "but, as I like you now, though you are a Dutchman, I think I'll let you off it. When you swore at me off of your bridge, I said you should apologize to me off of it before I'd sell you as much as a London landlady's scuttle of coal. However, I'll let you off that. I'm glad to be the means of gettin' you out of a difficulty. I often think you foreigners must feel glad that there are so many English ships spread about everywhere. You must feel very much safer."

The German did not deny it and Spink's heart warmed even to poor, miserable "Dutchmen" sailing on the seas that they knew nothing about. They went on deck and Spink introduced Day to the Germans.

"He can lick me, too," said Spink in a whisper, "but I don't mind that so much, as he was brought up to the prize-ring. And, after all, that other one is three stone heavier than I am, so it ain't to be expected that I should be able to down him. But now about towin' you into some sweet, calm spot where I can sell you coal cheap. If you haven't a good steel hawser I have."

But the sea was by no means less than it had been, and towing even with a steel hawser in any sea is only one way of breeding trouble. The German captain, though he was a "Dutchman," knew this and said so.

Spink snorted.

"What kind of a sailor do you take me for?" he asked. "I've towed broke-down 'Dutchmen' all over the world, so to speak, and I don't propose to tow a big clumsy cruiser with packthread. Just you let a yell out of you to your officers to send a good lanyard rope to me and then I'll send them my bally steel hawser and I'll haul your cable on board of the Swan and shackle it on to mine. Then we'll be all hunky and I'll tow you to Kiaochow if you like."

And that is what they did, and while they were doing it Spink spoke his mind as freely as if he were in Barry Docks exchanging compliments with any high authority.

"Tell those soldiers of yours," he said at last when his language failed, "that they are trying to hang me up short. They want to pull my windlass out of the decks and take it aboard of them. I want a hundred fathom at least, and I'll have it."

So presently he got his way, and, with his own cable brought aft and shackled to the cruiser's, while the engines were just turning ahead to keep the bight of the cable clear of the Swan's propeller, he started for the lee of Socotra.

"Now that we're all hunky and right and tight, I think I'll go on board that tub of yours and get those papers signed all regular," remarked Spink happily.

When they boarded the cruiser Day rang up the Swan's engines and she went ahead easily. The pace was slow, but the cruiser had fine lines and towed as easily as a loaded merchant steamer of half her tonnage. Spink was very much pleased with everything and did his best to be agreeable to the German officers when he was introduced to them by their "owner."

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, though I wish it had been in circumstances less humiliatin' to you. Were those colliers of your Germans, too?"

They said they were and Spink shook his head and said that he thought so. The crews of both colliers were on board.

"They must be just objects of derision even to your men," said Spink as he shook his head again. "I wish I knew why any continental nation goes to sea. But of course there are things that no one can understand. It always was so and always will be."

When the documents that transferred forty thousand pounds from the poor German Empire to Spink had been signed and stowed away in Spink's pocket, he said he was peekish, and was induced to have an early lunch with them. They enjoyed it very much, for he told them all about Glo'ster and his unfortunate nature and his relations with Day and Ward. He also related some troubles with Spain, and gave them to understand that the English Foreign Office had the greatest trust in his discernment.

"And my name is Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, and Glo'ster is the English county where the best men come from," said Spink joyfully. "I should like to meet some of you chaps in Glo'ster where they know and love me. If they saw you with me they would be civil, for when I go about with any one, even if he is a German, it is a certificate of his character, though I say it that shouldn't."

(Concluded on Page 30)

The Packers and the People

The Branch House and the Retailers

By J. Ogden Armour

Copyright, 1906, by The Curtis Publishing Company

THERE are two or three features in the packers' system of distributing dressed meats which demand at least passing attention. In the first paper of this series I showed, in detail, how the development of the modern refrigerator car completely revolutionized the meat business of the world. In accomplishing this wonderful transformation of food conditions, the refrigerator car had a powerful and indispensable ally in the form of the packers' "branch houses," or distributing agencies, containing a reserve of fresh meats in the best of refrigeration, awaiting the call of the local retailers.

Not only does the branch house relieve the local butcher of the burden of providing extensive refrigeration facilities of his own, but it also allows him to carry a smaller stock than he would otherwise be able to carry without danger of disappointment to his customers. Quite as important as either of these considerations is the fact that the local "branch" keeps at the demand of the retailers a supply of choice cuts, ripened to just the right point. At call, the retailer is able to go out and get for his most select and discriminating customers the best cuts in the best of condition.

No feature of the packing and dressed-meat business is more important than these branch houses—none more important to the public as well as to the packer. Neither expense nor attention to minutest detail is spared to make them models of what meat-houses should be, perfectly adapted to the purpose which they serve. They are built of the best materials that money can buy, and they are built on the best lines that ingenuity and experienced skill can contrive to secure perfect refrigeration and absolute cleanliness. In the up-to-date branch house building materials that are practically imperishable and impervious to outside influence are employed wherever possible. The floors are of cement. Storage and cooling rooms are lined with glazed tile, spotlessly white and smooth as glass. Not a cranny or crevice is left in which dust might gather or a germ hide from the frequent cleansings. All in all, they are as near dirt-proof, taint-proof and germ-proof as a building can be made.

These branch houses complete the packer's chain that takes the animal from farm or range, converts it into meat and sets it down at the retail meat merchant's door. We would hear less criticism of the packers if consumers could follow a steer from pen to slaughter-house; see it converted into "quarters" and "cuts" and hung in the cooler, transferred thence to a clean, cold car; transported under ice to the farthest part of the country, and finally deposited in the branch house. That would bring home to the consumer, as nothing else can, the fact that no part of the people's food supply receives more careful handling than does the meat that comes from the large packing-houses. In the absence of such a comprehensive inspection it would be a distinct benefit to the packers if the general public would take pains to visit and scrutinize the branch houses. They are always open to visitors. If there is a branch house of Armour & Co. in your vicinity, you are cordially invited to see for yourself just how the hated packer takes care of your meat supply.

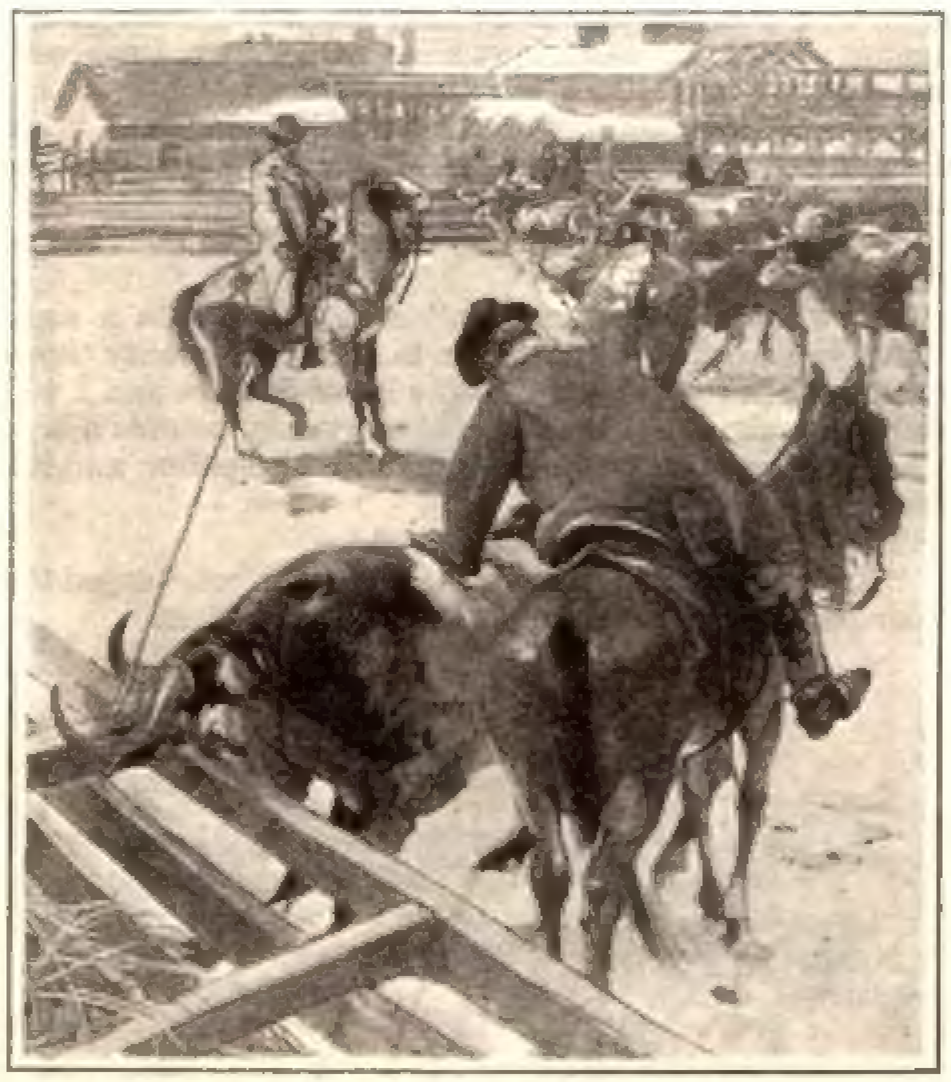
The number of these branch houses maintained by the packers is very great. Armour & Co. have about three hundred of them in the United States alone. From the vast number of requests received from many sections of the country, asking for the installation of branch houses, it is very clear that these branches are looked upon by the people as being of great benefit to both the retailer and the consumer. Our aim is to protect the retailer and assist him in building up a secure and permanent trade.

A Help to the Small Butcher

IN ADDITION to the branch houses, we have, in many sections of the country, established smokehouses. Pickled hams, etc., are sent green to these points and are there smoked under our own supervision, after which they are sent to the branch house. This enables the dealer to get freshly-smoked meats.

One part of the system by which the packer distributes fresh meats to the people, through the local dealers, has been subjected to much criticism—and most unjustly, too. I refer to the "route car" by which meat is distributed to those towns not large enough to maintain a branch house or a distributing agency, or even to enable the retailer to order his meats in carload lots.

The accusation is that these cars are used to "peddle" meats and thus hurt the business of the local butchers.



Every Animal is Carefully Inspected

It is not true that this is a peddling proposition. These cars are certainly of great advantage and benefit to the local butchers as well as the consumers, and were brought into existence to meet the present requirements of the community at large, and are not fairly to be considered as an advantage to the packers so much as an advantage to the people. If the community were sufficiently large, carload lots could be shipped to these various points to much greater advantage to the packer and at a considerably less expense. But the demand in the small place is as urgent as it is limited; the retailers and the consumers there must have fresh meats, but they cannot take them in large shipments; therefore the route car is indispensable to the people of the small towns. It is far more expensive to ship in this way than to ship by the full carload. Every time one of these cars is cut out of a train and put on a siding the packer must pay from three to five dollars in addition to all the other transportation charges—and a car makes many such stops in the course of covering the route of small towns.

The Advantages of the Route Car

THE question might be asked: Why not ship by local freight? Because meat would not arrive in good condition. Another reason for not shipping by local freight is that no dependence can be placed upon the arrival of meat thus shipped at a certain destination at any specific time. In short, this way is too slow and too unreliable for the transportation of fresh meats and meat products.

The car-route salesman visits all the towns along his route and takes orders for shipments to be made on a specific day, stipulating that the car shall arrive at each place at a certain day and hour—to be met by the wagons of the retailers of that town. This method of delivery is carried out regularly once or twice each week, as occasion demands, insuring the consumer the delivery of his meats in the very best condition. We do not sell to consumers, but reach them through the meat dealers in the various towns, and our method of putting the meats in their hands enables them to get a fresh supply at very short notice, which could not be done without the route car.

Showing the practical working of this method of distribution let me relate an instance: Mr. Boyd, formerly one of our branch-house managers at St. Louis, Missouri, is now extensively engaged in the retail meat business at Adrian, Michigan. From his wide experience in the branch-house meat business, he certainly knows whether it is now to his advantage, as a retail butcher, to secure his meats from these route cars. Mr. Boyd is now getting the bulk of his beef products from the route car running through his town, although he does, occasionally, go to the local butcher or slaughterer for some of his meats—but this only when he finds what he considers a "bargain."

Government inspection is another important feature of the packers' business. To the general public, the meat-eating public, it ought to appeal as one of the *most important* features of any and all business in the whole country. It is the wall that stands between the meat-eating public and the sale of diseased meat. This Government inspection alone, if there were no other business or economic reasons, would be an all-sufficient reason for the existence of the packing and dressed-meat business on a mammoth scale. It should, if understood, make the general public a partisan supporter of the large packers.

Strangely enough, in view of its vital importance, this Government inspection has been the subject of almost endless misrepresentation—of *ignorantly or maliciously false statements.* The public has been told that meat animals and carcasses condemned as diseased are afterward secretly made use of by the packers and sold to the public for food in the form of both dressed meats and canned meats. Right here I desire to brand such statements as absolutely false as applied to the business of Armour & Co. I believe they are equally false as to all establishments in this country that are classed as packing-houses. I repeat: In Armour & Co.'s business *not one atom of any condemned animal or carcass finds its way, directly or indirectly, from any source, into any food product or food ingredient.*

Every meat animal and every carcass slaughtered in the Union Stock Yards, or in the stock yards at any of the markets of the United States, is carefully inspected by the United States Government. This inspection is supplemented, in practically all cases, by State or city inspection, or both. The live animals are inspected on the hoof and again when slaughtered.

The inspection by the United States Government is not compulsory on the packers in the strict legal sense of the term; it is more binding than if it were compulsory. *It is business.* Attempt to evade it would be, from the purely commercial viewpoint, suicidal. *No packer can do an interstate or export business without Government inspection.* Self-interest forces him to make use of it. Self-interest likewise demands that he shall not receive meats or by-products from any small packer, either for export or other use, unless that small packer's plant is also "official"—that is, under United States Government inspection. This inspection is carried on under the direction of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. The packer has nothing to say about the employment of the inspectors. They are assigned by the United States Government. The Government likewise is judge of their qualifications. It requires of them, first, that they shall have taken a full three-year course in veterinary science—as long a course as most States require for the admission of physicians and surgeons to practice. Then these educated veterinaries are selected by rigid civil-service examination.

Every meat animal that comes to the stock yards is first inspected on the hoof, as stated, by representatives of the Bureau of Animal Industry. All that show signs of disease are segregated and tagged as rejected by the United States Government inspectors. At regular intervals they are slaughtered (in Chicago under direction of the State officers) and consigned to other than food uses.

How the Consumer is Insured

ALL carcasses—cattle, calves, sheep, hogs—are again rigidly inspected after slaughter. The internal organs affected by the various diseases to which meat animals are subject are examined. On the slightest sign of disease the carcass is rejected and so marked that it cannot escape observation. From the moment it is rejected, that carcass is in the custody of the United States Government agents and is by them personally followed to the rendering tank. It is hacked into small pieces, thrown into the tank and emerges only as grease or fertilizing material. This tankage product is in such form that it could not by any possibility be renovated to become a food product even if any packer were dishonest enough to attempt that. And if it were possible to evade inspection and use condemned carcasses or product from an "unofficial" packing-house, self-interest would again prevent it, because the packer would subject himself to speedy detection and exposure (if not endless blackmail) by the hundreds of employees who would be cognizant of his trickery.

This Government inspection thus becomes an important adjunct of the packer's business from two viewpoints. It puts the stamp of legitimacy and honesty upon the packer's product and so is to him a necessity. To the public it is an *insurance* against the sale of diseased meats.

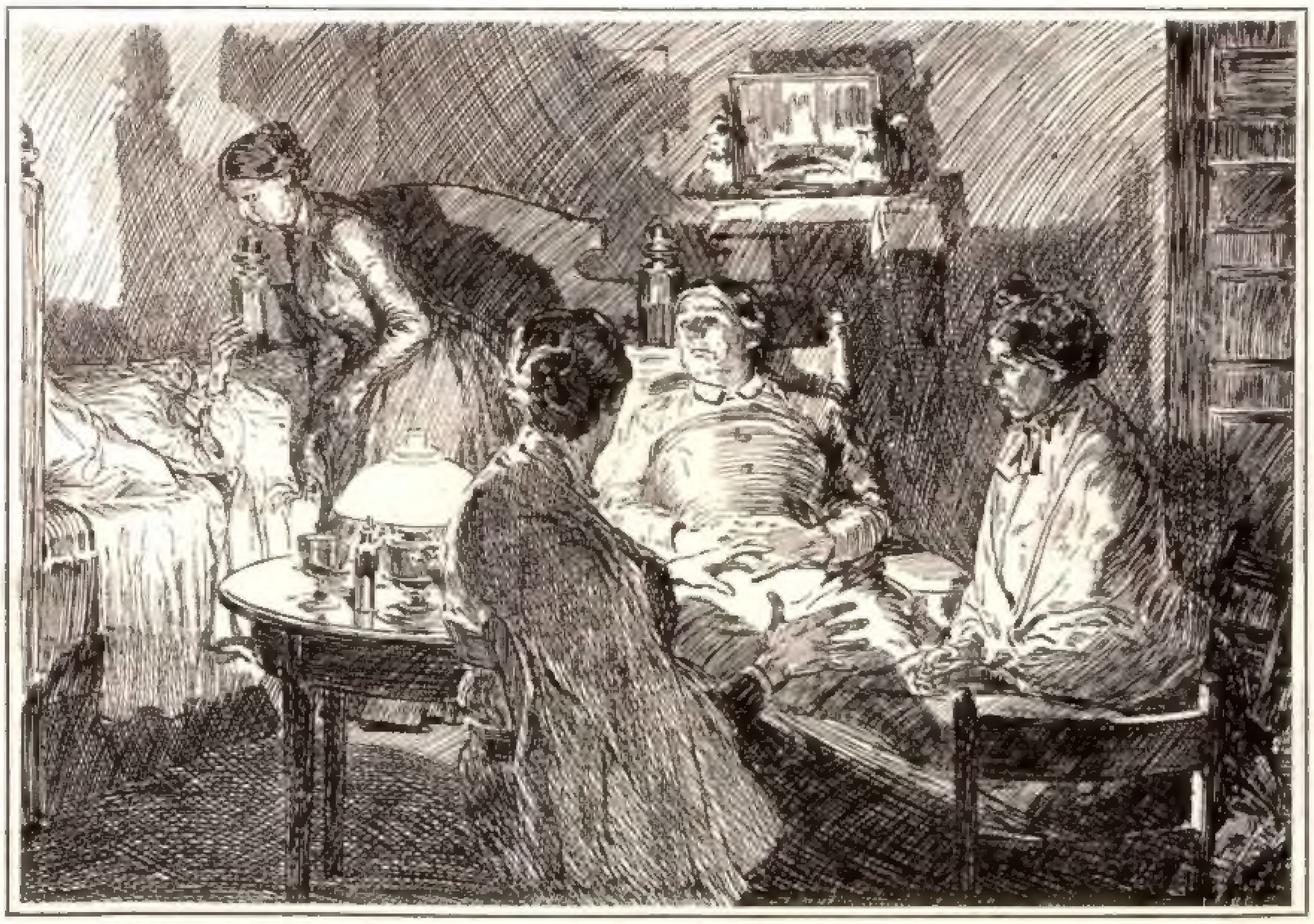
Editor's Note — This is the second and concluding part of Mr. Armour's article, The Packers and the People.

SHALL WE KILL "INCURABLES"?

How Nature Often Cures When Doctors All Despair

By DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER

President of the Faculty of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia



Rough-on-Rats is Painful, Yet it Will Help Her to Forget

THE wife of a famous multi-millionaire lay dying in Chicago—her complaint the rare and incurable malady known as Addison's disease, which is an affection of that seemingly useless organ, the "suprarenal capsule." Half a dozen physicians of the highest reputation were at her bedside, and all of them declared her case absolutely hopeless. She could not live, they agreed, more than six months at the utmost. It would have been a mercy to put her out of her misery—though nobody suggested such a thing, ideas on that subject being less advanced than now.

I was a young fellow in those days, and, being summoned in a sort of accidental way, I ventured the opinion that the patient was suffering from nothing worse than a disordered liver. My temerity provoked frowns of rebuke, but proof that I was correct may be found in the circumstance that, though the incident to which I refer occurred eighteen years ago, the lady is still alive, and was married in New York a few weeks ago, one month after the death of her multi-millionaire husband.

I tell this story because it serves to illustrate the fact that people "incurably" ill do sometimes recover. Medical science at the present time is getting away from the old idea that certain conditions of the body are beyond possibility of cure. Under the newer dispensation, it declares that there is always a chance of recovery, and the traditional "hopeless invalid" is not properly to be considered as existing any longer. Hence the absurdity of suggesting that it should be made lawful for one or more physicians to pronounce and carry out a death sentence upon a patient as a measure of mercy.

Not long ago I was treating a man who was slowly dying on his feet, as one might say, from "blood change"—that is to say, from what would be called, in medical parlance, malignant anæmia. He became so weak that he could not even take a drink of water without help, and one day, when he was leaving my office, my assistant said to me: "That's the last of Kelly. We'll never see him again." Sure enough, he failed to turn up the next week, and we concluded that he was dead.

Nevertheless, as subsequently appeared, Kelly was very far from being dead. What he did, after being dismissed for the last time, was to go home and to bed. He threw away his medicines, and his "old woman" fed him regularly with tea and broth. From that time on he got steadily better, and when we saw him again he had entirely recovered. You see, Nature knew a great deal more than we did about the case.

Now, suppose that I had done the merciful thing, and had put this particular sufferer out of his misery with a dose of something strong and painless. It would have been rather unfortunate for Kelly, on the whole, would it not?

When I was a youngster and a student of medicine we were taught that certain conditions of disease or injury were to be regarded as necessarily beyond hope of cure. If a person had the gout, he must always continue to be a sufferer. If he had clubfoot, or was deformed in any other way, there was nothing to be done about it. It is different now; we are constantly curing the incurable—or, more accurately speaking, Nature accomplishes the cures, with a little help from us.

A year ago I paid a visit to the famous resort called Aix les Bains. On reaching there I noticed that quite a number of the cars on the train were full of cots, provided for sick people who were constantly arriving. An official in charge showed me a wonderful hot spring, which was supposed to have virtues almost miraculous.

"These people who come here are mostly incurables, I suppose," said I.

"Mostly so," he replied, "but we cure them just the same. They all get well."

Indeed, my own observation bore out his statement. Invalids who had not stood on their feet for years—many of whom were screaming with pain when first landed in the place—were walking about.

What did it? The spring water? I dare say it has some medicinal value. But the main thing was change of scene and climate, and the mental impression produced thereby. Have we not read that in ancient times "incurables" were cured in large numbers by visiting the oracles and asking for help? In that case there was no question of baths, or of drinking medicinal waters; the beneficial effects were attributable to change of air and surroundings.

It used to be a common thing for a doctor to tell a patient that he had just about so many months to live. But physicians nowadays do not any longer carry death warrants in their pockets, and distribute them in this fashion. We know that we may easily be mistaken. Besides, we have discovered means whereby a good many physical afflictions formerly deemed hopeless may be cured. Even the deformed are not beyond reach of help. We can take a child with a crooked backbone and straighten it. If it is a case of clubfoot, we can do away with the malformation. Cancer is generally regarded to-day as an incurable malady; yet we do cure it in its early stages, and can often arrest it and hold it in abeyance for an indefinite period after it has attacked vital. parts of the body.

I knew a man, sick with diabetes, who had been condemned to death by the doctors. They said that he could not possibly live three months. Nevertheless, he survived for thirty years. Many "incurable" consumptives of my former acquaintance are to-day perfectly well. In one such case, where the patient recovered his health entirely, but died eventually of another disease, I made a postmortem examination, and found that both of his lungs were literally a mass of seams and scars from apex to base. They looked as if they had been sewn up and stitched together in every direction. It was, indeed, an admirable example of Nature's handiwork: she had done the mending for herself, after the man had been given up.

Another case I remember—that of a young fellow of my acquaintance who was frightfully afflicted with tuberculosis of the joints. Speaking of him, the famous Doctor Pancoast said to me: "Poor W——! Next week he'll be dead." A few days later I saw his cot in the hospital vacant, and took it for granted that he was gone—a mistake which I did not discover until twenty years later, when I received a telegram from him. He had gone out to New Mexico, abandoned medicines, forsworn doctors, and led an outdoor life. When I next saw him he was one of the sturdiest specimens of humanity that I have ever set eyes upon.

In considering this question of hopelessness, where conditions of the body are concerned, we ought to realize that people sometimes are literally brought back from the grave. There is a well-known bishop of the Church of England, now residing in London, who, when he was a boy, was not only pronounced dead by the attending physicians, but actually laid out for burial. He might have been buried had it not been for his nurse, who, coming into the room to take a last look at the child, saw his fingers move.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that medical science to-day is not acquainted with any satisfactory test of death. The heart may come to a stop, seemingly; there may be no pulse and no perceptible breathing; the body may even grow cold—and yet the proof that life has departed is not complete beyond possibility of mistake.

Respiration may be so feeble that even a mirror held to the lips shows no sign. The hand held in front of a candle-flame may exhibit no pinkness between the fingers, and the membrane that covers the eye (which is the part of the body most sensitive to touch) may afford no indication. Yet the person seemingly dead may, notwithstanding all these negative symptoms, be brought to life again.

The moral of all of this is that it is never too late to hope. Certainly, so long as life lingers in the body there is possibility of recovery. Hence, however we might be tempted in certain instances and for the sake of mercy to put an end to the pains of unhappy sufferers, by means of chloroform or some other drug, it would scarcely be wise for us to adopt so tremendous a responsibility.

Meanwhile, if I were asked to define the wisest policy for the every-day person who wishes to keep well and to avoid dying, I would say: Stay away from the doctors as long as you can; use medicines only when they are really necessary, and, above all, when attacked by any bodily affliction, give Nature every possible chance to assist in a cure.

Euthanasia

By William Wallace Whitelock

Father's got conniption fits,
  Put him out of pain;
Mother's almost lost her wits
  From the fearful strain.
Doctor, can you hesitate?
Strychnine's yonder on the plate.

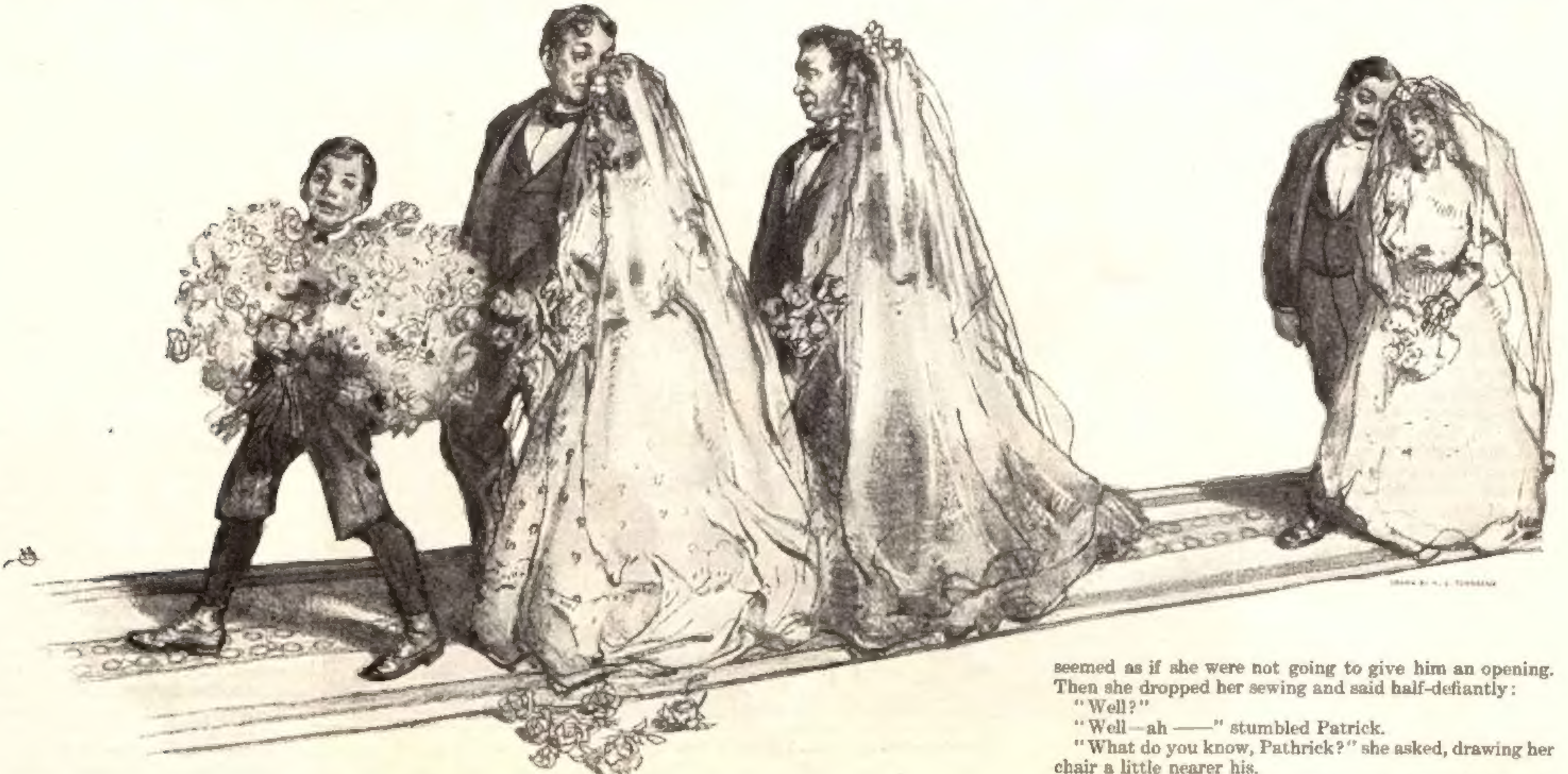
Baby's yelling with his teeth,
  Poor, dear, little creature!
One above and one beneath,
  Twisting every feature.
When his mouth he opens wide,
Give to him the cyanide.

Fanny's had an awful blow,
  Her engagement's broken;
Can you see her suffer so?
  Not a word she's spoken.
Rough-on-rats is painful, yet
It will help her to forget.

Uncle Thomas has the gout,
  Feet and legs are swelling;
Cannot sleep or move about—
  Hark! You hear him yelling?
We, his heirs, have all agreed
From his pain he must be freed.

The Young Knight-Errant

Patrick Sarsfield as a Matchmaker—BY MAUDE L. RADFORD



FLAHERTY and Osborne had just finished dinner and were tilted back in armchairs behind the desk looking above their cigars at young Patrick Sarsfield intent on his second piece of pie.

"Jist see the moind uv him," said Flaherty admiringly; "puts his whole sowl in what he's doin'. I dinnaw shud I lave him have so much pie; Kathleen'll be sthoppin' me whin she comes back. But sure, he was that shmart lasht mont' gittin' me out uv me throubles wid thim wimmen that I've not the harrut to deny him annyt'ing."

"He'll be a great help to you in the ward one of these days," said Osborne, striking a match. "I suppose the women haven't been in at all?"

"Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Cahill sthay away, but Miss O'Brian does be dhroppin' in fur to tell me what a foine bye Pathrick is, and fur to show her engagement ring. Ah, she's the grand woman," Flaherty finished, half-regretfully.

"She is," agreed Osborne; "and handsome."

"Handsomer since she's engaged to be married," said Flaherty, as Patrick Sarsfield strolled up to them. "Robert Immit, I dinnaw did you ever notice the differ between a woman that's engaged, or betther sthill married, and wan that's not? There's all the differ in the worruld. Thim that has a man behint thim hold their heads high, as if to say: 'There's wan believes in me; t'inks I'm the grandest woman there is and so I'll take nawt'in' off no wan.'"

"Yes, I've noticed it," said Osborne. "Seems to give them real assurance, as if they'd only been trying to have it before. We men are of some use in the world, after all."

"And don't they put on airs to the woman ain't got a man!" contributed Patrick. "I was havin' a talk wid Miss O'Brian this marnin' whin Mary Jane Dyle—Dennis' sisther, you know, Misther Robert—wint by wid a p'liceman. Says Miss O'Brian: 'Ah, poor Mary Jane, she'd like to git him, and Hivin knows I wish her luck, but she'll niver have ut, and I dinnaw does it plaze the men to be run afther that harrud. They loike to do a little bit uv the chasin' thimsilves.'" Osborne smiled into the sage little face.

"Is she forgetting to be sufficiently grateful to you for what you did for her, Patrick?" he asked acutely.

Patrick blushed a little. Before he could reply the door of the restaurant opened, and the three turned their heads to see who the late comers could be. Dennis Doyle, a stout, dark little man, entered, followed by Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Cahill. None of the three looked at Flaherty, though soft little Mrs. Callahan sidled by lingeringly as though she would lift her eyelids at the least encouragement. Mrs. Cahill strode last, flinging back her scrawny fur boa with an air of scornful languor. Plump Dennis pulled out chairs for them at a distant table, snapped his fingers to a waitress, and ordered tea and muffins. Flaherty closed his relaxed jaws, and turned his back on the three.

"See that, now," he whispered to Osborne; "comin' in, the two uv thim, to show me that they kin have a man to take thim round if they want ut."

"Uncle Dan, will you niver larrun annyt'in' about women?" asked Patrick Sarsfield patiently. "That ain't why they're here."

"Why not, thin, me young incyclopadia?" asked Flaherty elaborately.

"Sure, don't you see 'tis Dinnis Dyle wid thim?" asked Patrick. "They've come in to show me they've tuk him away from Miss O'Brian."

Flaherty's glance referred the matter to Osborne.

"That's it," agreed Osborne.

"Well, I'll not be able to wait fur you to-night, Uncle Dan," said Patrick sadly. "If you'd jist say to Mrs. Flynn I'm off on a matther uv business and will be in be plinty uv toime to have all the slape I nade."

He put on his coat and cap, and the next moment the door of the restaurant closed sharply after him.

"Well," said Flaherty; "I suppose, Robert Immit, I'd ought to whale him fur not confidin' his plans in me, but, upon me worrud, whin a boy has sich a janius as that wan fur managin', I dinnaw that I ought to moind his disregardin' me so completely."

"It's not that," said Osborne, smiling as he watched the devoted attention with which Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Cahill treated Dennis Doyle. "He simply won't ask for help till he needs it. You've done well for yourself with that boy, Flaherty."

Meanwhile, young Patrick Sarsfield was beating up the street against a driving wind in the direction of the settlement where Miss O'Brian was housemaid. Shown to her room, he found her in her substantial rocking-chair bravely humming a tune as she sewed.

Patrick was quick to notice that she was not engaged with her trousseau, but was mending the torn binding of a skirt. He also felt, without being able to express it, that her pleasant, self-confident manner was somewhat altered.

"'Tis as if all the harrut had gone out uv her," he thought.

"Well, Sarsfield, avic, and how goes ut?" she asked.

"All right."

He dragged the toe of his boot across the carpet and looked at her questioningly. For a moment it seemed as if she were not going to give him an opening. Then she dropped her sewing and said half-defiantly:

"Well?"

"Well—ah ——" stumbled Patrick.

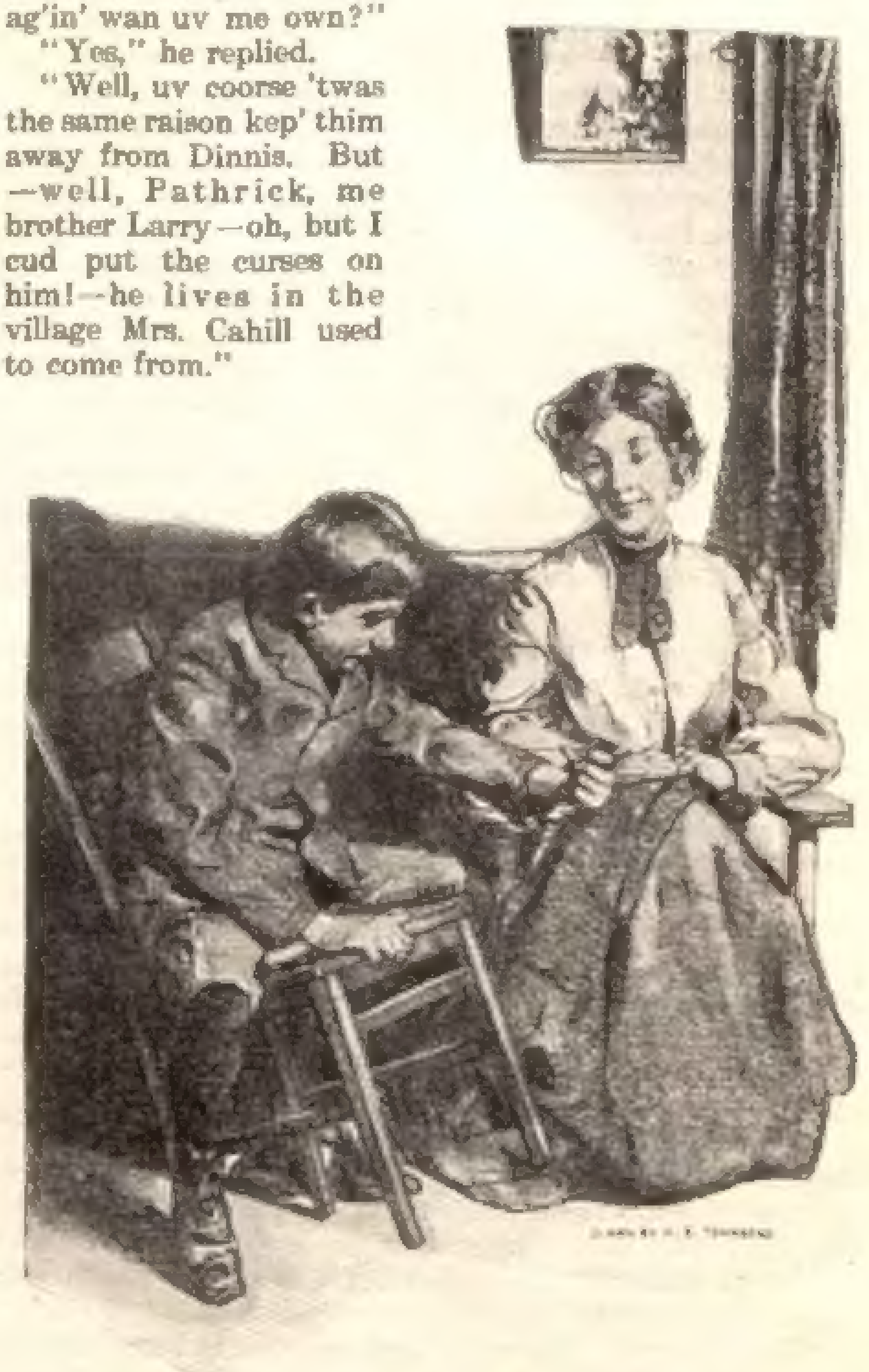
"What do you know, Pathrick?" she asked, drawing her chair a little nearer his.

He related the scene in the restaurant. She sighed a little bitterly, and then she looked at him and smiled.

"And so you come right over here? Well, 'tis you are the good friend, and I'll tell you the trut', though it's the harrud t'ing to say. You raymimber I was able to take the widdas off your uncle because I knew all the scandals in their families fur the lasht hundred years and no wan cud say a wurrud ag'in' wan uv me own?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, uv coorse 'twas the same raison kep' thim away from Dinnis. But—well, Pathrick, me brother Larry—oh, but I cud put the curses on him!—he lives in the village Mrs. Cahill used to come from."



"And Thin I'd Make Dinnis Dyle an Alderman and See He Give You All the Silk Dhresses You Cud Buy"

"Ah, now, that's too bad! What's he done?" asked Patrick.

"A letther come to Mrs. Cahill about ut day befure yesterdah, and to me the same mail," said Miss O'Brian. "Praise Hivin I got the news as soon as she did, and she wint sthrakin' over to see Mrs. Callahan, and you see how fur they've got wid Dinnis."

"Maybe what Larry done wasn't so bad?" questioned Patrick.

"Ah, me aunt wrote me all about ut. 'Tis a jail offinse. If 'twas only somethin' 'twud be an honor to be jailed fur, sich as puttin' a head on a p'liceman or tachin' a soljer his place ——"

"Woman, dear, what was ut at all?" he asked impatiently.

Miss O'Brian was too much depressed to resent his tone.

"It seems the crathur was on the thramp from Dublin to Wexford, and he sees a horse wanderin' about the road. Well, I can see how he luked at ut. Says he to himsilf 'Sure, I'll lade the baste a ways and mate the owner.' Well, afther a while he gits tired, and says he: 'I'll take a ride.' By-and-by he says: 'Well, why shudn't I borry the horse fur to ride to Wexford? Maybe I'll git a job there and can pay fur't,' he says. The nixt thing is: 'Sure, I don't belave the horse has an owner at all.' An' be the toime he sthrikes the middle uv Wicklow he's offerin' the passers-by a chancet to buy his horse that he brought up from a colt. You see how aisy it wud be, Pathrick, fur a good-natured bye loike Larry?"

"Oh, yes," said Patrick. "And he was tuk up?"

"Aye, was he," sighed Miss O'Brian; "the furrst uv the family iver."

"Well, we'll git Dinnis back. I dinnaw how yit," said Sarsfield, "but back we'll git him."

"Well, t'ings ain't disprite yet," remarked Miss O'Brian. "I've me ring sthill," and she displayed the garnet stone; "but that's about all I have."

"I suppose you've been t'inkin' how will you do wid him?" asked Patrick.

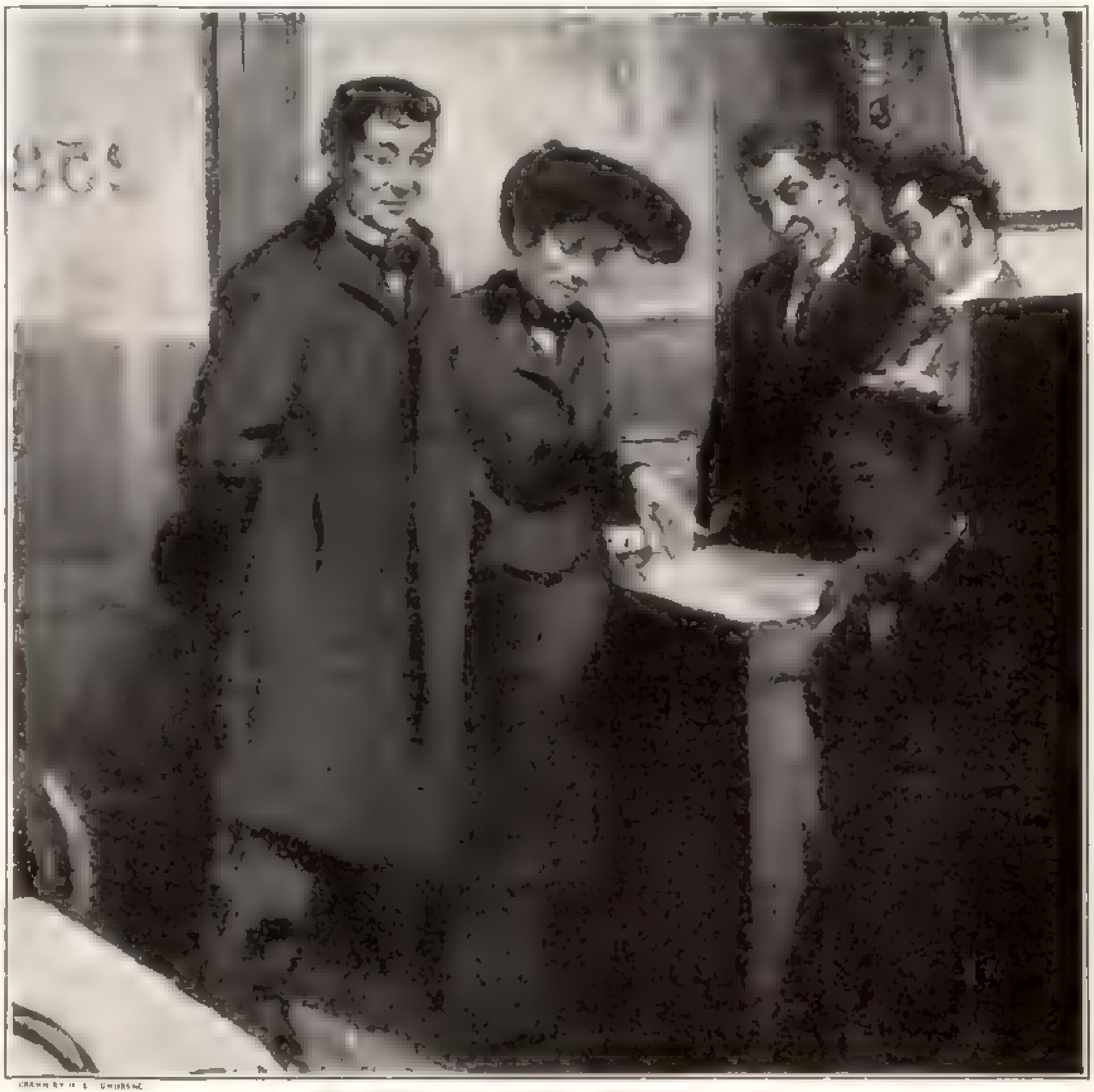
"I've not got far, Pathrick," admitted Miss O'Brian.

"Sure, 'tis two whole days!" he cried. "Woman, dear, how have you been sphindin' the toime?"

"Ask anny woman on the pint uv losin' a man, Pathrick," said Miss O'Brian grimly, "and if she tells you the trut', you'll know."

"Well, have you seen him since?"

"Not since day befure yesterday night, and thin he was onaisy; the women had run afther him at the noon hour to blarney him."



"What Matther a Few Months?" Said Flaherty Gallantly

"I shud t'ink he'd be sure to come back," said Patrick perplexedly; "like you go to school or dinner because you're in the way uv ut."

"The men ain't like that," said Miss O'Brian bitterly. "They've the whip hand uv us intirely."

"I mind now me mudder said wance you are niver safe wid thim till you have thim befure the althar," said Patrick, "and not sure thin. Whin you git him again, sphake to the priest at wance. But the furrust t'ing is to git him back. I'll take thim widdas off somehow."

"Well, how, me bould buccaneer?"

Patrick leaned back in his chair.

"I dinnaw," he said. "Bein' shmall and young is harrud. Suppose 'twas like in the ould days whin the O'Connors were kings uv Oireland. I'd be the king, then, d'ye see, Miss O'Brian, and I'd jist go out be me front stoop, and I'd say: 'Bring in all the likely middle-aged men that have no wives.' And I'd set on me gould steps while they brought thim. And I'd see had I a grudge ag'in' anny, and if I had, I'd pick two uv thim out. And I'd say to a big sthrappin' wan: 'Do you marry Mrs. Cahill, and moind she toes the line, and jist smash young Terence's face if he thries to give you anny uv his lip.' And the man'd bow and say: 'Yes, King Pathrick, and t'ank you kindly,' and away he'd go falin' ready to put the curse uv Cromwell on me, but smilin' fur fear I'd land him wan wid me gould club I'd be houldin' on me knee. And then I'd pick out a shmaller man and I'd say: 'You're big enough to match Mrs. Callahan and mind she has her house tidied up be six in the marnin'.' An' he, bein' half me size, 'd run double quick to do ut. And thin I'd make Dinnis Dyle an alderman and see he give you all the silk dhresses you cud buy on Sthate Street, and I'd ordher thim widdas to scrub your flures."

"I've no doubt your intintions are good, me bye," smiled Miss O'Brian.

Patrick Sarsfield jumped to his feet.

"Well, I got to go home and t'ink," he said.

Young Patrick's gift of concentration had its drawbacks. He was thinking so hard over Miss O'Brian's problem that he was late to breakfast, late to school, and so inattentive to his lessons that his teacher kept him in after hours for a serious conversation. Released, he dashed down town to the corner where he sold evening papers, and there, for a while, he attended to business. But ever and anon Miss O'Brian and Dennis Doyle would rise before his mind's eye, and then the clang of the cable cars, the thunder above on the elevated tracks and the countless people about him faded away. Toward seven o'clock, when the rush of the home-going was abated, he leaned up against his stand with a tired sigh. He had been staring into space for some moments when suddenly he became aware of a vision. He saw the far-away home in Ireland, his father bending over the cabbages in the bit field, his mother at the doorway knitting, and occasionally thrusting out a foot to rock the cradles of the twins, and crooning—crooning

Yes, that was it. Patrick brushed away a tear and listened. Somebody was whistling that tune his mother used to sing, that heart-breaking tune, Sweet Belle Mahone. He looked about him. Leaning against a pier of the elevated road stood a tall man reflectively surveying him. The gray eyes, black hair and humorous upper lip of the young man told Patrick that he was Irish, to say nothing of the shabby bottle-green greatcoat and battered old pot hat.

"Hello!" said Patrick grinning; "want a paper?"

"Sure, 'tis bad I want ut," said the man, "but I've not the copper. 'Tis the advertisin' sheet I'm afther."

"Oh, lukin' fur a job? Jist come over, ain't you?" asked Patrick, secure in four years' residence.

"Jist, me lad, and half wish I was back.

Swe-et Belle Maho-one,
Swe-et Belle Maho-one,
Wait for me at ——"

"Come alone?" asked Patrick, moving up closer.

"You want me whole histhory, I see," said the man. "Well, me name's Jimmy MacAdoo, and I crassed steerage, uv coorse, from Queenstown, and on boord bunked wid a man comin' to Chicago to see cud he find a rilitive uv his; a foine lad, too. We got in this marnin'; he foinds a chape room, puts our t'ings in ut and we come down town lookin' fur worruk. And in the crowd, how I dinnaw, I lost him. And here I am not knowin' where our room is at all, at all."

Patrick's great plan had come to him dazzlingly as MacAdoo spoke.

"Well, I t'ink I cud git you a temp'rary job," he said, "but 'tis quare worruk. You come along wid me and I'll sthand you your dinner, anyhow."

"Well, you sphake loike a young lorrud, and I belave I'll folly you," said MacAdoo cheerfully.

They set out for Flaherty's restaurant. Patrick talked reassuringly of the ease with which a good man could, in time, find work in Chicago, and of the greatness of his foster-father, Dan Flaherty; but all the time his little mind was busy perfecting certain possible arrangements.

Entering the restaurant he found Flaherty and Osborne just finishing dinner. Flaherty leaned back in his chair, surveying MacAdoo keenly as he stood, his cap removed from his curly dark hair, while Patrick said:

"Uncle Dan and Misther Robert, 'tis me frind Misther MacAdoo, and I'd be plazed, Uncle Dan, if you'd invoite him to dinner wid me."

"Sure, I will," said Flaherty. "Just hang up your coat, MacAdoo, and set down and ordher what you loike."

While MacAdoo admiringly read the bill-of-fare, Patrick followed Flaherty and Osborne to their seats behind the till and told them what he knew of MacAdoo. He also unfolded the story of Miss O'Brian's troubles.

"Now, MacAdoo wants worruk, Uncle Dan, and me idea is this: you let him have all his males here and pay fur thim be waitin' on the tables at dinner. The gurruls do complain about the harrud worruk, annyhow. Thin, besides, I want to give him a little extry if he'll do the polite to thim widdas and take thim off Dinnis Dyle."

Osborne smiled appreciatively, but Flaherty regarded Patrick seriously.

"Maybe he can't wait on the tables; maybe he's clumsy," he said; "and if Kathleen foinds dishes bruk ——"

"He used to wait in a store in Rathdrum, and thim that worruks over the counter is always shmart wid their hands," said Patrick. He looked indignantly at Osborne. "I dinnaw why you laugh so, Misther Robert?"

"I'd like to hear you putting the proposition to MacAdoo," said Osborne.

"If you mane about payin' attintion to the widdas, Robert Immit," said Flaherty gravely; "I ask you wudn't ut be a plisint disthraction fur a man?"

"But think of their feelings," said Osborne. "Suppose he breaks their hearts? He's a good-looking young giant."

"How cud a man break the hearruts uv two women at wance and bot' uv thim lukin' on?" asked Patrick. "Besides, ain't they thryin' to do Miss O'Brian? You see, Uncle Dan," he explained to Flaherty, "I fale I owe ut to Miss O'Brian to git her out her troubles and 'tis none too aisy a job. If I had known, whin I started in, all the throuble thim t'ree women was goin' fur to cause me, I'd have waited till Kathleen come home fur her to sittle ut."

"Pathrick, you done foine," said Flaherty hastily; "and Misther Robert t'inks so. I'll take MacAdoo on thrial for a week, and do you put him on to his job wid the widdas."

"T'ank you kindly, Uncle Dan," said Patrick solemnly.

After he had gone back slowly to the table where MacAdoo sat, the others watched him.

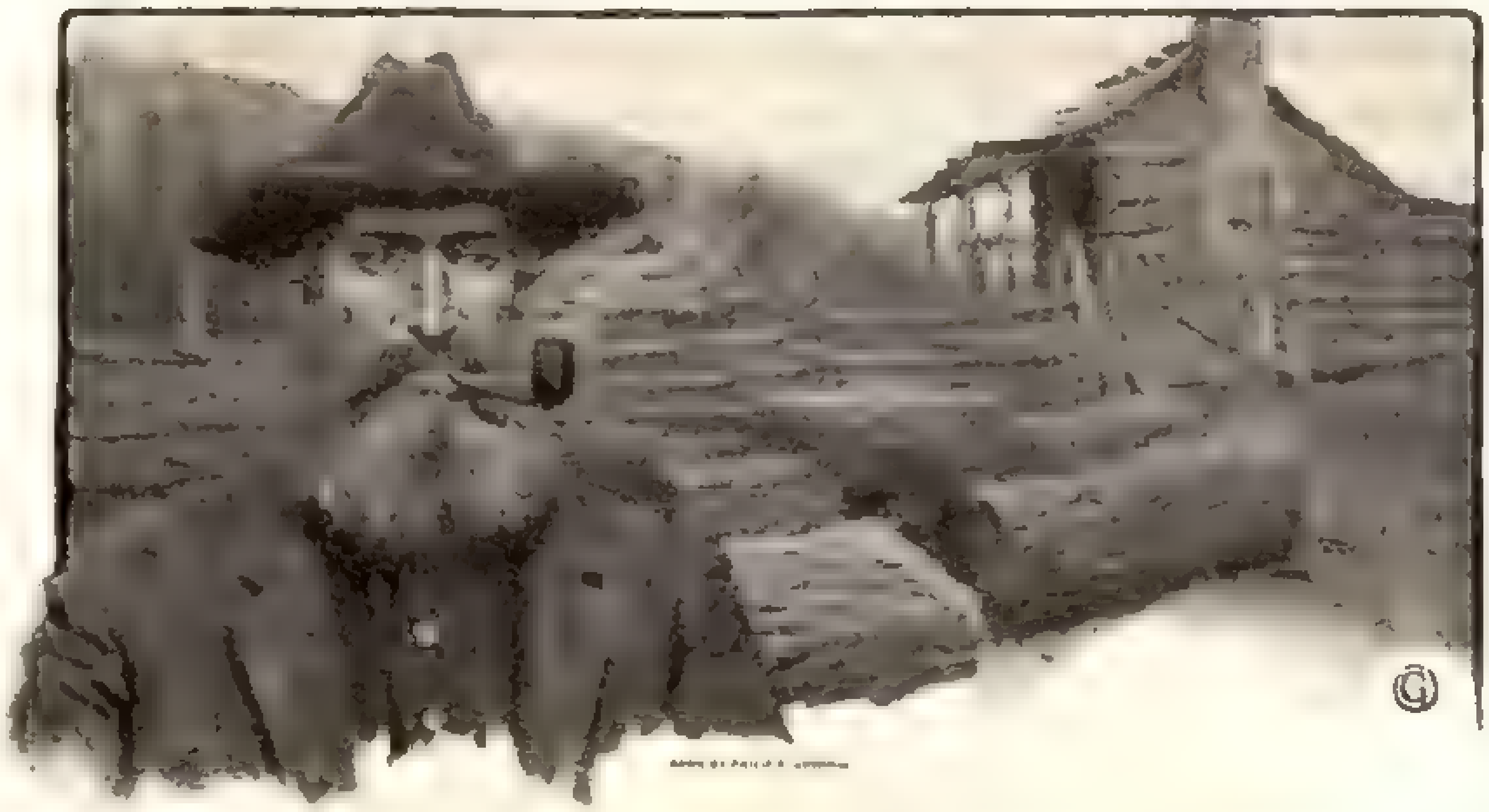
"Do you see the shmartness uv him?" asked Flaherty. "He's goin' to wait till MacAdoo's worked t'rough the beefsteak befure he sphakes."

Till the dessert came, Patrick Sarsfield evidently exerted himself to entertain his new friend. Then he unfolded his plan. Flaherty and Osborne saw MacAdoo look first

(Continued on Page 16)

AN OUTLAW AT HOME

By Arthur E. McFarlane



WHAT must be the essential character of that man who, as a calm and settled habit of his work and thinking, lives his life in defiance of the law? Putting aside the attractive, but entirely doubtful, psychology of Raffles and his artistic kind, what is the general viewpoint of the outlaw?

In our cities we have the professional safe-blower, and porch-climber, and hold-up man—all of whom have had ink enough bestowed upon them. But in certain rugged, but not necessarily remote, sections of these United States there exists a type of outlaw who is of an entirely different kind. He is the product of a proud heredity and is loyally sustained in his environment. He is the benefactor of his district. And, but for the unromantic industry of his illegal calling, his neighbors would probably regard him as a kind of modern Robin Hood.

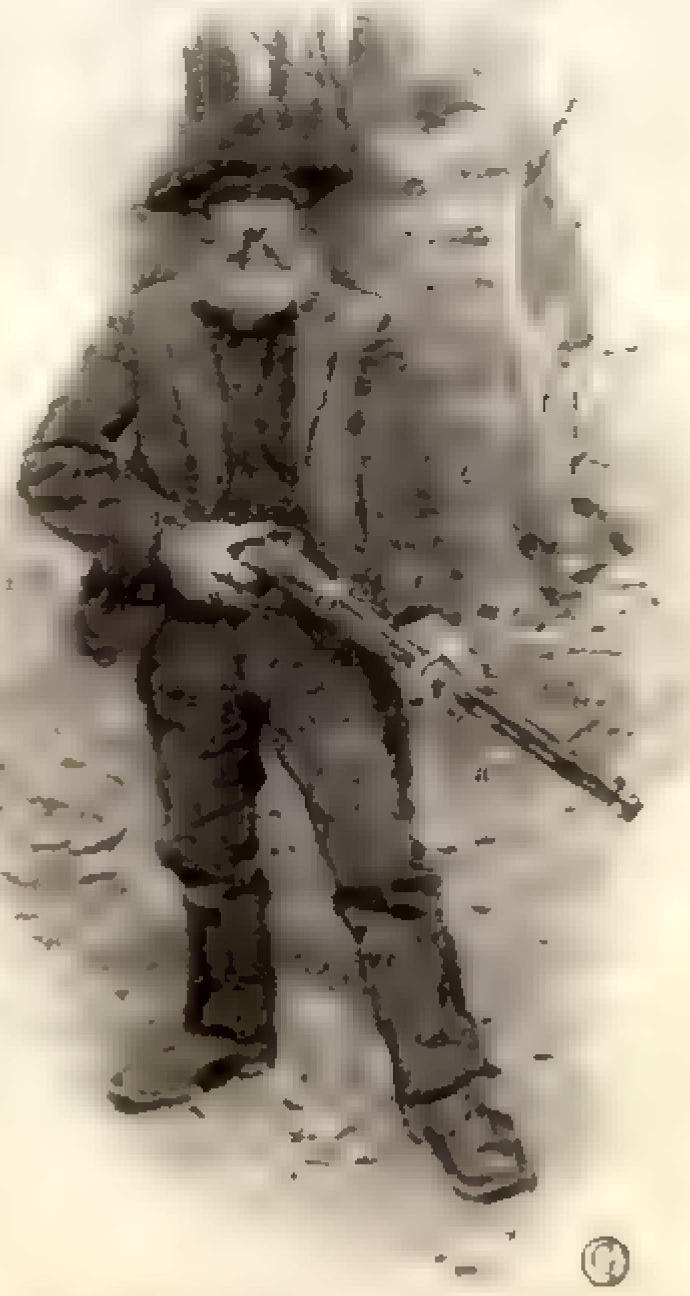
We think at first of the far West. But the West has changed since '49 and the roaring cattle days. If lawless men now rise up in camp, there are in the same camp other men, and a vast majority of them, who will, when sufficiently provoked, rise up also; and they will see to it that those lawless men tread upon air as unmitigatedly as they desired to tread upon the accepted rules of our human polity. I speak of regions where all the popular feeling is with the outlaw, and of regions much nearer the long-established East, at that. To the lower reaches of the Great Smoky Mountains there lock themselves, like vertebræ about the spinal cord, a series of counties in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee in which the outlaws are of a most businesslike species. They manufacture, without license, seven-eighths of the liquor consumed by their fellow-mountaineers. Every few days skirmishes take place with the revenue officers in which the latter commonly get the worst of it. When, together with a young lawyer kinsman, I entered the country on a pedestrian trip, a friendly caution was given us that we'd "be a heap sight safer to go through *'ithout* our guns than *with* them." Yet we observed that almost invariably when we met a native on the "knobs," or came upon him hilling his corn in a "bottom," he had his gun with him, even if it was nothing but one of those hand-bored heirlooms which were old at the time of the Civil War.

This somewhat remarkable condition of things may be found within ten miles of the Asheville and Murphy spur of the Southern Railroad. As for the stills which have been so fiercely fought over, we soon learned that only our Northern greenness thought of them as "secret." They are placed for the convenience of their patrons; and in the townships with which we became familiar they were more numerous than the post-offices and district schools combined. In the cove where we made our longest halt we stayed with the storekeeper; and his wife had set up in her door-yard one of the big copper kettles—a battered and perforated souvenir of the last excitement—and was now using it as a flower-urn! The mountain dew which it had once contained was to give a more delicate bloom to the geranium and the portulaca.

What was much more interesting, if less poetical, was the fact that within six hours' tramp through the "balds" there held the fort perhaps the most famous "blockader" (this is the honorable term) in the entire countryside. For reasons which will be apparent later I shall not mention his name nor be too specific as to his dwelling-place. It will be close enough to call him Uncle Niely McQueen, and say that he abode over on "Turkey." And Uncle Niely was the fourth generation in the business. He owned and worked a still which, with necessary renewals and recrudescences, had come down through the family for one hundred and five years. He had, by common story, eight notches in his gun, and rather more "cuttin's" upon his person; and he had been under the ban of outlawry for so long that his outlawing was, in the legal opinion of many local minds, itself outlawed. It also came to our knowledge, after a time, that it was our host who supplied this patriarch of "blockaders" with his salt, coffee and ammunition.

Without having any expectation of success, we asked him if he could not in some way "pass us in" to his moonshiner's domain. Apparently he decided that if we were really looking for a noose into which to thrust our necks it was the place of mountain hospitality to do the honors; for by the morning following he had provided us with a small guide to take us to the "gap" in the divide, and a formal note of introduction which ought to do the rest. It was for us, however, to deliver it.

Now, on two previous occasions other chance wanderers without either guide or passport had attempted to cross by the same trail. Over the head of one of them had suddenly come miauling a charge of "sixteen-to-the-pounds," which he had very properly interpreted much as neutral ships venturing into blockaded waters interpret a shot across their bows. The second wanderer had been met at a turn in the path by an aged but forbidding mountaineer, whom he described with some vagueness as having a great deal of beard and whiskers, "like a Boer." In addition to the whiskers this mountaineer displayed a weapon of Boerlike moderness; and he ventured to inquire just whither the stranger might be going. The stranger confessed that he did not precisely know. Whereupon the bearded one delivered him from his uncertainty by informing him that he was going back whence he had come, and allowed that he'd be going most powerful quick!



And He Ventured to Inquire Just Whither the Stranger Might be Going

Our difficulties were of another sort. Within fifteen miles of our outlaw's fastness there was no "wheel road," even in the Great Smoky acceptance of the word; and the horse trail lost itself now on the storm-washed tops of the "balds" and now in the jungles of laurel and rhododendron which mat the hollows. As a matter of fact, we could not see how any man could take a horse through that up-ended landscape at all. But it was certain that Uncle Niely took his pony through whenever he needed supplies. Not only that, but a year before, when one of his lieutenants had fallen sick, he had fairly kidnaped an unwilling doctor and taken *him* in through the wilderness on his saddle-bow!

And toward the end of the afternoon, after a last desperate hour of floundering and climbing, we came out on the top of the "gap." Crooked in the elbow of a creek far below us lay a tiny homestead group of cabins—the three we had been told to look for. The path we had now to follow was the only possible one, and it was within plain sight of those cabins for every rod of the last mile. Having zigzagged down to the creek, too, there awaited us the dizziest of foot-logs, which, upon occasion, would have served admirably as drawbridge and portcullis; and finally we had to push through a hundred yards of brier scrub that could give long odds to any barbed-wire entanglement.

When we emerged we might have jerked a pebble over Uncle Niely's roof-tree. Yet not even a dog had barked. The silence was of that highly oppressive variety so justly celebrated in fiction. We walked around to the front of the cabin. The door was open. A kindly-faced old wife sat knitting by the huge fireplace. "Yes, this was Mr. McQueen's." And sleeping heavily upon the bed behind was Uncle Niely. At the sound of our voices he rolled swiftly from the bed to his feet; but he at least gave us time to deliver our safe-conduct.

He looked decidedly like a Boer, and not like any "bad man" at all. With the exception of a scar on his forehead and a cicatrized right hand, he carried no visible marks of strife. Between brows and nose-bridge was that fullness which generally means a dangerous temper, but around his eyes there was humor in plenty. With slow puzzlement he deciphered the note; and it proved to be our open sesame.

When he laid it down he reached up to the chimney-shelf for something which he called "bummins." The liquor was of a pinkish cast, with the purple lights of coal-oil playing through it; and it had the heady, sweety-sour odor of a silo when the corn has been a month in storage. I declined the cup for various reasons. My companion was of rasher stuff. He tilted a mouthful into him, and the next moment he was stampeding for the spring. On the way he managed to spill out what remained in the tumbler. He had had all the sensations of committing suicide by carbolic acid.

Being a lawyer, however, he returned with an expression of considerable relish, and with a voice more innocent than a dove's remarked that "bummins" tasted something the same as whisky.

Uncle Niely looked at him. "Well," he said, holding a grin in suspended animation, "I don't guess you-all wouldn't be wrong in callin' it that. But up h'ar on old Turkey we cyan't get the gover'ment fellers to come in and put a stamp on it; so in general we don't feel right in givin' it the reg'lar name."

After *that* we believed we were already in sight of the active source of the "bummins." But not so. Uncle Niely tactfully side-switched the talk into another subject. We had brought with us a small pocket camera. He wanted to know all about its mechanism. By this time, too, we began to be taken in charge by the lady of the house—"Aunt Metty" she told us she was "most generally always called." And we were not long in making up our minds that Aunt Metty was excessively all right.

It was late in the day, but there was still light enough to get us back over the "gap" by nightfall. Yet plainly the old girl had no thought of that whatever. A few rods nearer the creek was the tiny cabin which had belonged to the McQueen forefathers. Aunt Metty went forth, fixed up a bed in the corner of it, and there she told us was to be our abiding-place. Then she sat us down to a supper of chestnut ham, wild honey and corn-cake such as would have compelled Lady Justice herself to put aside sword and scales while it was before her. And after that we squeezed into the chimney-corner and learned from Aunty how to card and spin.

Uncle Niely himself had disappeared. Nor did he come back again for a good two hours. "Got a sick cow up the cove a piece," he explained shiftingly; whereat his spouse clucked and bowed very suddenly over her carding-brush. We had some trouble with our faces ourselves.

Mr. McQueen could not but be conscious that the situation was rapidly getting away from him. But he declined to be forced. Rising up, he lit a tiny brass lamp which John Smith might have brought over with him, and with considerable dignity showed us to our quarters.

Next morning after breakfast he went out to see the same sick cow. And so it was after dinner again. And we were exactly where we had been in the beginning.

Perhaps Aunt Metty read the disappointment in our faces. At any rate, when once more "her man" came in she regarded him with derision. "Father," she said, "that thar' as *mighty* sick cow, ain't it, now?"

Uncle Niely shuffled his feet.

"I guess you-all ha' had some one settin' up 'ith her for pretty nigh a man's lifetime?"

The badgered man of the eight notches in his gun tried to find a cooler place on the griddle, and then reached helplessly for the bottle on the chimney-shelf.

"And I jest do wonder to gracious you-all ain't afear'd to drink her milk," continued the old lady, entirely without mercy.

We were hanging bricks and paving-stones to our safety-valves; and now Uncle Niely emitted a guilty and covert snigger himself.

"Seem like the old woman wants people to think thar's somethin' *qu'ar* about that cow o' mine?"

We did not reply.

"Mebbe some one been tellin' you-all that I don't pay for my bummins?"

Even a brief experience in the practice of the law had given my friend an insight into human nature which at times proved valuable. He looked our host squarely under the eyewinkers. "Mr. McQueen," he said, "we've heard that you're about the worst blockader in America."

The moment was a delicate one, but already Uncle Niely was bringing both hands down on his knees with a roar of delight. "Say—what do you-all want down h'ar, anyway?"

"We want to see that old cow of yours, and make pictures of her, and write about her, too, when we get home."

He reached up to where we had hung the camera on the wall and bade us come along with him.

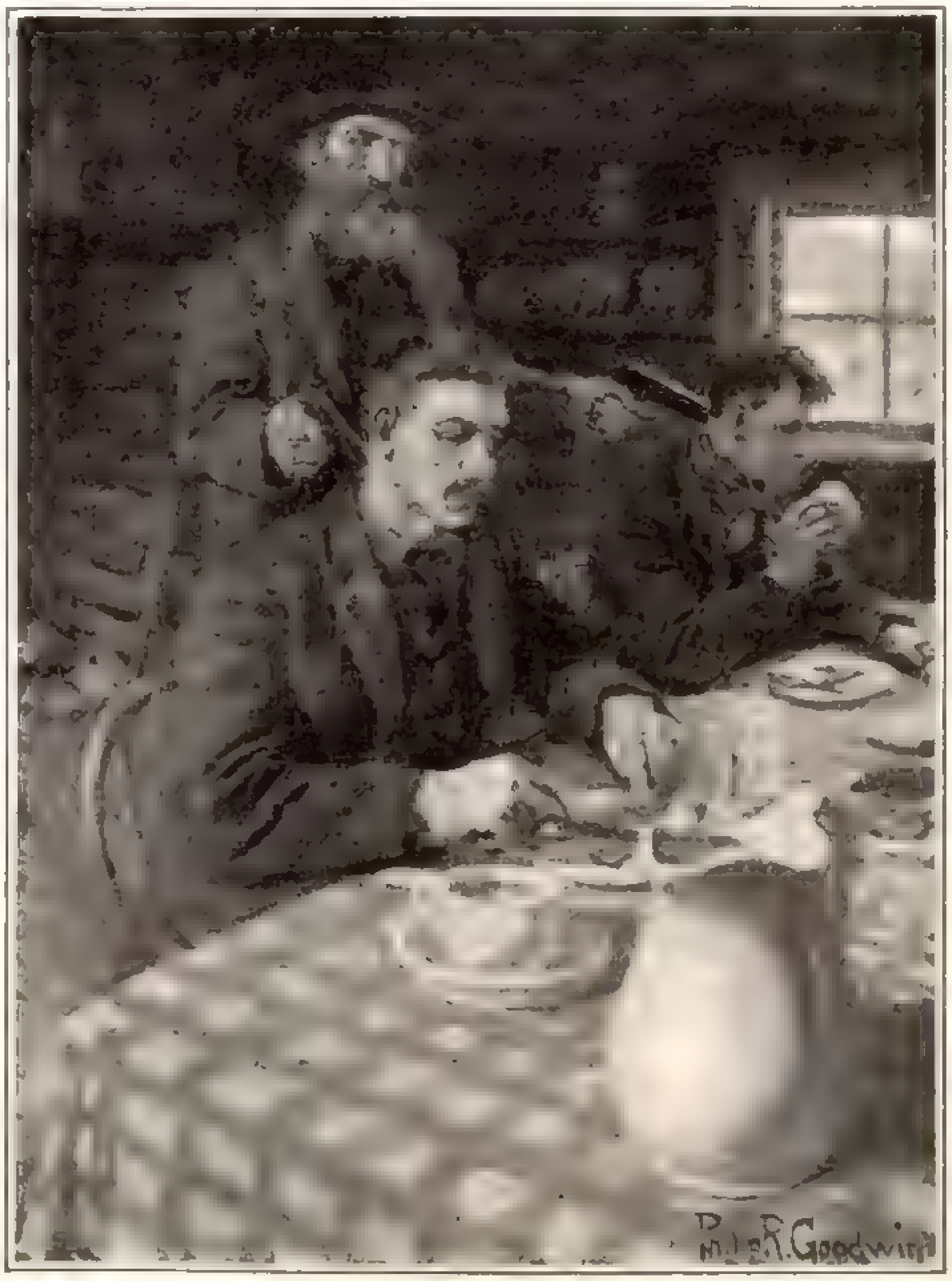
As he explained, while we were climbing steeply up the gulch, he had found it wise to change the site of his "copper" every year or two. We now found it half a mile away from the cabin, and in the depths of the shaggiest and darkest of "pockets." And, to be quite honest, it was a disappointment.

In the inclosing shack, which was built half over a little mountain torrent, a low, rough, stone furnace sprawled turtle-like upon the floor; and set into its back, as it were, was the kettle. From the left of it projected the worm, corkscrewed into its condensing bath, a great, home-made barrel. Through a wooden pipe let into the wall, the water from the creek entered to chill the worm when a run was being made, and the waste or "sludge" was troughed out through the opposite side of the shack into a shallow vat below. Uncle Niely's yearlings were smacking their chops over it as if it had been so much ambrosial bran mash.

In one corner of the still-house stood half a dozen big bee-gums, full of the "beer," or brewed malt, in successive stages of fermentation. In the farther corner was a bed where one of the grimy young "stillers" now on duty slept and watched at night. His gun hung above his head. There also dangled from the low roof a quaint laboratory equipment of gourds, and reeds, and home-made wooden dippers; and Uncle Niely pointed to the twists of native tobacco which he put in to give the bummins its "bead." The pinkish cast we had noticed in the bottle at the house came from the fact that the last "batch" had been strained through a piece of colored calico! Indeed, *everything* was home-made—incredibly unscientific and primitive and pastoral.

Our camera was a very bad one, and the interior of the still was an impossible, smoky blur. Nor, because of the masking trees, was it much more possible to get a view of its exterior. However, we made the best of it. The significant thing was that Uncle Niely and one of his aides, though warned a second time that the pictures might be printed, insisted upon having their rightful honor of a place in them! "I don't guess," said the old man, "that thar's anybody in the deestrict h'arabouts, either gover'ment or neighborly, that don't know what we're a-doin'. And nobody anywh'ar else will know who you-all are tellin' about." So we let it go at that, and accordingly snapped them off, together with the yearlings aforementioned.

While we were still manœuvring for some better position, two ponies, each with a bag across its back, came up the trail, and they were followed by a pair of young mountaineers. It was not hard to guess that they were customers. They halted in bewildered suspicion until Uncle Niely assured them that all was well; and we were able to see from their case how "bummins" is disposed of. The two had brought in about three bushels of home-milled corn; and this, instead of money, was the standard of exchange. Two half-gallon bottles which they had brought with them in the bottom of their sacks were filled in equivalent.



They Had Asked for Breakfast, and, as Uncle Niely Reminded Them, the Scriptures are Terrible Hard on Him Who Turns Any Man Empty Away

It was, indeed, almost every drop of whisky then on hand, though that fifteen-gallon still had been running uninterruptedly for months. The product was disposed of rather more rapidly than it came from the worm! Even those unteachable "scientists" who still attempt to prove that whisky is good for the human system make the reservation that six or seven years, of course, must go to its ripening. Little of this mountain product got to be two days old. It received no second distillation to remove the fusel oil; and it may undoubtedly claim the honor of being the nearest thing to knock-out drops imbibed as a beverage upon this planet.

The two customers put away their bottles and wiped their mouths. But they showed no signs of departing. A visit to the still seemed to have the same social nature as a visit to the fountain in mediæval times. The first assistant "stiller" stood in the crackling glow of the furnace mouth and stirred the brew. The rest of us perched and confabulated on some empty bee-gums. And we two from outside then had an opportunity to get something of the viewpoint of at least one modern outlaw.

Hitherto Uncle Niely's spirits had been muted by the degrading necessity of mask and concealment. Now he showed himself naturally joyous and open. He had that mellow and chuckling suavity of humor which is, alas, so much more likable than virtue.

That his liquor was not wholly what it might be he readily agreed. Yet these things are largely a matter of taste. And when, the week before, he had crossed the mountains and visited a certain great distillery in Tennessee—granting everything to the fineness of its machinery—he had taken shame as a fellow-craftsman that any nation whatever should be willing to put its mark upon liquor so flat and undistinguished. "They'd took out of it one thing after another, till it had no bite nor rasp left into it at all!" His own "bummins" fell short because, of late, Satan himself had been in the malt; and because no longer did any two bags of corn come to him from the same seeding.

If, too, he was compelled to sell his liquor direct from the worm, no man could lay that up against him. His kettle was so small that "fire up night an' day as he mout, he never could get fur enough ahead to give it its month or two of proper clarifyin'." If, instead of going after him, the Government would do the reasonable thing and help him put in a bigger still, he would produce something to go past any liquor ever stamped.

In fact, we heard from Uncle Niely the plaint of a manufacturer upon whom, in a land of Protection, grievous disabilities have been laid. As an outlaw, he did not qualify at all. He owned that both his sons had quit the business—"they'd seemed to right out lose their narve." But this reflected not upon the business, but upon his sons. He had a nephew who could be depended upon to continue "stilling," if not precisely where the old cow lay at present, then a little higher up the cove. As for ending the life of the hoary animal altogether, the conception was one in nowise to be entertained. And this was for reasons of public advantage as well as for those of private honor and emolument. "If my old cow was to be shet off," her owner argued, "what would be the state of things in the kentry h'arabouts? It takes these lads about one day a week packin' in to me as it is." (The couple beside us grinned a sheepish affirmation.) "If they had to go away over to Eagle for it, it'd take them pretty nigh all their time; and thar'd shore be no more sheep-tendin' or co'n-hoein' done at all!"

It was doubtless in protecting the old cow, we hinted, that he had got most of those eight notches we had heard people credit to him?

Uncle Niely did not desire to talk about that at all. He was not of the sort who boast over things which the philosophic mind puts out of its meditations at once. He had, it was true, suffered many seasons of sore persecution; but he had not allowed himself to be embittered thereby. Nor would he now dwell upon a subject which might, by many, be looked upon as of necessity a gloomy one. "It never pleasured me to get a revenuer," he protested with earnestness, "even when he plum wouldn't get out of the track of the lead."

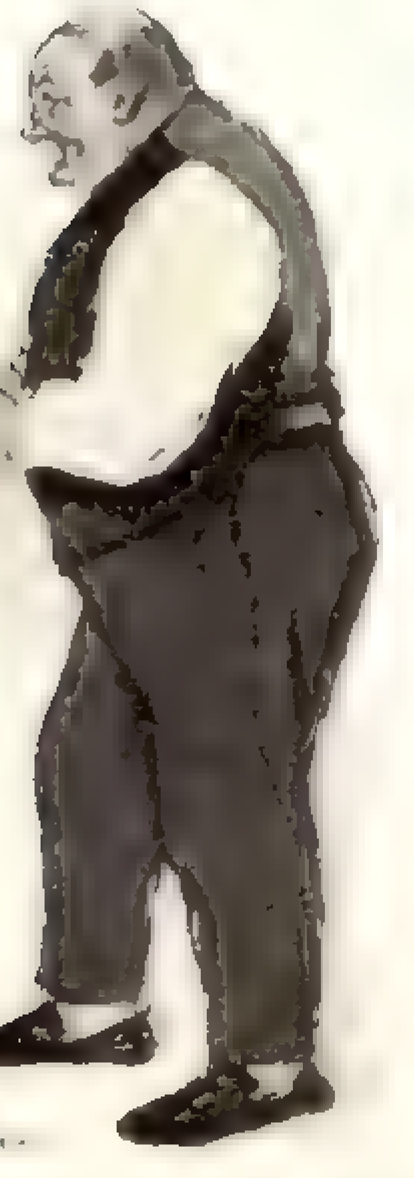
He preferred rather to recall those things into which the spirit of comedy had entered. For example, there was the case of the two Federal officers for whom he had had Aunt Metty serve early breakfast. Briefly it happened thus: This particular pair of "revenuers," having wearied of failure when acting under orders, resolved to act according to their own slimness, and divide the five hundred dollars posted on Uncle Niely between them. They gave up day attacks, too, merely using the light as a means to reconnoitre the parallels of approach about the fastness, so that they might be able to steer their ponies aright in the darkness.

And under cover of the darkness, about four o'clock one March morning, they arrived. As it chanced, only

(Concluded on Page 31)

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT



A Concierge Unexpectedly Amiable

X—SEEING LIFE

THE thoughts of the two who loved her were with Betty that night. The aunt, shaken, jolted, enduring much in the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean express, thought fondly of her.

"She's a nice little thing. I must take her about a bit," she mused, and even encouraged her fancy to play with the idea of a London season—a thing it had not done for years.

The Reverend Cecil, curtains drawn and lamp alight, paused to think of her even in the midst of his first thorough examination of his newest treasure in Seventeenth Century Tracts, "The Man Mouse baited and trapped for nibbling the margins of Eugenius Philalethes, being an assault on Henry Moore."

"Dear Lizzie!—I wonder if she will ever care for really important things. There must be treasures upon treasures in those boxes on the French quays that one reads about. But she never would learn to know one type from another."

He studied the fire thoughtfully.

"I wonder if she does understand how much she is to me," he thought. "Those are the things that are better unsaid. At least I always think so when she's here. But all these months—I wonder whether girls like you to *say* things, or to leave them to be understood. It is more delicate not to say them, perhaps."

Meanwhile Betty, dining alone at a restaurant in the Boulevard St. Michel, within a mile of the Serpent, ordered what she called a nice dinner—it was mostly vegetables and sweet things—and ate it with appetite, looking about her. The long mirrors, the waiters were like the ones in London restaurants, but the people who ate there were different. Everything was much shabbier, yet much gayer. Shopkeeping-looking men were dining with their wives; some of them had a child, napkin under chin, solemnly struggling with a big soup spoon or upturning on its little nose a tumbler of weak red wine and water. There were students—she knew them by their slouched hats and beards a day old dining by twos and threes and fours. No one took any more notice of Betty than was shown by a careless glance or two. She was very quietly dressed. Her hat even was rather an unbecoming brown thing. When she had eaten she ordered coffee, and began to try to think, but thinking was difficult with the loud voices and the laughter. And at the back of her mind was a thought waiting for her to think it. And she was afraid.

So presently she paid her bill, and went out and found a tram, and rode on the top of it through the lighted streets, on the level of the first-floor windows and the brown leaves of the trees in the Boulevards, and went away and away through the heart of Paris; and still all her mind could do nothing but thrust off, with both hands, the thought that was pushing forward toward her thinking. When the tram stopped at its journey's end she did not alight, but paid for, and made, the return journey, and found her feet again in the Boulevard St. Michel.

Of course she had read her Trilby and other works dealing with the Latin Quarter. She knew that in that quarter every one is not respectable, but every one is kind. So she walked up the wide, tree-planted street feeling very Parisian indeed, and she stopped at the first café she came to, which happened to be the Café d'Harcourt.

She did not see its name, and if she had it would naturally not have conveyed any idea to her. The hour was not yet ten, and the Café d'Harcourt was very quiet. There were not a dozen people at the little tables. Most of them were women. It would be easy to ask her little questions, with so few people to stare and wonder if she addressed a stranger.

She sat down and ordered her hot milk, and with a flutter awaited it. This was life. And to-morrow she must telegraph to her stepfather, and everything would end in the old round of parish duties; all her hopes and dreams would be submerged in the heavy morass of meeting mothers. The thought leapt up—Betty hid her eyes and would not look at it. Instead, she looked at the other people seated at the tables—the women. They were laughing and talking among themselves. One or two looked at Betty and smiled with frank friendliness. Betty smiled back, but with embarrassment. Then a handsome, black-browed, scowling woman, sitting alone, frowned at her. Betty felt quite hurt. Why should any one want to be unkind?

Men selling flowers, toy rabbits, rattling cardboad balls, offered their wares up and down the row of tables. Betty bought a bunch of fading late roses and thought, with a sudden sentimentality that shocked her, of the monthly rose below the window at home. It always bloomed well up to Christmas. Well, in two days she would see that rose-bush.

The trains rattled down the Boulevard, carriages rolled by. Every now and then one of these would stop and a couple would alight. And people came on foot. The café was filling up. But still none of the women seemed to Betty exactly the right sort of person to know exactly the right sort of hotel.

A blond girl with jet black brows and eyes like big black beads was leaning her elbows on her table and talking to her companions, two tourist-looking Germans in loud checks. They kept glancing at Betty, and it made her nervous to know that they were talking about her. At last her eyes met the eyes of the girl, who smiled at her and made a little gesture of invitation to her to come and sit at their table. Betty out of sheer embarrassment might have gone, but just at that moment the handsome, scowling woman rose, rustled quickly to Betty, knocking over a chair in her passage, held out a hand, and said in excellent English:

"How do you do?"

Betty gave her hand, but "I don't remember you," said she.

"May I join you?" said the woman, sitting down. She wore black and white and red, and she was frightfully smart, Betty thought. She glanced at the others—the tourists and the blonde; they were no longer looking at her.

"Look here," said the woman, speaking low, "I don't know you from Adam, of course, but for Heaven's sake go home to your friends! I don't know what they're about to let you out alone like this."

"I'm alone in Paris just now," said Betty.

"Good Heaven, you little fool! Get back to your lodgings. You've no business here."

"I've as much business as any one else," said Betty. "I'm an artist, too, and I want to see life."

"You've not seen much yet," said the woman with a laugh that Betty hated to hear. "Have you been brought up in a convent? Go home and say your prayers—I suppose you *do* say your prayers? What are your people about?"

"My father's in England," said Betty; "he's a clergyman."

"I generally say mine was," said the other, "but I won't to you, because you'd believe me. My father was church organist, though. And the vicarage people were rather fond of me. I used to do a lot of parish work." She laughed again.

Betty laid a hand on the other woman's.

"Couldn't you go home to your father—or—or—something?" she asked feebly.

"It's you that have got to go home, and do it *now*, too." She shook off Betty's hand and waved her own to a man who was passing.

"Here, Mr. Temple ——"

The man halted, hesitated and came up to them.

"Look here," said the black-browed woman, "look what a pretty flower I've found—and here of all places!"

She indicated Betty by a look. The man looked too, and took the third chair at their table. Betty wished that the ground might open and cover her, but the Boule Miche asphalt is solid. The newcomer was tall and broad-shouldered, with a handsome, serious, boyish face and fair hair.

"She won't listen to me ——"

"Oh, I did!" Betty put in reproachfully.

"You talk to her like a father. Tell her where naughty little girls go who stay out late at the Café d'Harcourt—fire and brimstone, you know. She'll understand; she's a clergyman's daughter."

"I really do think you'd better go home," said the newcomer to Betty with gentle politeness.

"I would, directly," said Betty almost in tears, "but the fact is I haven't settled on a hotel, and I came to this café. I thought I could ask one of these art students to tell me a good hotel, but—so that's how it is."

"I should think not," Temple answered the hiatus. Then he looked at the black-browed, scowling woman, and his look was very kind.

"Will you allow me," he said, "to find a carriage for you, and see you to a hotel?"

"Thank you," said Betty.

He went out to the curbstone and scanned the road for a passing carriage.

"Look here," said the black-browed woman, turning suddenly on Betty, "I dare say you'll think it's not my place to speak but, look here. I'm not chaffing. It's deadly earnest."

"Yes," said Betty, "I know. If you're not good you won't be happy."

"There you go," the other answered almost fiercely; "it's always the way. Every one says it—copybooks and Bible and everything—and no one believes it till they've tried the other way, and then it's no use believing anything. Good-by, you're a nice little thing."

"Good-by," said Betty; "oh, good-by! You *are* kind and good! People can't all be good the same way," she added vaguely and seeking to comfort.

"Women can," said the other; "don't you make any mistake. Good-by."

She watched the carriage drive away, and turned to meet the spiteful chaff of Nini and her German friends.

"Now," said Mr. Temple, as soon as the wheels began to revolve, "perhaps you will tell me how you come to be out in Paris alone at this hour."

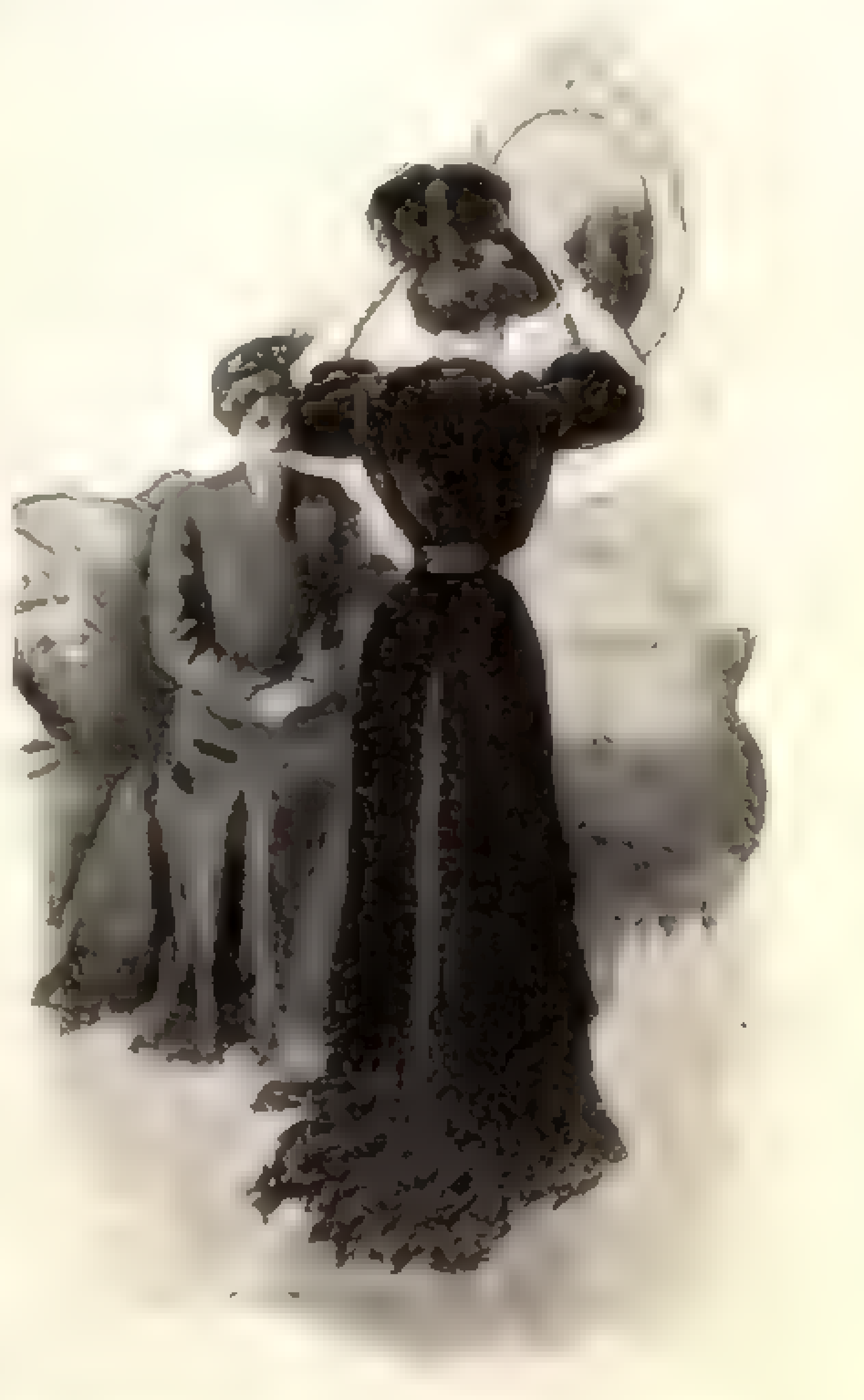
Betty stared at him coldly.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you can recommend me a good hotel," she said.

"I don't even know your name," said he; "I cannot advise you unless you will trust me a little," he added gently.

"You are very kind—but I have not yet asked for any one's advice."

"I am sorry if I have offended you," he said, "but I only wish to be of service to you."



She Took Off Her Hat and Pulled the Scarlet Flowers from It

MEN & WOMEN

Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas

Bailey *vs.* Anecdote Et Al.

CALLING the case of Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, *vs.* Two Anecdotes that Always Figure in Stories Written About Him, what are the facts?

Here are the specifications:

Item: That when Bailey first came to Congress he refused, with scorn and indignation, to array himself in that livery of the classes—always opposed to the masses—the "dress suit."

Item: That when Bailey first came to Congress, Judge Culberson, of Texas—wisest of the wise—told him to take a subject and make a study and a specialty of it, and that Bailey chose the Constitution and has clung to it ever since.

It is hard to keep a good anecdote down, and when it comes to killing—actually slaughtering—intimate old friends it seems like doing murder at one's own fireside. Still, truth is mighty and must prevail. Hear Bailey's attorney:

"The Senator never refused to wear evening clothes. One night, soon after he came to Congress, while he was living at the Riggs House, there was a big social affair. A newspaper correspondent asked him if he intended to go. Bailey said he did not. The correspondent pressed for a reason. Bailey finally said he had no evening clothes. The correspondent wrote that Bailey would not wear evening clothes. Other correspondents sent it out, and the story has been printed, with variations, ever since.

"As to the other anecdote, Judge Culberson never told Bailey to make a study of one thing and stick to it. Bailey chose the Constitution as his specialty of his own free will and accord."

Enter the Judge: Balancing the evidence, it does not seem necessary or advisable to kill the "dress suit" anecdote. Bailey was a young man, with a high forehead and a high resolve, when he was elected to the Fifty-first Congress that began operations in 1889. He came from Texas and, before that, from Copiah County, Mississippi. Undoubtedly, he looked on evening clothes as an affectation. He was serious-minded. Many things seemed to be of importance that were not. It was his business to be a statesman. The frivolities of life did not appeal to him, at least not the social affairs at Washington, which are called frivolities by those who frivol and bores by everybody else. Perhaps he did not wear evening clothes then. He wears them now, finely tailored, moulded to his strapping big form. His viewpoint has changed, probably. He was a bit woolly when he arrived. The story must stand. Old friends must be protected. It will be fine, too, when Bailey runs for President, as he hopes to some day. They said Jerry Simpson did not wear socks, and he did. That story will live forever, too.

Senator Cullom of Illinois. Looking Like Lincoln is His Copyrighted Specialty

As to the Constitution anecdote: Judge Culberson knew a great deal about a great many things. One was Congress. He might have told Bailey to get a specialty. It would have been good advice. And the fact remains that Bailey did get a specialty, and that that specialty was and is the Constitution. He breathes the spirit of that great document, moves with it, lives it, adores it. It is always by his side and on his tongue. He can find a Constitutional application to a discussion of conic sections, or an argument on the exact way a hen should lay an egg.

Case decided in favor of the anecdotes.

Watching a man grow is a most interesting diversion. It makes no difference whether he grows great or small. In the case of Bailey the study has been fascinating. He came to Washington a big, young countryman, awkward, gangling, but with a lot of brains and the faculty of using them. They said in Copiah County, Mississippi: "Joe Bailey can play a better game of pool, is better looking and can talk down any man in this section." He stayed in Mississippi until he was twenty-two. Then he went to Texas. Colonel Bill Sterrett, that eminent commentator on Texas affairs, said once: "Joe Bailey struck Texas running for Congress." That is nearly true, for Bailey was in Texas only a few years before he was elected to the House of Representatives.

Bailey was raw material when he got to Washington. He could talk. He had courage. He was a close student and, more than all, he had implicit faith in himself. They pounded him a good deal, laughed at him, japed and jeered at him, but he stood up and fought back, and before the end of his second term he was beginning to grow. The pounding continued. The only difference was that the pounder took his biggest club before he began the genial task of pulping Bailey, instead of rushing at him with any oratorical twig.

Bailey was on tap every minute, with his Constitution in hand, mixing in all sorts of engagements, and coming out in better shape each time. The people who were watching him began to rub their hands. He was deserving of attention. Pretty soon they made him the minority candidate for Speaker. That gave him the tactical position of floor-leader for the Democrats. He wasn't much of a success at that. He was too combative, too intolerant of restraint, too prone to fly into a rage. He did not have himself well in hand, but he was growing and the country was taking notice. Finally, he went to the Senate and the real development began there.

Ask any Senator about Bailey now—that is, any Senator who is a debater and a student, with a grasp of affairs—and he will tell you this young Texan is the strongest man on the Democratic side, by far. Most of them will make it more emphatic. They will say Bailey is the strongest young man in the Democratic party. That judgment is good.

Patience is what he lacks. He will dig as hard as anybody and will study as long, but he loses hold of himself at times. There does not seem to be any wall with him between earnestness and impulse. He will debate as suavely and as cleverly as you please, and suddenly he will become infuriated at some trivial remark. Two or three years ago, after Senator Beveridge had goaded him all the afternoon, he went to cuff the Indianian's ears as soon as the Senate adjourned. That was the old Bailey. He was ashamed of it in a minute and has been ashamed of it ever since.

He recognizes this fault. There was talk of making him the Democratic leader in the Senate. "No," said Bailey, "I have not yet acquired the art of being pleasant under any and all circumstances." That was a statesman's way of saying he occasionally had the desire to punch a recalcitrant brother in the eye, instead of arguing with him for hours at a time. Still, Bailey has better control of himself now than he had when he first went into the Senate. If he fails in becoming one of the really great men of his generation, it will be because he sometimes takes his hand off the throttle.

It is a delight to hear Bailey talk. He knows what he is about. His diction is admirable. His voice is pleasant. He is graceful as a panther. When he is at his best and is disputing some point with a man like Spooner, or Lodge, or Aldrich, he fences so skillfully that the people in the galleries want to applaud him, and sometimes do. He looks younger than his forty-three years. His face is boyish. His friends say his impetuousness, at times, is because of the boyishness that has not yet been obliterated by the mannishness.

Everybody has high hopes for Bailey. His party associates watch him grow just as a man with a hothouse watches his finest bunch of grapes come to perfection. Everybody recognizes his great ability.

Aggressive Mr. Cullom

THE fight just starting in Illinois for the seat of Shelby M. Cullom in the United States Senate—which Mr. Cullom will contest as vigorously as any youngster—reminded John Corwin, of that State, of the time he took a ride in Springfield with the late John Tanner, then Governor.

"Tanner," said Corwin, "why don't you try for Shelby Cullom's seat in the Senate?"

Tanner made no reply. They drove for a time until they came to Oak Ridge cemetery.

"John," said Tanner, pointing with his whip to the cemetery, "that place is full of men who tried for Cullom's seat in the Senate, and Cullom is still in the Senate and he'll stay there until quite a few more lots are filled."

The Point of View

DR. JOHN H. GIRDNER, the medical wit of New York, was walking through Central Park one afternoon. He saw an artist at work on a canvas.

The doctor stopped. He peered over the artist's shoulder and saw that the man was painting a big tree which stood in the foreground. The doctor looked at the tree. It appeared a dirty brown to him. The artist was making it a glorified yellow.

"Is that the way that tree looks to you?" he asked.

"If it wasn't I wouldn't be painting it that way," observed the artist, not too genially.

This held the doctor for a moment, but he was in search of information.

"Curious," he observed, "but I can't see it that way."

"Don't you wish you could?" asked the artist, and the doctor continued his stroll.

"Safe Aboard the Lugger"

REPRESENTATIVE Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, wanted to explain his universal peace scheme to some of the newspaper correspondents at Washington, and thought the best way to do it was to give them a little dinner. He invited some

"What time?" asked one.

"Six o'clock to-morrow evening," Bartholdt replied.

"Make it seven," protested several. "We won't have our work done until six and we want to get home and dress."

"Nonsense, my dear boys, nonsense!" exclaimed Bartholdt. "This is to be purely informal. Come right over to the hotel from your offices. I shall be offended if any of you put on lugs with me."

Next evening at six o'clock the guests were at the hotel in their working-clothes. They waited a few minutes for their host. Then Bartholdt walked in, arrayed in immaculate evening dress.

The Hall of Fame

¶ President Roosevelt frequently takes out Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, as riding companion. Lodge is an indifferent horseman at the best, and, when the President gets out on the road and urges his horse to the utmost, Lodge has hard work keeping up and keeping aboard his horse. The orderlies who follow are constantly praying that Lodge will fall off some day. They do not like him.

Representative Richard Bartholdt of Missouri

¶ Speaker Cannon denies that he looks like Lincoln. He says looking like Lincoln is the copyrighted specialty of Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois.

¶ Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, was the apple-eater of the Senate. Now he has retired and Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, is making a brave effort to gain the title.

¶ Franklin H. Lane, the Californian who has been nominated by President Roosevelt for member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, used to be a reporter and a good one. He worked on all the San Francisco papers.

¶ Robert R. Hitt—who has just announced he will not seek to return to Congress from Illinois after his present term expires—has been in the House for twenty-four years. He was one of the first shorthand reporters in the West and reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT-ERRANT

(Continued from Page 9)

astonished, then sympathetic, then amused as he slapped his great knee.

"Be the powers," they heard him say, "'tis me'll put the comether on thim! And I'd loike to have a luk at Miss O'Brian, too."

"I dinnaw is that necessary," said Patrick. "She'll have to be sphindin' her toime on Dinnis."

"Oh, I don't mane to have more thin a luk at her," said MacAdoo, as they rose from the table; "jist so I kin have more hearrut in me job, or ilse thim widdas moight git a rale holt on me."

Patrick stood hesitating.

"They're decateful crockodiles, MacAdoo, and that's the trut'. I dinnaw shud I risk you on thim, but you shud be able to luk afther yoursilf."

"Oh, kape your worrimint fur Miss O'Brian," said MacAdoo, laughing. "If any wan ropes me in, you'll not foind me wapin' to you. Well, sorr," he added, "whin kin I begin on me job?"

The opening door gave him his reply. Again Dennis Doyle entered, followed by Mrs. Cahill and Mrs. Callahan, who were again oblivious of Flaherty and his friends. MacAdoo and Patrick joined the two at the till.

"Well, Pathrick," said Flaherty, "how'll you break t'rough that wall uv delicate resarve, I dinnaw?"

Patrick looked worried.

"I've got to be inthroduced, Pathrick," suggested MacAdoo.

Patrick considered until tea had been served to the party. Then he said:

"I know. Misther Robert, do you go and play on the pianna fur a while. Thin, MacAdoo, do you sthand up and sing Sweet Belle Mahone."

"Ah, dear, ah, dear, th' ould song," sighed Flaherty.

"Good for you, Sarsfield," said Osborne.

MacAdoo grinned, and after a time joined Osborne at the piano. Presently his full voice began on the song:

Soon beyond the harbor bar
Shall my bark be sailing far,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

The loud laughter of the group at the table stilled. They swung around and stared at MacAdoo, who stood looking far beyond them, his handsome face very grave. Flaherty's eyes were moist, and even Patrick forgot for a moment his plans.

Swe-et Belle Maho-one,
Swe-et Belle Maho-one,
Wait for me at Heaven's gate,
Swe-et Belle Mahone.

Flaherty was quite sincere when he said to Mrs. Cahill:

"Well, ma'am, we'd ought to all shake hands on a chune loike that. 'Tis a young man jist over that I'm wishful you should mate."

He beckoned to MacAdoo, who came forward, all gusto for his "job." He changed the sentimental mood of the party almost immediately to gayety. Patrick stood over him, gloating like a successful stage-manager, as MacAdoo skillfully blarneyed first Mrs. Cahill, and then Mrs. Callahan, and then Dennis Doyle, and then began again on Mrs. Cahill.

"I cud harrudly see t'rough it mesilf if I didn't know," he commented afterward admiringly to Flaherty. "Sure, I picked the right man."

When the ladies rose to go, MacAdoo helped Doyle escort them home, all walking abreast so that none should have an unfair advantage of any one else. Patrick followed them, doing a double shuffle at times to express his satisfaction with himself and his employee. At the settlement house he turned off, late though it was for a call, and running up to Miss O'Brian's room, told her the result of his efforts.

Her sober face gleamed with amusement.

"It's rale funny, and I know I'll see ut so some time," she said, "and you're the bright gossoon, Pathrick. Dinnis asked fur the ring to-day."

"What did you do?" he inquired.

Miss O'Brian rocked back and forth as she said:

"Well, I give it to him and laughed, and told him to come back widin a week if he changed his moind; afther that it wud be off."

"If I was big enough I'd break the face uv him," said Patrick. "I've a great mind to give MacAdoo ordhers that way, annyhow, only I am wishful to hand him back to you in dacint ordher."

"You are a considerate frind, Pathrick," she said. "And now, to-morra's an avenin' off; do you bring this MacAdoo round and inthroduce him. Thin we'll all go to the risthrant togither."

Patrick was plainly opposed to having any one but himself make a plan on the matter.

"You'll surely grant," said Miss O'Brian reasonably, "that I've had more expayrience than you in love-affairs. Well, don't you see that if I do be walkin' in wid another man that'll make Dinnis jealous?"

"If he doesn't want you himsilf, he ought to be glad to see another man takin' you," he objected.

"Well, that ain't the way Dinnis is made. Dog in the manger he is, and most men are loike him at times."

"'Tis you shud know," said Patrick; "only I don't want to be wastin' MacAdoo's time."

"It'll be good practice fur him. Maybe you jist betther sind him be his lone. That'll save you the walk."

"All right." He rose. "Maybe you cud help me out be givin' MacAdoo a few pointers about how to thrate thim women?"

"Maybe I cud," said Miss O'Brian with a smile. "I assure you I'd loike to see your schemes succeed, Pathrick."

The next day at about six MacAdoo reported to Patrick at his newspaper stand.

"Well, what are me ordhers, sorr?" he asked, smiling.

"How've you sphint the day?" asked Patrick.

"Well, jist afther breakfast I tuk a lesson from wan uv the waither gurruls about how t'ings is run in the risthrant. Thin I wint out and luked for worruk. Thin I came in to dinner and had some more lessons from the gurrul, and had a talk wid Misther Flaherty. You see, I got to put me waitin' job t'rough right. Thin I called on Mrs. Cahill and thin on Mrs. Callahan, and that tuk the afthernoon."

"Well, that's fine, MacAdoo," said young Sarsfield approvingly. "And now, if you'll go and git Miss O'Brian."

Patrick was sitting innocently by Flaherty when MacAdoo entered the restaurant an hour and a half later with Miss O'Brian. The walk beside a handsome and attentive escort had done Miss O'Brian good. She was quite convincingly unconscious of the presence of Mrs. Cahill and Mrs. Callahan and her recalcitrant lover, as she took a seat where she could face her rivals. They at once ignored her, and devoted themselves to Dennis Doyle, who, however, cast several restive glances in the direction of the cheerful Miss O'Brian.

Patrick watched matters impatiently.

"I tould him to take off the widdas," he said to Osborne; "and if he don't git back to thim soon he'll ondo all the good he did this afthernoon."

"Oh, let Miss O'Brian alone for knowing what's she's doing!" Osborne replied. "But I'll go to the piano presently and that will probably merge the parties."

It seemed a long time to the critical Patrick before Osborne began to play. Then, in answer to an impatient nod, MacAdoo rose and stood beside the piano. Next, to Patrick's great delight, Dennis moved over to a seat beside Miss O'Brian. Seeing this MacAdoo, without waiting for orders, joined the widows.

Patrick smiled complacently, but Osborne said:

"Don't you be assuming that you've got it all settled, young man. Those widows will try to do Miss O'Brian out of Dennis and MacAdoo, too; and mind, they're two to one."

"Sure, spare the bye the wet blanket," murmured Flaherty. "Ain't he worrukin' harrud enough as ut is?"

The party of five went home together, the widows studiously avoiding speech with Miss O'Brian. As MacAdoo told Patrick, it was mortial hard to keep them all on peaceable terms, with Dennis with the black frown on him, and the widows edging Miss O'Brian off the sidewalk but not seeing her at all, at all.

Indeed, after a few more days had passed MacAdoo confessed to Patrick that the task was getting almost beyond his strength. It was toward seven o'clock, and the two were walking to the settlement to call for Miss O'Brian. The boy stopped short in dismay.

"No, I'm not t'rowin' up me job," said MacAdoo, clapping his employer on the shoulder. "'Tis only that 'tis a turrible complycated business. If 'twas handlin' two women that didn't know wan another; but to do ut half the toime in aich other's prisence, and thim widdas at that!"

"I ain't iver said 'twas aisy worruk," remarked Patrick.

"And there's Dyle shilly-shallyin'," complained MacAdoo. "Be Miss O'Brian's accounts he's not offered her back the ring yit. Says he's not made up his moind. Dade, I t'ink she'd be well quit uv him."

"He's got five t'ousand dollars," said Patrick, as they dodged in front of a cable car.

"Sure, ain't he always tellin' ut? And thin, he will say nawthin' to Mrs. Cahill or Mrs. Callahan that they kin put their fingers on. And thim widdas kape expectin' me to go furder."

"Ah, I heard me faather say 'tis harrud to talk to a woman widout promisin' her," sighed Patrick.

"Ut is. But 'tis nawthin' to havin' wan uv thim thry to exthract a promise befure the very eyes and ears uv the other."

Patrick felt depressed. He plodded on the more dolefully because MacAdoo began to whistle Sweet Belle Mahone. Presently MacAdoo stopped in the middle of a block, hesitated, and then made a rush forward and overtook a man who was walking slowly in front of them.

"O'Brian, be the powers!" he cried. "Sure, I t'ought I'd lost you furiver!"

Patrick looked up curiously at the stranger, a square, stout man with simple blue eyes, a smiling mouth, and general happy-go-lucky expression.

"So you didn't t'ink I was thryin' to stale your clothes?" he said. "Who's the bye?"

"Me bist frind, Pathrick Sarsfield O'Connor. 'Tis the man I bunked wid on ship," MacAdoo explained to Patrick. "We're goin' your way, ut seems, O'Brian."

"I'm goin' to the sittlement house, whativer that is," said O'Brian. "I've jist found out me sister's adhress. I tould you I had a rilative here."

"Well, be the powers!" shouted MacAdoo. "Is ut Mary O'Brian? Sure, we're—where are you off to, Pathrick?"

"I'll jist run ahead and tell her," shouted Patrick over his shoulder.

He ran the two or three blocks to the settlement, rushed up the stairs, and almost fell into Miss O'Brian's room. Breathlessly he told her of her brother's arrival. Miss O'Brian's face darkened.

"Now, I know jist what you fale loike doin' wid him," panted Patrick; "but we can't afford ut. We nade him, fur MacAdoo says his hands is too full wid thim widdas."

Miss O'Brian sprang to her feet.

"Pathrick, you're a janius if iver there was wan," she cried; "but you don't see half what this manes to me. Sure, if wance he gits a holt on wan uv thim, she can't trun up his disgrace to me, and she'll do me foightin' wid the other. Down the stairs wid us!"

She swept Patrick behind her and bore him in her wake to the side door just as MacAdoo and O'Brian knocked upon it. She drew them into the back reception-room, and silently offered a flushed cheek to her brother. After he had kissed her she began without preface:

"Larry, your disgrace is all over the warrud. Mrs. Cahill——"

"Sure, 'tis no disgrace at all," said O'Brian, taking a chair and crossing his legs comfortably. "The priest wint bail fur me and I was niver held. The man whose horse I borried was an American, and whin I tould him all about ut, sure, he wouldn't push the case at all. He said fur me to come to America; that me imagination was clane wasted in Oireland."

"He was makin' fun uv you," sniffed Miss O'Brian. "Annyway, the story is you were jailed."

"What matther, whin I wasn't?" laughed O'Brian.

"You hear that, Pathrick?" cried Miss O'Brian, exasperated. "Sure, you ain't a t'ird his age, but you know that the trut' ain't the trut' onless people know it's the trut'."

She noticed the boy's dubious expression, and that reminded her that he was the manager of her campaign.

"Larry," she went on, "I nade not explain in detail what I want. Me frind,

Our Spring Style Book and Samples Cost You Nothing

The book illustrates and describes over 188 styles [illegible] of Paris and New York will wear this Spring. We send with the Style Book as [illegible] over 450 [illegible]

With the aid of our Fashion Book and Samples, you can choose your style and [illegible]

We positively guarantee to fit you perfectly and give entire satisfaction or promptly refund your money. We know we can please you.

The garments shown in our Fashion Book are made to order only — not ready made.

Spring Suits
$4 to $25
Made to Order
New York Styles

Our Spring Fashion Book [illegible]

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS, $6.00 to $20
TAILOR-MADE SUITS, $7.50 to $25
SILK SUITS, $9.75 to $25
WASH SUITS (Cotton and Linen) $4.00 to $15
SEPARATE SKIRTS, $3.50 to $15
SILK COATS, $9.75 to $20
RAIN COATS, $8.00 to $20
JACKETS and COATS, $5.75 to $15

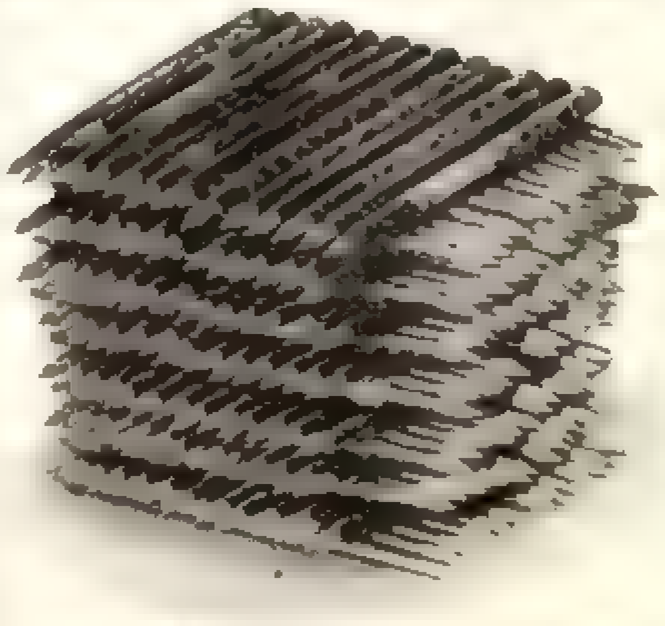
Also a full line of the new [illegible] Suits, Sailor Suits, and [illegible]

We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

We Send FREE [illegible] Spring Book of New York Fashions, showing the latest [illegible] Samples of the newest materials. Write for them to-day

National Cloak & Suit Co.
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches Est. 17 Years

As many reasons for using a
Parker Pen
as there are Pens in this Pile



Won't you have us or any one of the 10,000 or more Parker Pen dealers, [illegible] explaining the three points of Parker superiority which are vital features in the make up of a fountain pen? In the interest of getting the best value for your money, you owe it to yourself to become acquainted with the Parker.

Beautifully illustrated catalog waiting for your request.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

[illegible] intending purchaser [illegible] complimentary, a 6-inch Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp for postage—to others, 10 cents.

ARE YOUR SAVINGS EARNING 5%?

Assets $1,750,000
Surplus and Profits $150,000
Write for full particulars

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

WE are privileged to refer you to numerous patrons in all parts of the country, some doubtless in your [illegible] 5 Per Year [illegible] Banking Dept [illegible]

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, N. Y. City

Pathrick Sarsfield, has been helpin' fix me plans, and remember the money I have sent you, and so you'll plaze fall in wid thim."

"Sure, if I can," said O'Brian.

"You're not married?" she asked anxiously

"No; Widda O'Dowd she t'rew me over because——"

"Well, niver moind; I've another tidy widda fur you. Pathrick, what do you say to Mrs. Callahan fur him?"

Patrick considered, carefully surveying O'Brian's genial face.

"Well, I dinnaw that ut matthers which if you t'ink he'd betther jist thry wan."

"Was your idea to have him take turrun and turrun about wid me?" inquired MacAdoo, grinning.

"Ut was at furrust," said Patrick gravely, "but I see be lukin' at him that he'd betther jist thry wan and sthick to her. Yes; Mrs. Callahan; she's aisier nor Mrs. Cahill. If he jist pitched in wid niver a worrud to Mrs. Cahill, he moight carry ut t'rough fur a wake."

"A wake, indade!" cried Miss O'Brian. "No, me lad. You camp down be Mrs. Callahan, Larry, and don't you git up till she's said she'd have you, and then don't you waste time befure you go to the priest."

"Oh, no!" gasped Patrick. "You'd not raly have him marry her, Miss O'Brian! You are not so mad at him as all that."

MacAdoo grinned silently, while Miss O'Brian answered

"Why not? She's crazy to be marrid, and my brother is good-lukin' enough fur anny wan, I shud hope, and on his side there's her money ——"

"Oh, 'tis money she has?" queried O'Brian, interested.

"You see, Pathrick," explained Miss O'Brian; "you kin see be the luk uv him St. Michael himself cudn't drag wurruk out uv Larry. Now, wud you have me supportin' him? Wud that be fair?"

"No-o," said Patrick doubtfully.

"Can't you lave ut to Mrs. Callahan?" suggested Miss O'Brian.

"Look here," said O'Brian. "I ——"

"Larry, you kin hould your tongue. Jist take a luk at her and see. You omadhaun, you always make love to anny woman, and the ould—I mane Mrs. Callahan has a way wid her. MacAdoo'll tell you that."

"I can't deny ut," admitted MacAdoo, with a reminiscent smile.

"Ah, you've done well wid your time, Misther MacAdoo" said Miss O'Brian sharply. "Well, Pathrick?"

"Your tongue goes so fast I dinnaw am I on me head or me heels," said Patrick fretfully. "What do you t'ink, MacAdoo?"

"'Tis a grand plan," said MacAdoo; "and you have the great head, Pathrick. That's why you run ahead to tell Mary her brother was come."

Patrick's face lightened.

"Well, if you fale loike takin' the responsibility fur Larry, Miss O'Brian. Then, MacAdoo, all's fur you to do is to take good holt on Mrs. Cahill. That laves you free fur Dinnis, Miss O'Brian."

"Ut does," she said.

"And t'ings is jist where they were two wakes ago. Do you t'ink you cud fix ut wid Dinnis in wan more wake, Miss O'Brian?"

"I'd ordher MacAdoo to hould down his job about wan wake more," advised Miss O'Brian with a smile at MacAdoo.

"Well, then, let's all git down to the risthrant," concluded Patrick. "Uncle Dan'll be wondherin' where I am, at all."

During the next few days Patrick surveyed his field with all the emotions of a successful general. O'Brian paid unremitting and acceptable devotion to Mrs. Callahan, bringing her often, at his sister's request, for tea to the restaurant. Mrs. Cahill appeared no more, but MacAdoo assured Patrick that he called on her all afternoon and evening, thus leaving Dennis no opportunity. Dennis, Patrick saw once or twice lowering along the street, and he felt vaguely sorry for Miss O'Brian. He went to see her once or twice, but her door was locked, and she called out that she was busy and that he must come again.

One day, about a week after O'Brian's arrival, MacAdoo neglected to appear for breakfast or dinner, nor was he present to wait on the tables when the evening meal was served. Patrick was uneasy, but Flaherty remarked to Osborne:

"Troth, I like the lad, but Sweet Belle Mahone t'ree times a day was takin' the hearrut clane out uv me. I'm glad uv the rest fur wance."

Just before Flaherty prepared to lock up MacAdoo entered, closely followed by Miss O'Brian.

"Well, sorr," said MacAdoo to Patrick, "I give up me job lasht night, and I'd ought to have tould you, but

"Oh, have you got Dinnis back?" cried Patrick to Miss O'Brian.

Giving her no chance to reply, MacAdoo continued:

"A frind has set me up wid some capital, and I have larned so much these two wakes here that I've decided to start a little risthrant mesilf at the other end uv the warrud."

"Plinty uv room," said Flaherty benevolently, holding out his hand. "Good luck, me lad."

"T'ank you, Misther Flaherty "

"Where's Dinnis the night?" Patrick asked Miss O'Brian.

"How shud I know?" she smiled. "Pathrick, to tell the trut' I don't want him wid all his t'ousands. Mrs. Cahill kin have him if she kin git him."

"But ——" began Patrick.

"We can't always have our plans come out aven, Sarsfield," said Miss O'Brian, pulling off her glove. She blushingly held up her left hand and showed a wedding ring. "I know Jimmy here is a bit younger —— "

"What matther a few months?" said Flaherty, gallantly ignoring Miss O'Brian's ten years of seniority.

"And whin we've started the risthrant wid my bit savings, I kin help run it," she said.

Osborne and Flaherty were shaking hands with her. Then she held out her big arms to Patrick. But he turned away abruptly.

"Uncle Dan says polytics is uncertain," he remarked moodily to the world in general; "but women is worse."

LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

In Tolstoy's Workshop

THE conventional imagination pictures the "study" of a popular novelist as a luxurious place. It lines the walls of the room with paintings by the masters and bookshelves groaning under the ancient weight of first editions. There may be a few fortunate authors who rejoice in such a scene for their labors, but the fact is that most writers—fortunately for their bank accounts and their children's bread and butter—work best in simple surroundings, and in that simplicity Tolstoy, as one might expect, ranks first. He does all his writing in a small room with a vaulted ceiling and thick walls of stone. The floor is rough and unpainted. From overhead hang great iron rings once used for gymnasium exercise, now perforce discarded, and originally set there to bear the weight of smoked hams. As for decorations, it is not pictures which one sees on the walls, but scythes and saws—all the implements of manual farm-labor, which Tolstoy considers as necessary to his work in the world as is his pen.

Literary Foot-Pounds

PUBLISHERS protest that they give careful consideration to every manuscript submitted to them. And in the main they do—especially book manuscripts, in which department everything that comes in, however unpromising, is turned over to "readers" for an expert opinion.

But a publisher away from his "readers" may make grievous errors. His ways of judging are curious. For many years a certain New York publisher has had an arrangement with a London publisher whereby each brings out on his side of the ocean such publications of the other as seem fit for both countries. The New York man is reputed to be an excellent judge of literary values.

About a year ago he was in London, and the British publisher said:

"Oh, by the way, I'm bringing out a novel that is surely going to make a sensation in England. It's by a new author. Do you want to handle the American end?"

"How much of a novel is it—how long?"

"About six hundred pages."

"Six hundred pages!" said the American. "I should say not—it's a regular encyclopædia."

And there the matter dropped.

But that novel soon found another American publisher, and up to date it has probably brought him a good many thousands of dollars. It was The Divine Fire.

Virginia Frazer Boyle
The Author of Serena in Her Tennessee Garden

Her Own Typewriter

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE is another recruit to the growing army of contemporary authors who find no difficulty in doing their original work upon a typewriter. Miss Boyle confesses that she always makes elaborate notes for her stories in "longhand," but the first thing like coherent form which she gives to them is given by the typewriter, which she manipulates with considerable skill and with a "speed" that might well be envied by many an expert. Revision, of course, is another matter, and that Miss Boyle does elaborately and with pen and ink. Her latest novel, Serena, was written in this way—mostly in the garden of her home in Memphis, Tennessee—but her corrections are so many and so sweeping that it is frequently the fifth or sixth draft of the story which finally reaches the printer.

Of the Edward Everett Brand

ACCORDING to the London story, it was Thomas Hardy who said it. A friend of his, the editor of an English magazine, brought him a manuscript to read.

"It is by a new man," said the enthusiastic editor, "and I believe I have made a genuine literary discovery."

The novelist ran through the pages.

"But, my friend," he protested, "this is simply an adaptation of The Man Without a Country."

"Perhaps," admitted the editor; "but it's so strong, so healthy."

"Hum," said Hardy; "I am not so sure it is healthy, but it is certainly Hale."

·In the Bookshop

¶ DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, the novelist, gets up at five o'clock in the morning and begins writing at six. He works until noon each day.

¶ THE PATIENT LIBRARIAN has many trials. In New York the other day he was accused of not knowing his business—and that just because he could not guess that the schoolgirl who asked for Love's Longings, by Emma How, really wanted Heart's Desire, by Emerson Hough.

¶ CECILIA'S LOVERS, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's new book, is this prolific author's forty-ninth novel. She has published, besides, three volumes of essays, one of poems and several of short stories, and at the age of seventy-five she holds the enviable record of having written but one manuscript of which she has been unable to dispose.

$15 to $30
Kenyon
TOP COATS

How to Judge an Overcoat

Read our little book which describes the various types of Men's Overcoats; tells of materials, construction and workmanship and how to compare them.

There is no other book like it. It will insure satisfaction and money saving in your next purchase. We offer it free for the name and address of your clothier.

Most men buy clothing according to fancy and the price mark. We want you to buy judiciously, believing the more you know, the more you will prefer a Kenyon Overcoat.

We have the largest and most modern factory equipment and the greatest organization that makes clothes. We own and operate two great buildings with a floor space equal to half a dozen city blocks, guaranteeing absolute freedom from "sweat-shop" work. Constant expert supervision thus secured results in an unusually high grade of workmanship.

Remember, we will see that you can get a KENYON Coat wherever you live

C. KENYON CO. Wholesale Salesrooms 23 Union Square, N Y

Address mail to Main Offices
762-772 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

[illegible] the label

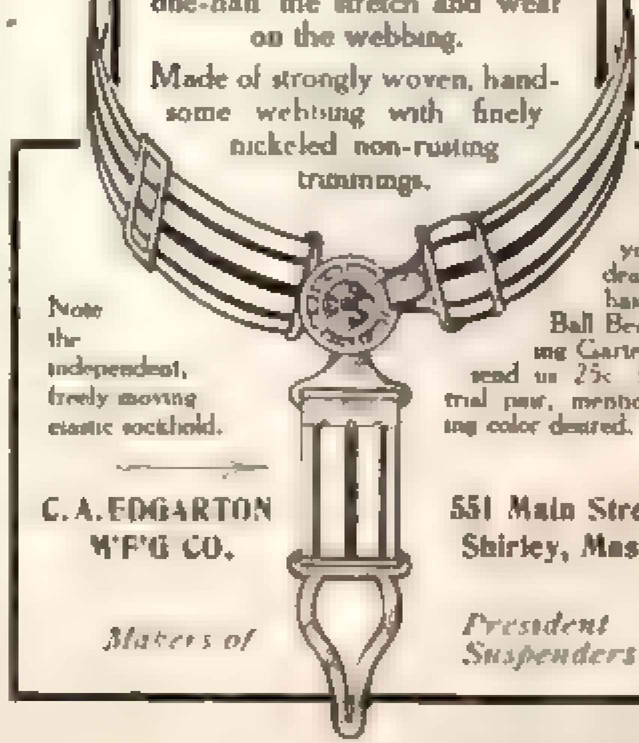
C. Kenyon Company
Makers
NEW YORK

Spring Styles of Kenyon Rain Coats for Women show new and dainty types. Write and say what price you wish to pay. We will send samples and illustrations and show you how to purchase $10 to $30.

Ball Bearing Garters
Are Long Lived

The Ball Bearing Swivel saves one-half the stretch and wear on the webbing.

Made of strongly woven, handsome webbing with finely nickeled non-rusting trimmings.



Note the independent, freely moving elastic sockhold.

If your dealer hasn't Ball Bearing Garters, send us 25c for trial pair, mentioning color desired.

C. A. EDGARTON M'F'G CO.
551 Main Street
Shirley, Mass.

Makers of President Suspenders

Resident Agents Wanted Everywhere
to sell Racine Steel Spring Exercisers, exclusively, or as side line. Write for Selling Plan.
RACINE EXERCISER CO., 51 Seaside St., Milwaukee, Wis.

DONT SEND MONEY
TRY CIGARS FIRST!

ROBERTS' Smoke Talks

This is Only the First

SOME men like domestic cigars better than Havana. These men have our sympathy, but not our admiration. Our talks and our cigars are meant for the smokers who like Havana tobacco. Are you on?

We can't tell our whole story in one article, or two, but right here we want to emphasize that our cigars are made of Havana tobacco, both wrapper and filler, and that they are made by Cuban workmen — in the Spanish language, too.

Perhaps you already know that a great deal of the smoking quality of a cigar depends on its workmanship, the way it is built. Well, our Cubans know the game — they were born with cigars in their mouths and they make a cigar as it ought to be made. Perhaps you believe us, perhaps not. Here's the way to make us "Show you."

Write us today, using your business card or letter head, and ask us to send you [illegible] whether you want mild, medium or strong cigars, and [illegible] single penny with your order. We will at once send you the cigars and prepay the express charges.

Smoke ten of the cigars and then within ten days simply remit the price, $5.00, or return the remaining ninety cigars at our expense.

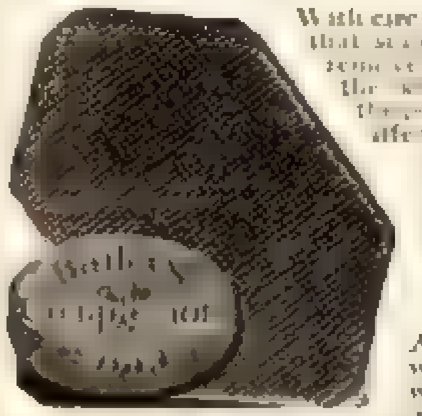
[illegible]

We are not a mere mail order house. We are manufacturers. If you question our responsibility, look us up in Dun or Bradstreet.

J. W. Roberts & Son
Department "C," Tampa, Florida

It's the Flat-Ended Teeth

With circular biting edges, that smooth out wrinkles, remove the [illegible] life to the whole body



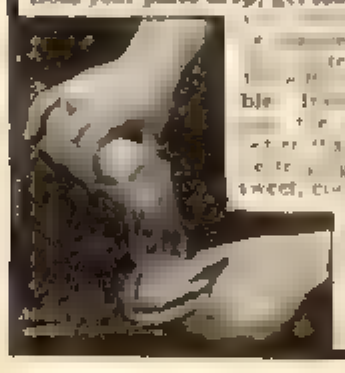
Bailey's Rubber Brushes

Are all made this way. It's the right way. [illegible] Bailey's [illegible] on every brush. Accept no other. Beware of imitations. Brush 50c., Soap 1[illegible] mailed.

PAT. APPL'D. FOR

Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

[illegible]
30c. per pair
[illegible]
At dealers or sent on receipt of price [illegible]
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.



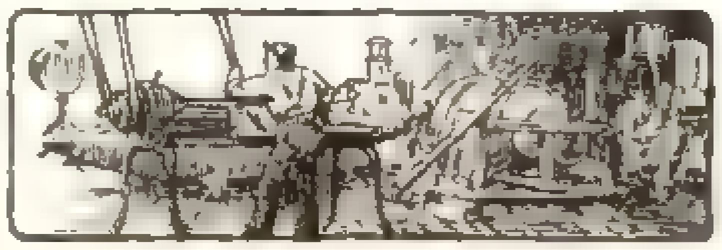
Makes False Teeth Hold Firmly

Does your plate drop, get loose, make your gums sore or give [illegible]? Are your gums shrunken [illegible] that you think you need a [illegible]? Dr. Wernet's Dental [illegible] quickly cure the trouble. [illegible] sweet, [illegible] 50c a box [illegible] the amount for one dollar. Money back, if wanted.

WERNET DENTAL MFG. CO.
1401 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Odditics and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE



SWISS LOOMS—Lace-Making in New York.

THE manufacture of embroideries, which a few years ago had practically no existence as an industry in this country, has been brought across the water and domesticated, so to speak, in New York and its neighborhood, which is at present the principal centre of the business in the United States. The output is already great, and promises before long to drive imported merchandise of the kind out of the market—the workmanship being of equal quality, for the reason that the artisans employed are all of them foreign experts, fetched from St. Gall, Switzerland; Plauen, Saxony, and other localities long famous for the production of high-grade embroidered fabrics.

The workpeople are nearly all of them men, and the embroidering is done with machinery of wonderful ingenuity, imported from Switzerland, where the industry in question has been more highly developed than anywhere else in the world. On frames a dozen feet or more in length the fabrics are stretched, and as many as five hundred needles are sometimes in operation simultaneously on a single piece of cloth, supplied with thread from as many bobbins holding silks of different colors.

The skilled workman stands at one end of the frame, holding in his hand a metal pencil, which he passes slowly over the lines of a design drawn on cardboard. Responsively, the needles reproduce the design in stitches—the principle being that of the "pantograph," commonly used by mechanical draftsmen—and the embroidery grows at a rate that seems positively magical. Indeed, the work done in this way is much more perfect and beautiful than any that can be executed by hand, and, the saving of labor being so great, it can be sold at prices proportionately reasonable. A new improvement in the machinery employed, by the way, is an attachment by means of which the batteries of needles are made to thread themselves.

Lace-makers and lace-making machinery are also being imported from abroad, and this industry (doubtless destined to attain great importance in the United States) is already getting upon its feet. Here again, thanks to recent inventions, the machine is proving its superiority to the hand, and even such delicate fabrics as Duchesse point and Valenciennes are reproduced to perfection at a fraction of the old-time cost.

EXPLOSIVE DIAMONDS—Take Care Your Engagement Ring Does Not Blow Up.

THE diamond is now recognized as a volcanic product—a crystal formed in the depths of the earth under conditions of inconceivable heat and enormous pressure. In all likelihood we shall never imitate it successfully (save on a microscopic scale), because it is beyond our power to duplicate the processes involved—at all events, in a large enough way.

Just as a deep-sea fish, when brought to the surface, sometimes bursts open, owing to the removal of the great pressure to which it has been habitually subjected, so the diamond, fetched from the bowels of the earth, is liable to explode. Doubtless it comes about in this way that many gems of this kind are mere fragments of the original crystals. But in many instances large ones have actually burst in miners' pockets, or even when held in the warm hand.

In speaking of this fact recently, Sir William Crookes said it often happened that in a diamond there was a small cavity, filled with gas under enormous pressure. It is easy to see, of course, how warmth might cause such a stone to explode. The diamond, after all, though the hardest substance known, is easily broken. On one occasion Lord Beaconsfield was frightened almost out of his wits by an accident which befell him in handling the famous Koh-i-noor. Having taken it from the hands of the lapidary who was recutting it, he dropped it on the floor. The gem was not injured, but it might have been destroyed.

The only substance that rivals the diamond in hardness is the new metal called "tantalum." Sir William Crookes tried, recently, to bore through a plate of tantalum with a diamond drill revolving 5000 times a minute, the operation being continued for three days and three nights; but at the end of that time the metal showed only a minute depression, and it was a question which had suffered the greater damage—the diamond or the tantalum.

Many diamonds are faintly luminous in the dark, but one such stone, of a green color, belonging to this eminent scientist, emits, when exposed to an electric circuit in a vacuum, almost as much light as a candle. It gives out a pale greenish light, and bright enough to read by.

FLOWERS FRAPPÉ—Cold Storage Will Give You Violets in September and Lilies in January.

SPRING flowers all the year around are obtainable nowadays, thanks to the conveniences of cold storage. Lilacs, for example, are kept over in this way, in pots, and are made to blossom when wanted—in February, it may be, or perhaps September.

White lilacs are usually preferred for such treatment. They are kept at a temperature of about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit—at freezing point, that is to say—and, when the flowers are desired, are transferred to a warm greenhouse, where they promptly proceed to burst into bloom.

In the same way rhododendrons, hydrangeas, azaleas and asparagus are handled. Of this kind of gardening a great deal more is done in Europe than in this country, especially in Germany, where the "pips" of lilies-of-the-valley are commonly kept in cold storage, being taken out and planted in the greenhouse as wanted. They require only fifteen days to produce the flowers.

In this country a different method is usually adopted with lilies-of-the-valley. There is one specialist in the cultivation of this particular kind of flower in Connecticut who plants lilies-of-the-valley every day in the year. He also cuts them for market every day in the year, and thus the supply is made continuous.

The cold-storage process is now applied to the cherry and peach trees which are grown in pots. Such dwarf trees are kept at low temperature until wanted, and then are forced rapidly into blossom and fruit, the time being easily regulated so that they shall produce their yield at Easter, or at almost any other date. This is a matter of great convenience in satisfying the requirements of the new fashion which demands fruiting peach and cherry trees for table decorations at dinner-parties.

MEDICINES IN DISGUISE—The Little Children of the Rich Take Them, Supposing They are Candy.

THE children of the rich are so spoiled nowadays that such medicines as they are obliged to take must be disguised in some way to make them palatable. Accordingly, they are put up in the shape of candies.

On Fifth Avenue in New York there is a fashionable apothecary who makes a business of supplying medicines in this form. When a prescription comes to him (if he is so requested), he makes up the doses in their due proportions and sends them by a trusted messenger to a candy factory not far away. There they are put into the hands of a certain employee who, through practice, has become specially skilled in this kind of work, and he makes them up into bonbons.

This is an obvious improvement on capsules. When Mrs. Millionaire wishes to give a dose of castor oil to her little boy, she administers it in the form of chocolates filled with the unpleasant stuff. If it be nux vomica, or something else bitter and disagreeable, jelly drops may serve.

The Ready-to-Wear Custom Shoe

"Custom" because in material and workmanship THE STETSON SHOE possesses every essential of custom excellence. It meets the insistent demand for the best. The extra care expended in every operation of manufacture means that THE STETSON SHOE holds its shape and affords the maximum of style, service and comfort. Stetson Shoes are built upon custom lasts, designed by masters of shoe craft and sell for $5 to $8. The individuality of

THE STETSON SHOE

is due to the minute attention to details in the hidden and unseen parts. Men who look for the best in footwear will find it in this shoe. If your local dealer does not sell THE STETSON SHOE write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied. Send for the Stetson Style Book.

TO THE DEALER

If you want the men's fine trade write us and we will send a sample line to any reliable dealer in the United States express prepaid.

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

No. 145
See New Style Book

"Old Hickory" Spindle Back Chair $1.75

[illegible] trade-mark is on every piece. If your dealer will not supply [illegible]
Special Introductory Offer, FREE

THE OLD HICKORY CHAIR CO
23 Cherry St., MARTINSVILLE, IND

Style No. 24.

"The Original 'Old H[illegible]"

William R. Compton Bond and Mortgage Co.
Macon, Missouri

Our monthly circular is now ready for [illegible] Missouri [illegible] School, Drainage, and Real Estate Loans.

Special offering this month of $65,000 North Missouri Drainage Bonds netting 5 per cent. Special decision of Supreme Court on this issue, rendering bonds incontestable.

[illegible] Banks, Trustees [illegible]

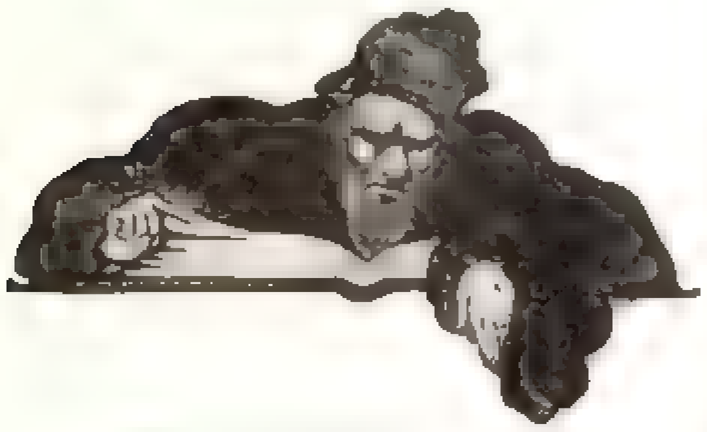
8 Wardell Bldg WILLIAM R. COMPTON, President

This Book Free

NO TACKS nor Hammer Needed

[illegible] 'LITTLE THINGS' [illegible]
MOORE PUSH-PINS
[illegible] Glass heads, Steel [illegible]
Try them for pretty silk corded CALENDARS [illegible]
Moore Push Pin Co. 1138 11th St. Phila. Pa.

SENSE AND NONSENSE



The Ministering Angel

Never say "dye" to a chemical blonde.

Mourning need not be worn by college widows.

The girl who is a college widow at twenty will be a grass widow at thirty.

Never tell secrets to women. If you must talk about them, buy a megaphone.

The man who said that talk is cheap never figured in a $50,000 breach of promise suit.

If you can't pen a sonnet on her eyebrow you can at least print a kiss on her cheek.

The Meanest Lady

"WELL, yes," said Silas, "I did say 'near,' and some says 'close' instid, but you ain't got no right to say I meant 'mean.' When I say 'near' I mean 'near.'

"Now, there was Ma Wiggers. She was 'close.' I guess I ain't doin' Ma Wiggers no harm to say she was 'close.' Ma Wiggers was so close that when she picked a hen she saved the pin feathers to stuff pincushions with. And old Pa Jones, he was 'near.' I remember when he licked Willyum he used a strap, and he made Willyum keep his pants on so as not to wear out the strap so fast. And then he happened to think it wore out the pants faster 'n' the strap, and he—well, he licked Willyum the other way, and he was so 'near' that he could figger out exactly how much he saved. He'd figger the extry wear on the strap and deduct that from the extry saving on Willyum's pants and the quotient was what he saved. That's what I mean by 'near.'

"But old Mis' Yoder was what you would call 'mean.' She had a niece, Sally, and Sally's other folks all died off, so there wasn't no place for Sally to go but to old Mis' Yoder's house, and Sally went. It irked Mis' Yoder a lot, too, havin' to support Sally. She made her do a pile of work about the house, and kept her eatin' and dressin' right down to the bottom notch, but still it worried her, and what worried her most was how natural-born careless Sally was with dishes. She was always smashin' dishes. Couldn't seem to help it. She'd cry and moan and try to do better, but cups and things would jump out of her hands. And that did make old Mis' Yoder mad! What made her mad was that everybody else paid their help wages and could take the broken dishes out of their wages, but she couldn't, because she didn't pay Sally nothin'.

"But she done all she could. She kept track of everything Sally broke in a free medicine almanac, and every little while she showed it to Sally to sort of keep her spirits down.

"Well, Sally up and got engaged, and she was goin' off to be married right away, but old Mis' Yoder set up a great howl. She said Sally was her only relative, and it wasn't Christian. And Mis' Yoder said she was gettin' old and would die soon, and she was goin' to leave Sally something in her will. So Sally stayed.

"And then come time when old Mis' Yoder *did* die, and everybody was surprised to see how much money she left. And in one part of her will it said: 'And to Sally Forsyth, my niece, I leave the sum of ten dollars and sixty-one cents.' And she didn't get that, for pinned to the will was that medicine almanac, and a bill for broken dishes, and it come to just ten dollars and sixty-one cents exactly.

"Now, some would call that 'close,'" said Silas, "and some would call it 'near,' but that's the sort of thing I call 'mean.'"

—Ellis Parker Butler.

SUCCESSFUL *Through* SYSTEM

A Successful Wholesaler

"The value of SYSTEM as a business magazine can never be estimated accurately. By direct instruction and constant timely suggestion it turns many a life, [illegible] out of an anti[illegible] current [illegible]. And the change is always more profitable."

Alexander H. Revell,
President, Alexander H. Revell & Co.

A Successful Retailer

"No business can succeed without system [illegible] and no business man can afford to be without SYSTEM, the business magazine. It is one of the best helps I know of and every aspiring merchant [illegible] should read it. I recommend it to every business man and clerk."

Samuel Brill,
Of Brill Brothers

A Successful Manufacturer

"I have been a subscriber to SYSTEM since it was first [illegible] and have received many good ideas. I believe that any man, employee or employer, seeking improvement, can use SYSTEM to good advantage. It is especially helpful in its description of actual systems."

Walter H. Cottingham,
Gen'l Manager, Sherwin Williams Co.

A Successful Publisher

"I make a point of getting SYSTEM regularly for [illegible] advertising department and never fail to find in it [illegible] suggestions of real business value. For systems are essential to any success. A system [illegible] worked out [illegible] proven the life [illegible] of this business."

F. N. Doubleday,
Of Doubleday, Page & Co.

What SYSTEM has done for these men—it can and will do for you

SYSTEM is a 260-page magazine.

Brim so full of bright ideas—packed to the covers with so many money-making plans and economies—that business men everywhere read it—study it—write for it—and recommend it.

The man of experience gets in SYSTEM the experience of other men. To the young man beginning business—to the clerk, bookkeeper or student—SYSTEM is more than a business college.

To enumerate SYSTEM'S contributors is simply to name the foremost system experts and the strongest business men.

The general articles they write will help any man—business or professional. The special articles for one's own work no man can afford to miss. What would it mean to you, in the position you occupy, to have counsel such as this:

A Sales Campaign That Built a Business.—By the President of J. V. Steger Co.

The Battle for the World's Markets (How to Sell your Goods Abroad).—By Henry Harrison Lewis.

Presenting a Business Proposition.—By the President of Alexander H. Revell & Co.

Does It Pay to Work Over Time?—By the Heads of Ten Great Factories and Stores.

Methods That Made an Auditor of a Bookkeeper.—By Chas. A. Swertland, Systematizer.

The Men Behind the Guns of Business.—By the President Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Advertising Copy That Pulls.—By the Advertising Manager of the National Food Co.

Building a Business Machine.—By the President of John V. Farwell & Co.

The Managers of To-morrow.—H. J. Hapgood, Brain Broker.

Tales of Traveling Salesmen.—By a sales manager Columbia Phonograph Co.

Organizing and Managing a Factory.—By C. E. Woods, Foremost Factory Expert.

How to Sell Real Estate and Insurance.—By the best known real estate and insurance agents.

SYSTEM tells exactly how to start a new business; how to create it, nurse it, develop it into hale, hearty business health; how to win its trade, establish its prestige, make its product, sell its goods, and bring in its profits; how, in fact, to make a business of an idea; a corporation of a scheme; a giant success of a small uncertainty.

And it tells the employee—the man in the under position—how to get in the upper class; how to secure an increase in ability and an increase in pay; how to become an auditor instead of a bookkeeper; an advertising manager instead of a clerk; a salesman instead of an order taker; a business creator instead of a business machine; at the "top" instead of at the "bottom."

A Successful Accountant

[illegible] SYSTEM [illegible]

CHAS. A. SWERTLAND,
Accountant and Systematizer

A Successful Physician

SYSTEM is a perpetual gold mine! Pay ore every month! It is a [illegible]

M. [illegible] M.D.

A Successful Insurance Agent

[illegible] SYSTEM [illegible] of modern business [illegible]

FRANK P. WRIGHT.

A Successful Broker

You are right. I cannot and will not [illegible] SYSTEM [illegible] dollars.

[illegible]
The West End Insurance Co.

A Successful Cost Accountant

I have been a subscriber to SYSTEM [illegible] business magazine [illegible]

R. W. McDOWELL

A Successful Mail Order Man

SYSTEM is particularly valuable to those engaged in soliciting trade by mail. We always find something of interest and value in each issue.

MILWAUKEE BAG CO.

A Successful Real Estate Man

I learn more from a year's reading of SYSTEM than from ten years of hard knocks in business.

F. A. PHILBRICK.

A Successful Accounting Department

By following systems in SYSTEM we [illegible] bookkeeping [illegible] greatly reduced our operating expenses.

THE BRUNSWICK CO.

A Successful Abstracter

[illegible] SYSTEM [illegible] we are using in our abstract business.

CHAMPAIGN COUNTY ABSTRACT [illegible]
Champaign, Ill.

A Successful Brewer

We [illegible] SYSTEM [illegible]

PABST BREWING CO.

A Successful Sales Manager

"SYSTEM is to the unsystematic business man what an oasis is to a desert traveler. It leads him out of the wilderness of detail and confusion. It shows him the paths that lead away [illegible]

[illegible] W. BINDER
[illegible] Department, Columbia Phonograph Co.

A Successful Advertising Manager

SYSTEM is always practical, always interesting, always suggestive [illegible] when a magazine is all three of these things it has [illegible]

[illegible] LEWIS,
Advertising Manager

A Successful Insurance Salesman

It would be hard to estimate in dollars the value that SYSTEM has been to me during the past year. The SYSTEM habit has grown upon me to such an extent that I can hardly wait for succeeding issues. It is a magazine that puts money in my pocket. S. A. BELOVER.
N. Y. Life Ins. Co.

A Successful Banker

I intend to drop a few of the magazines I now have, and continue my subscription to SYSTEM, as I think it is worth them all.

[illegible]
Bank of Montreal

A Successful Editor

I am continually astonished at the amount of practical as well as interesting business ideas you are able to get into SYSTEM. [illegible] SYSTEM [illegible]

HERBERT [illegible]

A Successful Advertising Manager

You are to be congratulated on the publication of [illegible] business magazine. It is the first one I look for every month.

H. JENKINS,
Adv. Mgr., Cable Piano Co.

A Successful General Manager

The writer has been a subscriber to SYSTEM for some time [illegible] reading this business counselor.

[illegible] DRAKE,
Gen. Mgr. [illegible] Booth Co.

A Successful Loan Association

A single article in SYSTEM is frequently worth much more than the price of a year's subscription.

[illegible] SAVINGS & LOAN ASSN.

A Successful Magazine

[illegible] SYSTEM [illegible]

THE ENTERPRISE.

Send No Money

All we ask is that you consent to examine SYSTEM—to let us prove its actual [illegible] to your business [illegible] future [illegible] yourself. We ask no money [illegible]—not even a promise or an agreement. We are willing to let SYSTEM *sell* itself—after you have read the first issue. *So we make this unusual offer.* Simply sign the coupon and mail to us to-day. We will enter your name on SYSTEM'S subscription list for a full year and will send you for immediate reading three interesting back numbers. Look over the back numbers carefully. If you find in each one of them an idea that you can actually adapt to your own work—an idea worth the whole year's subscription price—send us $2.00. Otherwise—simply tell us you are disappointed and we will cancel the subscription. And in either case—pay or no pay—the 3 numbers are free. Could you ask a fairer offer?

The SYSTEM Company, Chicago
140 Wabash Avenue

Enter my name for a full year's subscription to SYSTEM [illegible] interesting [illegible] numbers. If perfectly satisfied I will remit $2.00 within five days. If I am not perfectly satisfied, I [illegible] and the charge against me is to be cancelled. In either case the back numbers are free.

Name..........

Address..........

(See other coupon.)

But, Better Still

Simply deposit $2.00 (you do not pay it) and as a special cash discount we will send a full cloth bound set of the Business Man's Encyclopedia. Two compact handy volumes that contain indexed information and facts about almost every phase of business. They are to the business man what Britannica is to the student. They answer all the bothersome questions about office work and business success. Or, even better, include a dollar extra—$3 in all—and we will bind the books in genuine Morocco and gold the edges. The money you send is not a payment, mind you. It is simply deposited, and if you decide that you can afford to do without SYSTEM—you can get your remittance from our cash drawer as easily as though it were in your own. Is there any business man anywhere who can refuse an offer like this—100% dividend and no chance of loss?

The SYSTEM Company, Chicago
140 Wabash Avenue

Enclosed find .... for which enter my name for a full year's subscription to SYSTEM and a complete set of the Business Encyclopedia bound in ...

Name..

Address

PLAYER FOLK

Jesse Lynch Williams

A Novelized Drama

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS is having a lot of quiet fun at the expense of would-be playwrights. Some months ago, Colonel Henry W. Savage contracted to produce a four-act play of his, The Stolen Story, but was prevented from doing so at the appointed time by illness and the difficulty of getting an actor to play the leading part, that of an able but absent-minded reporter. Mr. Williams has taken advantage of the delay to turn his play into a novel, which he has published serially and in book form, the title of the book being The Day-Dreamer.

He is now in receipt of numbers of letters offering to dramatize his story. Some of the correspondents admit with ostentatious candor that the idea of rehashing an artistic novel for the stage may well be repugnant to the author, but they insist that they are able to see a real play in the book, and offer to draw up scenarios showing that their dramatizations will do no violence to the artistic conscience. One of the letter-writers offered not only to do a satisfactory job of dramatization, but to use his influence with a well-known firm of managers to get the play produced. A further complication is added by the fact that Mr. Williams' play is founded on one of his newspaper stories, which was published some years ago, both in a prominent magazine and in book form. At that time there was no rush of offers from would-be dramatists.

The incident raises several interesting questions. One of the chief characteristics of the novel, as has often been pointed out, is its lack of form—the tendency to ramble, and even to straggle. If novelists would conceive their stories in the first instance with something like the unity and concentration of the drama, it is probable that the result would be a much more closely-knit and vigorous narrative. Certainly the dramatized novel would be less of a reproach and a byword. Mrs. Wharton lately remarked that Henry James has shown an increasing tendency toward the dramatic form, the action of The Golden Bowl, for example, being limited to a few days and a few places; and though it is not likely that this novel would make a good play, it certainly ranks as one of Mr. James' clearest and most consecutive stories.

The Dullest Audience

CRITICS of plays and players never hesitate to express their opinions frankly and publicly, whether favorable or otherwise; but for obvious reasons the actors' opinions of their audiences, when openly expressed, are prevailingly complimentary. In private, however, they own to decided preferences.

One of the most popular of our actresses, whose name it would be unwise to mention, is of the opinion that of all audiences in the world the blindest to true art are those of the suburbs of great cities. She mentioned Brooklyn and, in particular, Harlem.

"Surely," a friend remarked, "the one-night stands are quite as dull."

"Not at all," she answered. "In Reading and Cohoes, Springfield and Waco there are circles that read the magazines and the latest books, and make occasional trips abroad; and these give tone to the whole audience. But people who live in the suburbs travel only as far as they can go hung up on straps, and read only the newspapers. They are respectable and they are intelligent; but with regard to matters of art they are dullness stratified."

The actress was asked how the difference made itself felt in the theatre.

"It is not so much that they don't laugh and applaud," she said, "as that they laugh crudely, or in the wrong place, and applaud only the most obvious sentiments. The delicate shades of life, the intimate nuances of art, pass over their heads. Their intelligence and their moral feeling is that of the gallery at melodrama."

She was asked whether she found the audiences of Broadway particularly appreciative.

"On the contrary," she said, "they are particularly dull. In fact, New York is its own greatest suburb. There is this difference, however, that in Harlem and Brooklyn the simpler truths of life and art are enjoyed, whereas in New York the audiences are so jaded, as well as so dull, that they sit back in their seats and seem to say: 'Now, amuse us if you can!'"

It may be added that this actress is not suffering from blighted ambition, being one of the most popular and successful women of the stage. In fact, she is several such, for many of her fellow-artists hold identical opinions, though they are not quite as vigorous in expressing them.

Rosalind in Trousers

FOR some time previous to her marriage Miss Katherine Kidder was suffering from a nervous breakdown, and she has not yet quite recovered. With her husband, Mr. Louis Kaufman Anspacher, who is the author of several poetic dramas, she has been visiting friends in Westchester County, north of New York. Her favorite diversion is walking over the winter hills and through the woods; and to gain freedom and ease of movement she dons men's costume. The erect, athletic build which enabled her to appear to such advantage in Rosalind parts stands her in good stead. From a distance she appears the very man. But like Rosalind she has no doublet and hose in her disposition. Several times, on the nearer approach of strangers she has hidden her face in her hands and taken to the tall timber. The result is that the countryside has become aware of her masquerade, and she is obliged to limit her rambles to the remoter fields and woods.

Dramatic Royalties

THAT a successful playwright is richly rewarded is beyond question; but it is beyond question also that the returns of theatrical authorship are grossly overestimated. Clyde Fitch's regular annual income has been placed as high as $150,000; but it is probable that it has never reached two-thirds of that amount, and it is certain that the years in which it has approached $100,000 have been very few indeed. There was, moreover, a long period following Beau Brummel which Mr. Fitch calls his nine lean years, when his earnings were virtually nothing. In George Ade's most prosperous year his dramatic royalties fell short of $100,000. This year he has scored only one success, and that is of the kind very hard to distinguish from failure.

The ordinary production, when successful, nets for its author between three hundred and five hundred dollars a week, or from nine to fifteen thousand dollars for a season of thirty weeks. A successful book nets its author nearly, or quite, twenty thousand dollars for every hundred thousand copies sold. It takes far more time and labor, moreover, to produce a play than to write a book. Not only is the drama the most abstruse, rigid and difficult of the arts, but the labor of rehearsals is tedious and prolonged.

Mr. Fitch has the reputation of the rapid-fire playwright; but, as he recently pointed out, his annual average of original plays since he started has been less than two. When his output has reached five plays, the majority have been old pieces, long refused. And the chance of success with plays is infinitely smaller than with books. No business is so liable to meet unforeseen disaster as that of the theatre, and the initial cost of production is enormous. No novelist

We Want To Send You
Our FREE Book

We have printed a thousand copies of a handsome book of eighty four pages, entitled "Some Wonders of Science." Besides a number of splendid full-page photogravures and half tone illustrations, it contains four articles you will want to read. They are "Liquid Air," by Ray Stannard Baker; "The Man-Like Apes," by Thomas H. Huxley; "Mars, the Miniature of our Earth," by Richard A. Proctor; and "History of the Art of Writing," by Edward B. Tylor. *We will send this book free in order to interest you in our new sixteen-volume work,*

The New Science Library

which contains just what you would like to know about modern science. [illegible] written by the men who have played prominent parts

The Fairy Land of Science

The New Science Library will tell you the wonderful stories of invention and discovery [illegible] the names of Edison, Marconi, [illegible] There are only a thousand copies, mail the coupon to-day and get one of them

Public Opinion Book Club
44-60 East 23d Street New York

EXCHANGE COUPON
[illegible] of Science, [illegible] at once to Public Opinion Book Club, 44-60 East 23d Street, New York.
NAME
STREET
CITY AND STATE
[illegible] at the same time, full particulars of our New Science Library and our Introductory Half-Price offer

Young Man
A Chance for You
To Make Money

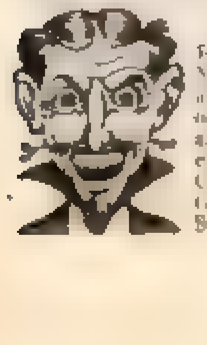
Here's a wonderful little machine that turns a pound of pure sugar into thirty 5-cent bags of wholesome candy in 8 minutes. Figure the profits for yourself. The candy sells as rapidly as you can hand it out. Made by

The Empire
Candy Floss Machine

Just the thing for summer resorts, fairs, carnivals, picnics and every place where there are crowds. You can have a pleasant summer and clear several hundred dollars. Many students are paying their way thro' college with it. Lots of fun and good profit. You can operate it anywhere and the money you take in is mostly clear gain.

Send today for Catalog and Full Particulars.

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE COMPANY
Bloomfield, N. J., or Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



100 MAGIC TRICKS, 10c

[illegible] only a little practice you can easily perform them and be an amateur magician. No other means of [illegible] Catalog of other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. S. DRAKE, Dept. 349, 310 Jackson [illegible]

Handsome Returns

A Slight Investment
in the delicious liquid dentifrice certainly brings "handsome returns." It compounds interest in the form of beautiful teeth and gums, a sweet, wholesome mouth, and

RUBIFOAM

declares an extra dividend by what it saves on dentists' bills. Thousands have taken stock in Rubifoam because it is a *gilt-edge security* for the teeth and mouth.
IT'S MOUTH HEALTH.
25 Cents Everywhere.
E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Fasten your papers together securely by using Washburne's Patent Adjustable
"O.K." Paper Fasteners

The "O.K." [illegible] advantage [illegible] tiny but mighty indestructible piercing point [illegible] every sheet [illegible] bull dog grip. [illegible] they always work. Made of brass. Three sizes. [illegible] brass [illegible] 100 [illegible] Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. [illegible] "O.K." stamped [illegible] Liberal discount to the trade.
James V. Washburne, Mfr.
293 E. Genesee St., Syracuse, New York

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write postal for our [illegible] Free Bicycle catalog showing all [illegible] at lowest prices.
DO NOT BUY [illegible] We ship on approval [illegible] prepay Freight [illegible] 10 Days Free Trial [illegible] FREE [illegible]
WE WILL CONVINCE you that we sell a better bicycle for less money than any other house. Buy direct from the factory. If you want to Make Money or Earn a Bicycle write for our Special Offer.
Tires, Coaster-Brakes, built up wheels and all [illegible] Do Not Wait, but write us [illegible] Write it now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-55 Chicago, Ill.

28 & 30 in Barrels 12 Gauge
$22.50

Tobin
Simplex Hammerless Gun

[illegible] any part of United States. Guaranteed, [illegible] to any $50.00 gun made. [illegible] refund you full amount paid if [illegible]
Tobin Arms Manufacturing Co., Norwich, Conn.

who has once won his spurs need fear that the result of intelligence and conscientious work will lack a publisher; but one season of failure will make it hard for a dramatist to place his plays. Even in recent years Mr. Fitch has had plays refused by all the Broadway managers. The simple fact is that dramatic authorship, though it yields at times immediate and large returns, is the most speculative and capricious of all the arts.

Living Pictures, and Artistic

FASHIONABLE New York was lately set agog by the announcement that the club formed for the purpose of performing the music of Edward MacDowell, the foremost of American composers, would illustrate a performance of his Sonata Eroica with a reading of Tennyson's Coming of Arthur and Passing of Arthur, and with a series of living pictures. The general expectation was of something on the order of what the continuous performance managers call refined vaudeville. An added touch of horror was given by the fact that the composer was stricken with a mental disorder, from which there was little possibility that he would recover.

The occasion proved quite the reverse of what was expected. Excerpts from Tennyson were read by Mrs. Le Moyne, who is without rival as an artistic elocutionist, and who had the rare good sense to remain invisible from the audience—standing behind a curtain. The pictures were intrusted to a portrait-painter of international reputation, John W. Alexander. The result was the very antithesis of the familiar living picture. In these, as the public is only too painfully aware, the effect is not at all of pictorial art, but of intensified actuality, the figures standing forth in all the glare of footlights, calcium lights and spot lights. Mr. Alexander's living pictures were so thoroughly pictorial that those who were not aware of the fact that they were composed of real people thought that they were the work of the artist's brush, and were not convinced until some of the picture people came forth in their costumes and mingled with the audience.

The means Mr. Alexander employed were of the simplest. Some two feet behind a flat gold frame he hung a curtain of black velvet, and across the opening of the frame he stretched black gauze. The costumes were of the richest, but their colors were poetically harmonized, and the light on them was so dim as to produce what Longfellow, writing of the Idylls of the King, once called their "dusky splendors"—the chief light being supplied by a calcium at the back of the audience.

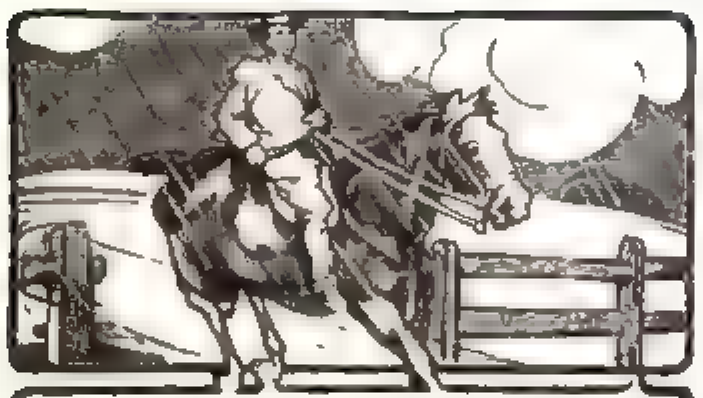
Following the reading and the pictures, Miss Ruth Deyo played the four movements of the sonata. In short, the performance turned out to be one of the most novel and artistic of the season.

Viola Allen's Popularity

MISS VIOLA ALLEN, who is starring in The Toast of the Town, unites with the most exacting of artistic consciences the faculty of instant and general popularity. The last act of the play, which shows Betty Singleton sick and neglected in a garret, she divides with Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, who has the part of a shabby and humorous old servant. In the course of rehearsal the author, Mr. Fitch, elaborated the servant's part, making so much of it as to throw Miss Allen somewhat into the shade. It is not likely that she felt this less than another star would feel it, but it is her unfailing principle to consider the good of the play as of more importance than her own individual performance, and so she raised no objection.

The fact is the more noteworthy because opinions differ as to whether the total result would not have been better if her part had been kept, so to speak, in the centre of the stage.

Miss Allen's popularity is not limited to those who are thrown most intimately into association with her. On Christmas Eve the stage-hands at Daly's Theatre in New York smuggled a Christmas tree upon the stage and worked until three in the morning to get it dressed, so as to surprise her the next afternoon when she appeared for the matinée performance. Character counts in acting no less than in other walks of life, and it is more than likely that the qualities which gain Miss Allen the love of those she works with are the same as those which win her public.



[illegible]

The Mallory Cravenette Hat

A Rain-proof Fur Felt Hat

No need of an umbrella now!

Here's a hat that rain will not spot, streak or fade

Looks like an ordinary high-grade derby or soft hat

A rain or shine hat—

[illegible] the rainy-day outfit

Three grades [illegible]

If your hatter doesn't carry THE MALLORY CRAVENETTE HAT order direct from factory

Specify size, color and grade, also [illegible] weight and height

Every hat guaranteed

E. A. MALLORY & SONS

[illegible]

Danbury, Conn.

Try One

YOU will find a new enjoyment in this delightful confection. A new mint flavor, a mellowness, smoothness, creaminess, known only to

·U-ALL-NO·

·AFTER DINNER MINT·

Sold in sealed tins by grocers, confectioners and druggists everywhere. If your dealer does not keep U-ALL-NO we will send a liberal box on receipt of ten cents. Kindly mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA

Sole Makers 439 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

4% Interest

United States Government bonds are absolutely safe, but they yield only 2% or 3%. [illegible] PER CENT INTEREST, compounded [illegible]

Write for our free booklet [illegible]

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.

Assets Over Forty-Two Million Dollars

Pears'

"There's no place like home," and no soap like Pears'.

Pears' Soap is found in millions of homes the world over.

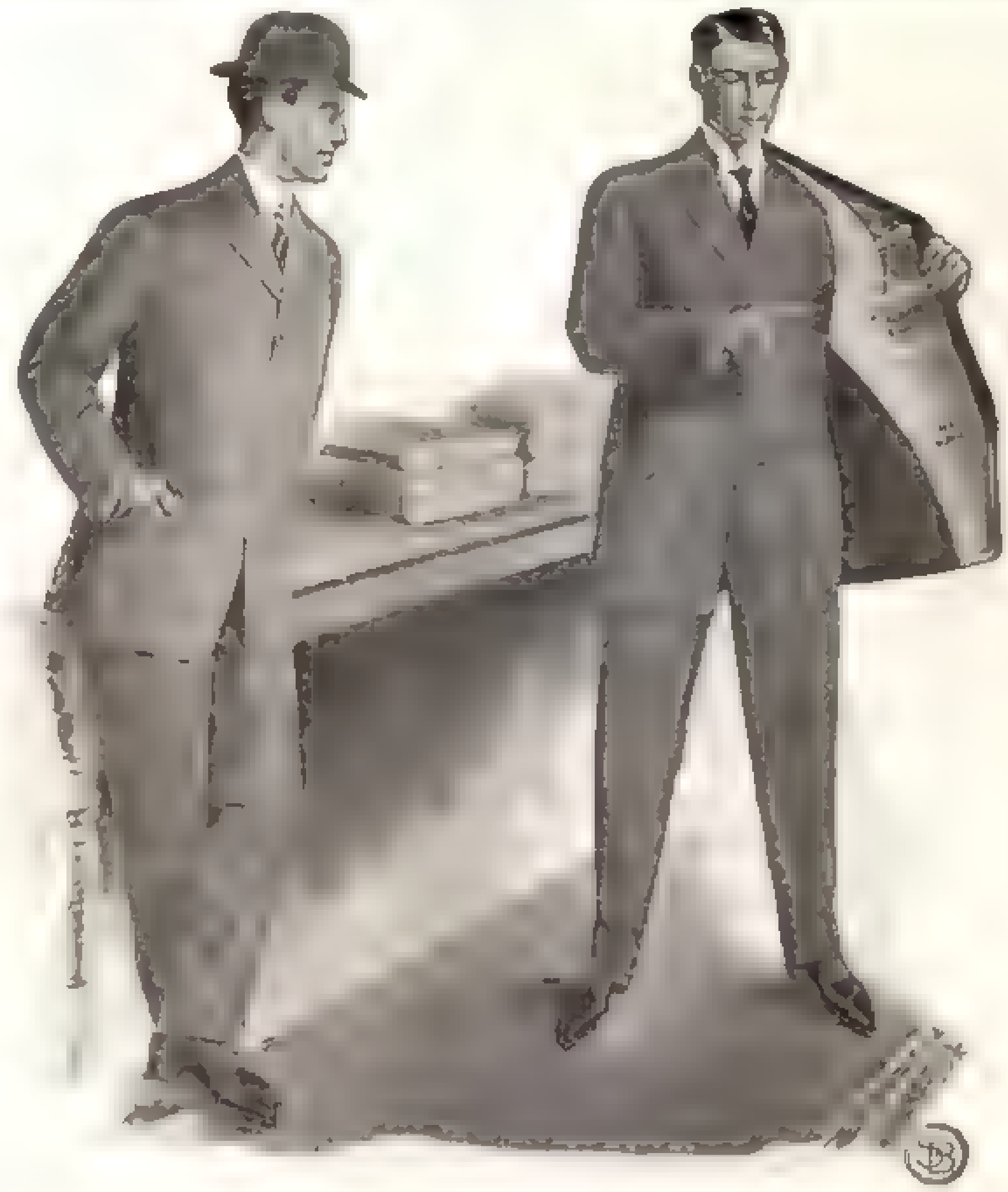
Sold everywhere.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

[illegible]

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Address SAM'L FRENCH, 33 West 22d Street, NEW YORK



The important question in clothes buying is not "How do they look" but "How are they made"

The above cut shows construction of the front used in our coats. This front is fully protected by U. S. Patents and no coat made with it can wrinkle or sag. Our clothes embody STYLE, FIT and QUALITY, but a mirror tells that part of the story.

FREE Booklet "C," showing Correct Styles for Spring *also* — A Set of Souvenir Postal Cards WRITE FOR THEM

A few of the many retailers who sell our clothes are

BOSTON MASS [illegible] Oak Hall Clothing Co.

COLUMBUS OHIO [illegible]

OMAHA NEB. [illegible]

ST PAUL, MINN [illegible]

CHICAGO ILL. [illegible]

And all other Best Dealers EVERYWHERE

WOODHULL, GOODALE & BULL

Syracuse New York

FOR GOODNESS SAKE

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

THIS GARMENT IS GUARANTEED

To give good wear and perfect satisfaction to the consumer

Woodhull, Goodale & Bull

Makers SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Don't Bother Sending Cash.

FREE TRIAL OF LA RECLAMA CIGARS

Simply Write Us On Your Letter Head.

We want you to prove [illegible] the [illegible] and economy of [illegible] cigars. We are certain you will like them. [illegible] the country [illegible] been doing so for many decades. [illegible] accepted by our trained experts, [illegible] styles of Havanas we make.

By buying direct from our factory you eliminate profit and expenses of [illegible] and dealers. We sell you direct from our factory better cigars at a less price than you can obtain from any other source.

Our [illegible] cigars, $5 per 100, are better than any ten cent cigar that you can buy in the ordinary way. [illegible]

Write us today on your business Letter Head [illegible] a box of 50 will be shipped to you [illegible]. If satisfactory send us $2.50. If not, return at our expense.

We pay expressage [illegible]

Testimonials similar to these reach us every day

"They are excellent for the money, better than I expected." [illegible] County Supt. of Schools, Cortez, Colo.

"I find them the 'best ever,' never smoked a cigar as good." A. R. CORBETT, House of Representatives, Ohio.

La Reclama Cuban Factory, 1898 First Ave., New York City

ESTABLISHED 1875.

References: Union Exchange Bank, Fifth Ave.; Bradstreet's; Dun.

Beautiful Views of Niagara Falls [illegible]

NIAGARA POST CARD CO., 321 3rd St., Niagara Falls N Y

ILLUSTRATING TAUGHT BY MAIL by the original mail instructor. Many celebrated pupils. Courses in magazine, comic, advertising art. Highly profitable work. Catalogs. New York Correspondence Class, 114 W 28th St., New York

WARNER'S RUST-PROOF CORSETS

Two Great Improvements

Have you ever thought what it means to you to know that your corsets cannot rust and stain the garments with which they come in contact? Such corsets are

Warner's Rust-Proof

Do you appreciate the importance of having your Hose Supporters made right into the design of your corsets, so that the corsets are held in place and a smooth and comfortable fit secured? Such is the case with Warner's Rust-Proof, and the supporters are the famous

"SECURITY" Rubber Button Kind

These are the two most noteworthy improvements made in corsets during the last twenty-five years.
Good figures result from the shaping of Warner's Rust-Proof

Price, $1.00 to $5.00 per Pair

The Warner Brothers Company
New York, Chicago, San Francisco

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

30 Shaves for 4¢

Send Two Stamps for Trial

Colgate's Shaving Stick

Enough for month's shaving.

Our New Nickeled Box is an ornament to your dressing-table. Handsome as silver, and easier to keep clean!

Colgate & Co.
55 John Street, New York.

Milford Strong Stockings

For Men, Women and Children

1000 AGENTS WANTED

For House to House Canvass. Permanent employment for men and women. Write for terms to-day. Sample pair 25c., postpaid. Strongest Hosiery on the market.

Our famous Vegetable Silk hose 50c. a pair.

Dept. 5, MILFORD HOSIERY CO., Box 1354, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Trolley is Coming

The Future's Solution of the Short-Haul Rate Problem

BY WILL PAYNE

ONCE in Northern Kansas the postmaster, the druggist and the local commander of the G. A. R., who was also town marshal and auctioneer, went at night to wake up the banker. They had heard a rumor that some railroad surveyors were over North and they felt that the emergency demanded prompt counsel.

At that time—say twenty-five years ago—anywhere in the West the report that another railroad was coming to town fired civic hopes as explosively as, sometimes, last night's smouldering coals did the careless kerosene-can. Leading citizens who would have received the heralds of Kingdom Come—perhaps not without reason—in complete self-restraint, flushed with joy over the arrival of a surveyor's gang; and the most bitter of all impersonal ills of life was the announcement that the new road had, after all, decided to go to the town eight miles south.

In the fullness of time it developed that the new road charged the same rates as the old and was quite as heroic in resisting damage claims. Its passenger service gave the traveling man an additional chance to get out of town before night—and thereby wound the feelings of the hotel-keeper—and its freight trains gave the farmer two chances to have his heifer killed where there was only one before. But for the country town and the rural community generally the new road, in the end, meant nothing very important. The town is a little town still. The banker and cattle-buyer can get passes more easily than before, and the township bonds, which were gladly issued and donated to aid the new road, have been paid off or refunded. The farmer helped to pay them and has furnished most of the tonnage for the new line; but probably in the main he does not see where else he comes in, when the new line is either formally consolidated with the old or makes all its rates to small shippers in agreement with it.

What evoked the joy and caused the bonds to be voted was the idea of competition in transportation. Everybody now knows that railroads do not and will not compete except in regard to big shippers. A new factor is appearing, in a limited way, and the eagerness with which this new factor is hailed discloses a pretty universal desire—whether well or ill founded does not matter here—for relief from what is to all intents and purposes, so far as concerns farmers and small merchants, a transportation monopoly.

This new factor is the electric road. In country communities almost all over the Middle West one will now hear the probable coming of the trolley discussed with about the same eagerness that was formerly inspired by reports of the coming of a new steam line. In this discussion farmers especially are interested, for the trolley ought to be especially the farmers' road. With its small units and frequent service it can, and in some instances does, bring both freight and passenger transportation practically to his door. It now carries, in some localities, the farmer's milk, butter, eggs and vegetables to the country market and brings out packages from the town. In certain communities, where the freight and express business of the trolleys has been well developed, the character of farm industry has been notably modified by it. As a rough rule, the country trolley runs once an hour, with rates for both passenger and freight decidedly below steam-road cost. In many cases the farmer finds it cheaper and more convenient than to use his horses. What it offers on the social side, in the way of cheap, speedy intercourse between farm and farm, and farm and town, need not be dwelt on here. Some typical interurban lines report that from fifteen to twenty per cent. of their passenger business is between town and farm.

Of course, the trolley has already very decidedly arrived as a mode of transporting urban passengers. Electric roads in the United States now carry about seven times as many passengers as the steam roads. They transport well over four billion a year. But over half these passengers are carried in the cities having upward of 500,000 inhabitants. New York alone furnishes a billion to the huge total. This scarcely interests the farmer or small merchant. When he is in those centres, news that the trolley is coming is conveyed for purposes of warning and reproach rather than encouragement.

In the country the trolley came first, naturally, for passenger business, the field in which it was already highly developed. On the whole, its freight and express business is so new that perhaps the best idea of the efficiency of the electric road, as compared with steam, can be had by a glance at its record in the older field. The Census Bureau has recently completed an elaborate report on the subject, and it found that the fast, long interurban trolleys—being the type we are now interested in—carried 114,000,000 passengers in 1902; that the rate of fare in the Middle West averages about one and a half cents a mile, or, roughly, one-half the charge of the corresponding steam roads. In a great number of cases steam-road fares have been reduced to meet the new competition. Only the other day, in Iowa, a grand jury indicted the Rock Island road for making a discriminatory rate reduction to meet trolley competition. The Railroad Gazette says the number of steam-road trains between Cleveland and Oberlin have fallen off by half, because of the electrics. The average distance traveled by each steam-road passenger in the United States increased only five per cent. in the five years prior to 1897, and twenty-one per cent. in the subsequent five years—a fact pointed to as indicating that the trolley is forging ahead in short-haul travel—although, of course, this is not necessarily conclusive.

The best development of the trolley as a complete independent transportation system, carrying goods as well as persons, has been in the Middle West, especially in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Last year a handsome terminal station for the use of interurban trolleys was built in Indianapolis, and only recently this station was improved with three freight-houses, each 24 by 195 feet. Recently, too, the trolley roads have built freight stations and yards in Crawfordsville and other interior towns. As to the effect of these improvements, one Indiana manager says: "We are now getting all the freight we can handle." A trolley freight terminal is being built in the Columbus, Ohio, wholesale district. One has just been completed in Kalamazoo, Michigan. In Topeka, Kansas, the trolley line now moves all the output of a stone quarry, and has arranged a car-lot freight transfer business in the city. In Massachusetts the management of the largest interurban electric, covering the southwest part of the State, is busy getting freight and express privileges, and proposes to organize a goods service from Fall River to Boston, and another Massachusetts company is reported to have bought out an extensive wagon express concern to take over its business.

These—all recent happenings in different parts of the country—show the decided drift in trolley development. What the steam roads think of it is illustrated by a case at Grand Rapids, Michigan. The principal boat line running to Chicago had a pro-rata agreement with two steam roads covering freight brought in by rail and forwarded by water. Last spring it made a similar pro-rata arrangement with the trolley line. The steam roads gave notice that they would cancel their agreements unless that with the trolley was canceled. The boat line stuck to the trolley, however; the latter built a $30,000 freight-house,

HENDERSON'S GIANT INVINCIBLE ASTERS

NEW ASTERS
HENDERSON'S GIANT
INVINCIBLE

The highest achievement in China Asters, massive Pæony-like flowers, 4 to 5 inches across, perfectly double, and poised on strong stems 15 to 18 inches long, superbly adapting them for vases, etc. The plants, healthy and robust, grow about 2 feet high, each usually carrying 30 to 40 of these magnificent flowers. For gardens, grouped in colors, they are incomparably effective. Our leaflet, "Latest and Best Methods of Growing Asters," free to every purchaser.

PRICE OF SEED:

Rose Pink, . pkt. 15c. | Blue, ... pkt. 15c
Lavender, . pkt. 15c. | Crimson, . . pkt. 15c.
White . . . pkt. 15c. | Mixed Colors, pkt. 15c

To give Henderson's Invincible Asters the greatest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope
COUNTS AS CASH

To every purchaser who will state where this advertisement was seen, we will send each packet of the seed [illegible] enclosed in a coupon envelope [illegible] which, when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 15c. cash payment on every dollar's worth purchased from our Catalogue.
In addition we will send free of charge

HENDERSON'S 1906 CATALOGUE
"Everything For The Garden"

188 pages, 8 colored and 6 duotone plates, 700 photographic illustrations and descriptions of everything best in seeds, plants, bulbs, tools, etc.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York

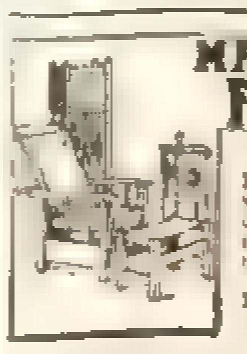
SANTA CRUZ CALIFORNIA

Climate the best. Near famous big trees. Roses bloom year round. Finest bathing on coast. Ideal homes. Investments for Capitalists, Fruit Growers and Farmers. Send 2c. stamp to **BOARD OF TRADE, Santa Cruz, California**, for illustrated booklet. **Department A.**

EASTER SPOON

Sterling Silver of Special Easter Design, sent in a dainty Easter box by mail on receipt of 25c [illegible] this beautiful [illegible]

Easter gifts [illegible] silverware, etc., sent FREE [illegible] The Warren Mansfield Co., [illegible] St., Portland, Me.



MAKE YOUR OWN FURNITURE.

Latest home occupation for pastime or profit. My copyrighted [illegible] make it easy and inexpensive to construct [illegible] furniture [illegible] Illustrated [illegible]

R. P. BURTON
1835 Old Colony Building Chicago Illinois

LET ME SELL Your Patent

Booklet explaining how mailed **FREE**. Fifteen years' experience Patent Sales exclusively. If you have a **Patent** for sale, call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 P Broadway, N. Y. City

YOU NEED An Interchangeable Leaf Pocket Memorandum Book

Flat opening. Allows removal of used leaves and insertion of new. Used for all the purposes of the old style bound book. **25c.** Cloth cover [illegible] | Flexible [illegible] seal [illegible] **50c.**

[illegible] Sent postpaid [illegible] Extra. New [illegible] A separate [illegible] year $1.00

CLARKE LOOSE LEAF BOOK CO. Dept. B
230 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Strong Claims

Are your coal bills too large?
Do you want to cut them down?
Say, about one-half?
Or, even two-thirds?
There's an easy way to do it—

And, at the same time, avoid all ordinary furnace annoyances and nuisance of dirt, smoke, soot, escaping gases, clinkers, ashes. Simply install a

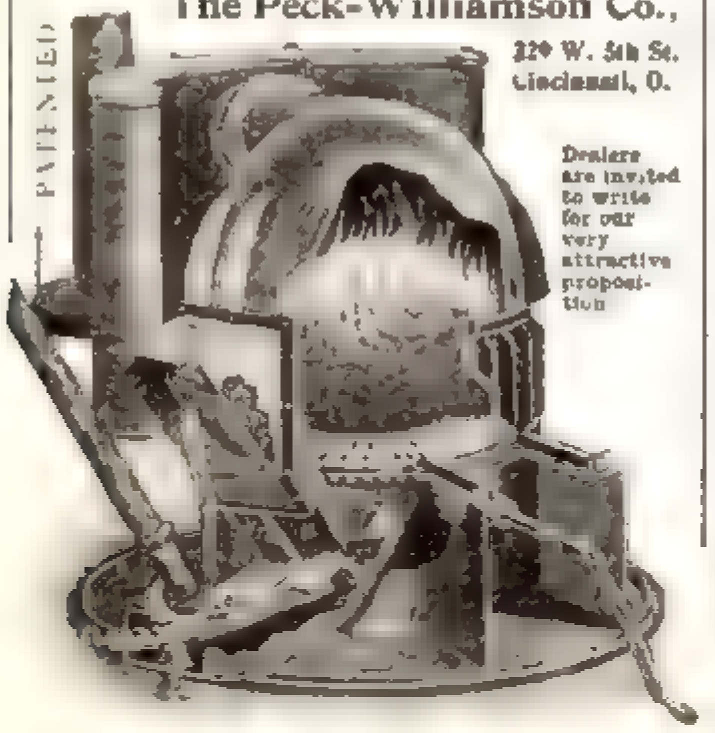
Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace

and you will find your furnace troubles and money expense at an end. This is the *one* furnace that is built on scientific principles [illegible] coal *right end up*—that is *fed from beneath*, [illegible] a live bed of coals [illegible] *at the top*. [illegible] the one furnace in which a ton of cheapest [illegible] coal is made to produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade. Learn the prices of the highest and lowest grades in your city and figure what this saving means.

This is a plain, everyday, common-sense proposition—so easy even a child can understand it. Besides you don't have to take our word. We have literally thousands of letters from [illegible] bankers, lawyers, [illegible] mechanics—men from every walk in life, who tell of their actual experiences with the Peck-Williamson *Underfeed* Furnace [illegible] their statements are even *stronger than our claims*. We will gladly send you [illegible] copies of many of these letters. You owe it to yourself to investigate.

Write us for interesting *Underfeed* [illegible], explaining [illegible] [illegible] heating [illegible] services of our Engineering department [illegible] [illegible] free [illegible] please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co.,
329 W. 5th St.
Cincinnati, O.



Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition

SUIT TO YOUR MEASURE $12.50

A High Qualitied Suit at an Exceedingly Low Cost

SEND us your name and we'll send you FREE our handsome Instructive Spring Style Book illustrating

Clever New York Fashions

We'll also send samples of Cloth, our simple Home Measurement Chart and outfit for taking your own measurements.

We've tailored for Well **Dressed New Yorkers** for many seasons and their continued patronage is proof of our *smart Styling* and *expert workmanship*.

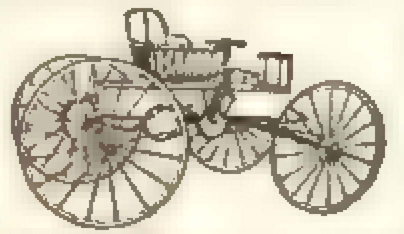
The New York Tailors
Dept. C, 729-731 Broadway, New York

References by permission: [illegible] Central National Bank of New York, [illegible] National Bank, New York

$250 Auto

Invented by an engineer with ten years' experience in automobile construction. A practical auto runabout with a speed of 4 to 18 miles per hour. If you are interested in a good low priced auto, which will be very inexpensive to operate, write for our catalog.

SUCCESS AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.



and had a big increase in its through freight business.

It is here that the trolley promises to do best as a goods carrier—that is, where it can get its freight to a big market independently of the steam roads, for the latter will not make livable arrangements with it. A line is now building from Kalamazoo west to Lake Michigan, running through some of the richest Michigan fruit country. The grape and fruit growers are watching its progress as eagerly as they watch for the spring thaw. With the trolley to carry their products to the lake and boats to take it to Chicago, they expect there will be less danger of a relapse to the private car-line extortions from which they suffered two and three years ago.

The idea of organization—partly to meet the organization of the steam roads—is taking root in the trolley world. Signs of somewhat crude beginnings in that direction are plentiful. Already there are voluntary associations, with periodical conventions and discussion of subjects of mutual interest. At recent conventions the arrangement of through freight rates and schedules has been urged, for the trolley lines are beginning to be able to offer some pretty respectable long lines—one, at least, of 365 miles.

It is rather interesting, by the way, as illustrating the superior adaptability of the service, that the Indiana Union Traction has recently installed a system of train dispatching by telephone, every motor car carrying an instrument that can be attached to a plug at any switch or turnout. One dispatcher handles 101 miles of road, the other 119 miles. On the 101 mile division there are 288 trains every twenty-four hours.

In the matter of rates, as would be expected, the situation is rather chaotic. Sometimes, as regards rates, the business is done on a passenger rather than a freight or express basis. A combination of Ohio lines, for example, carries milk at a flat rate of one and a half cents a gallon regardless of the distance. Instances of straight freight business at about half steam-road charges may be cited; but it is all too new as yet to permit of any important comparative showing—and when steam-road business has been bitten, it is a mere flea-bite. It must be remembered that the total trolley mileage in the United States outside of the cities and towns is only some seven to eight thousand miles, and though the freight, express and mail cars of the fast interurban trolleys run something over 1,000,000 miles a year, their business looks very insignificant beside that of the steam carriers with their 210,000 miles of road and 1,400,000,000 tons of freight moved annually. It is as a suggestion of what may be that the trolley is so widely interesting.

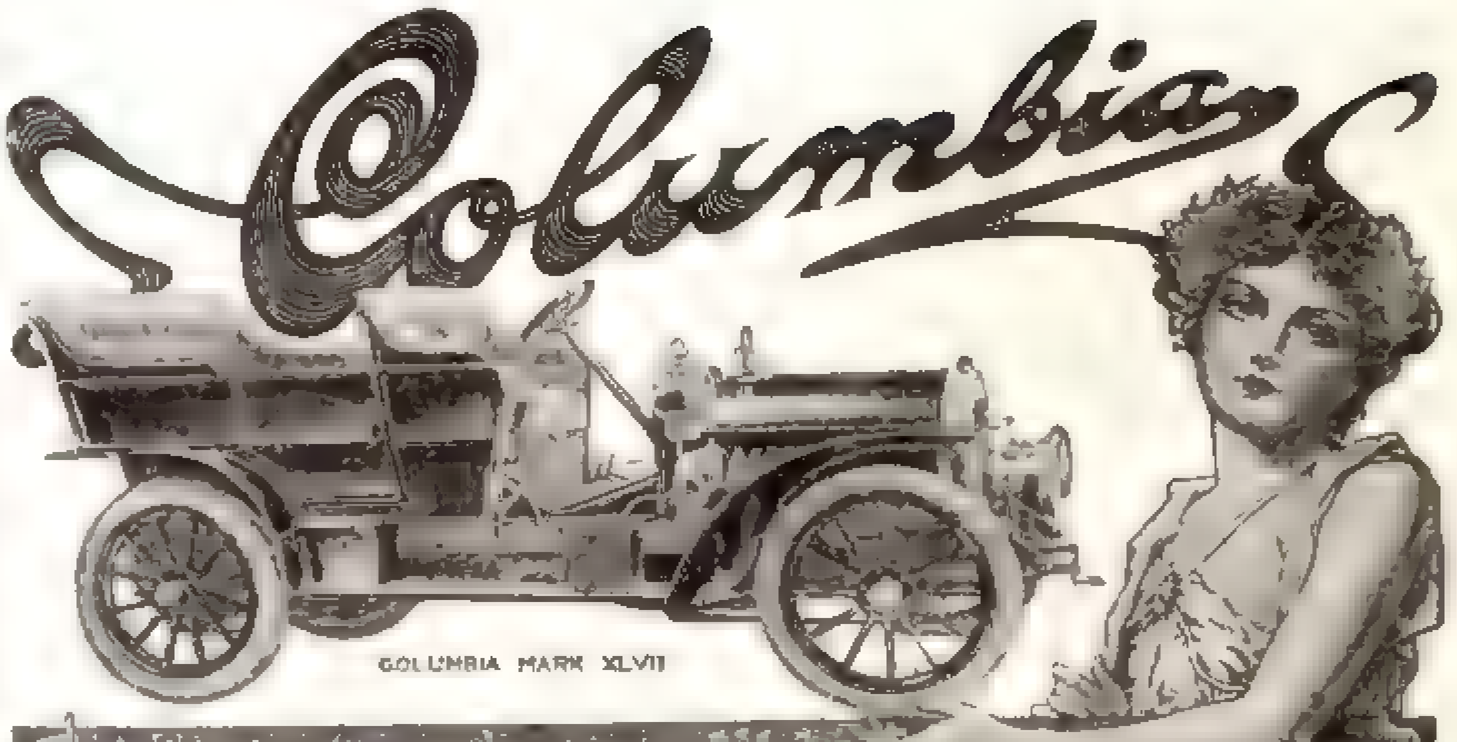
Whether it really will be is, of course, another question. It often happens in a selfish world that the big fish eat the little ones.

In New England a good deal of trolley mileage has been taken over by the steam roads. The Delaware and Hudson has just bought some electric lines around Albany and Schenectady. The Pennsylvania takes a bite now and then. It is fair to assume that the absorbing process will be accelerated as a result of various plans now afoot to electrify steam lines—in the New York, New Haven and Hartford, for example, in the Manhattan terminals of the New York Central and Pennsylvania, the Chicago terminals of the Illinois Central, and so on.

It must be remembered also that the country trolley line itself has been to a considerable extent an affair of high finance.

The old Widener-Elkins syndicate in Philadelphia—which certainly was not nurtured on new-mown hay—and its successors, were extensive promoters in this field, and even now half the interurban mileage in Indiana is controlled by the United Gas Improvement crowd of the Quaker City, which is also active in Ohio and is said to have further big plans.

The coming of the country trolley has been like most pioneer enterprises in that it involved a hard time for many of the pioneers. The Everett-Moore syndicate of Cleveland—one of the largest trolley builders—had to face bankruptcy. Not long ago the holding company that controls lines touching eighty-eight cities and towns in Massachusetts passed a dividend. Recently, also, some lines of the Appleyard syndicate, an extensive Ohio enterprise, got into financial straits. But ground is seldom broken without breaking some men.



COLUMBIA MARK XLVII

OUR factory buildings and equipment, materials and processes, are unapproached in the entire American automobile industry and in many essentials Columbia Gasolene Cars for 1906 are a full year in advance of all others. This is not mere assertion. Make the comparison yourself. In no other cars will you find crankshafts machined cold from a solid block of metal and chrome-nickel steel transmission shafts, jack-shafts, gears, etc., nor the I-beam front axle forged in one continuous piece. In no others will you find the same perfection of body designs, beauty of color schemes and painstaking details of finish. Mark XLVII, four cylinders, 40-45 h. p., double chain drive, price $4500 to $5500 according to body, is the accepted ideal of the American high-powered car. Mark XLVI, four cylinders, 28 h. p., shaft-drive, price $3000, is unequalled among medium-powered four-cylinder cars. Mark XLIV-2, two opposed cylinders, 18 h. p., shaft drive, price $1750, we offer as the highest grade two-cylinder car in the market.

Separate Catalogues of Columbia Gasolene Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be mailed on request; also, special illustrated booklets: "Columbia Chrome-nickel Steel," "Fashioning a Crankshaft," "Consistent Differences in Columbia Cars," "Transmission, Etc."

Electric Vehicle Company
Hartford, Conn.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 West 39th Street. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Avenue. Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74-76-78 Stanhope Street. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Electric Vehicle Co., 250 North Broad Street. Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th Street and Ohio Avenue.

Member Association Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
Indispensable as a seasoning for Soups, Fish and Gravies
John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York

The Secret of my Success

PLAYS FOR AMATEURS. The largest stock in the U. S. We have anything that's in print
Our FREE Catalogue includes Plays, Recitations, Dialogues, Hand-books, Games, Boys' and Girls' Stories, &c.
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Thirty Tours to Europe Two to Japan
under superior management; exceptional advantages. Fall Tours Around the World, Annual Oriental Cruise every February.
Programs W Free. FRANK C. CLARK, 96 Broadway, New York

SANTOS
They Wear Longer Here
This Edge Stays Smooth

A New Wing *Low, but Lots of Style*

Most low wing collars lack style.

Here's a new one, low enough for comfort, but as full of snap and style as one could wish.

Wear it with any kind of tie and for any occasion except Full Evening Dress.

Remember the name "Santos," Corliss Coon, 2 for 25c — for in addition to style you get long wear — the value feature of

Corliss-Coon Collars

[illegible] in the laundry [illegible] at the top — where [illegible] is cut away here [illegible]

And the *[illegible]* equally supported [illegible] all around the top [illegible] rough edges that saw the neck.

Ask your furnisher to show you [illegible] Collars. If he hasn't them [illegible] want a low wing with style [illegible] Both regular and ¼ sizes [illegible]

Corliss, Coon & Co. Dept. V Troy, N. Y.

Shur-On
Eye-glasses

You won't drop your glasses and constantly need [illegible] new lenses if you wear *Shur On Eyeglasses*. The money you save [illegible] lenses will more than pay for *Shur-On*.

All shapes at all opticians', [illegible] on the mounting.

Any broken part of

mountings replaced free

of charge by any optician in the U. S.

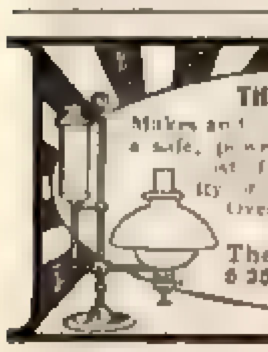
Valuable book free

[illegible] full of [illegible] the care of the eyes. Send us your optician's name and get a copy free.

E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. E
Estab. 1864 **Rochester, N. Y.**

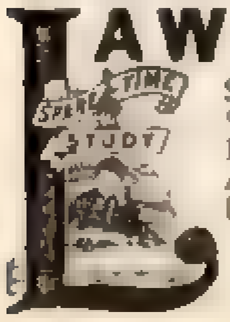
Lawson's Book With Portrait 582 pages

Dramatic story of **Frenzied Finance**, including 148 pages of "**Lawson and His Critics**," in which he reveals the corruption of the Three Big **Life Insurance** Companies. At all book-stores, or send $1.50 to the publishers. The Ridgway-Thayer Company, Union Sq., New York City


THE "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Produces a safe, powerful, white, steady light [illegible] Over [illegible] Agents wanted everywhere.

The Best Light Company
5-25 E. 5th St. Canton, O



LAW BY MAIL

Special course for each State. "How to Find the Law" and Brief Making specially treated. Admission to the bar guaranteed. Books free. Degrees conferred.

Write for free booklet.

National Correspondence Institute
18-90 24 Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

An Answer to Mr. Armour

BY JOHN C. SCALES

Chairman Refrigerator Car Lines Committee, National League of Commission Merchants

IN MAKING answer to Mr. Armour's second article, it is necessary to quote from the opening lines of my first reply: "Leaving Mr. Armour's history of the rise of the private car line, his appeal to the American people and a square deal to stand for what they are worth." First, taking up his history of the rise of the independent fruit-car line and the missionary work incident thereto, investigation reveals that his history is wholly inaccurate and consequently wholly worthless. In my first reply I stated that "Mr. Armour had been misinformed upon every vital point in this controversy." And I now state that his history of the rise of the private car line, in so far as shipping fruit in refrigerator cars is concerned, is one of the points upon which he has been misinformed. The following is the true history of the rise of the private fruit-car line, and this history cannot be controverted. I do not say that Mr. Armour has willfully misstated the facts. He has simply been misinformed, and has made himself responsible for a flat misstatement of actual history.

To get at the actual facts of the rise of the private fruit-car lines I called upon Mr. F. A. Thomas, of Chicago, at one time and for many years the largest shipper of perishable fruits and vegetables in the United States. I also asked him in regard to the cause of the downfall of the C. F. T. Co. refrigerator car line with which he was connected, and his reply to me is embodied below:

"In an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January 6, J. Ogden Armour practically maintains that the Armour refrigerator line introduced refrigerator cars to growers for fruit transportation and was the pioneer in that business. So far as cars for meats are concerned, the writer will not dispute this, but Mr. Armour is still a young man and perhaps thinks he can maintain as much for fruits. Older men than he, however, know better, though bold assertion often works (on the public) as well as facts. I insist that F. A. Thomas & Son had built for them, and had their name painted on, the first ten cars built in this country exclusively for fruit transportation."

Mr. Thomas personally declares himself to have been the first to go into the fruit belt to solicit fruit for transportation in refrigerator cars as an independent line. He was the one instead of the Armour agents (and missionaries) who told growers they would not freeze their fruit by putting it in iced cars. He does not say that he ran the first refrigerator cars for fruit. The Illinois Central Railroad had run them for some years. Armour had no thought then of running cars for fruit transportation. At that time from Florida to Chicago there was not what could be called a re-icing station. The conditions then called for a car that could be loaded in Florida, take a freight train and be on the road for from seven to eight days without being re-iced (this is for strawberries).

The Real Pioneers

"After every sort of objection on the part of the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and Northwestern Railroads," says Mr. Thomas, "we finally prevailed upon them to take five cars to California to test carrying California fruits under refrigeration. What were the conditions in the run from California? The same as from Florida, except for a greater distance—one which took from twelve to fifteen days with no chance properly to re-ice. Yet the experiment was an unqualified success. At that time no fruit shipper in California would touch refrigerator cars. We bought the fruit to load our cars. The year following, some shippers there said they would *try* them, and before the season was over every shipper there wanted them. At this time the C. F. T. Co. (The F. A. Thomas Company) had been formed.

"This shows who did the missionary work claimed by Mr. Armour.

"After we had demonstrated the value of this work, Porter Brothers Company got a refrigerator line of their own into California (the Goodell Line). The third year Edwin T. Earl got his line there (the C. F. X. Line). The fourth year Porter Brothers Company made their connection with the Armour line. This connection was undoubtedly a work of pure philanthropy on the Armours' part. They loved the growers so much. If the writer recollects rightly, it was testified to in open court that the Armour people paid a member of the Porter Brothers firm several hundred thousand dollars. What for? To have Porter Brothers use their (Armours') cars exclusively, for Porter Brothers were a ruling factor in California fruit trade at that time

"The C. F. T. Co., by constantly increasing their equipment to nearly one thousand cars, were working in other parts of the country. This is about the time Armour began to fight for the business. Where the C. F. T. Co. had running contracts with the roads the word went to those roads from the Armour people: 'You will let our fruit cars run on your road, or we will not allow our beef cars on your line.' This we were told by railroad managers at that time. Then they would go to the growers with this message: 'If you will use our cars we will cut the rates.' Edwin T. Earl, with his C. F. X. cars, did the same thing.

"This cutting of rates was done to such an extent that it often compelled the Thomas Company to work at a positive loss. That was the intention. It was known that the Thomas concern was not a strong company, that it could be swamped—and swamped it was; driven completely out of business.

"It was a different story with Earl. His line must also be gotten out of the way, but the Armours had to *buy* him out. With all their money, with all their rebates, with all their exclusive contracts, they could neither bluff nor drive him. They had to *buy*. I was told by one who was very close to the Armours at that time that E. T. Earl got from Armour about $450,000 more than his equipment cost him, and it is common knowledge that Armour & Co. had also to buy out the Earl Fruit Company after they had bought his cars, to keep Earl from building a *new* fruit-car line with the money they had paid him for his car equipment."

How Much was Philanthropy?

"Where are you fruit growers and fruit dealers now? Do you think for a moment that the Armour Company was so philanthropic, that they loved the growers so much, they were doing this for nothing? Armours did not do their preliminary work, their missionary work, without an object, and that object was money. They said to themselves: 'A million dollars will do it now. We can easily spare the million, because we not only will get it back out of these growers (with several millions in addition), but we can get every fruit section and every railroad running through them *absolutely under our control.*' They could then snap their fingers and say: 'Without us, how will you move your fruit?' Every one who is in any way connected with the fruit business knows how they are getting their money back now.

"Conditions in the railroads in this country are so much changed that what used to be a necessity in transportation is so no longer. Where there used to be one railroad icing station there are now probably a hundred; where cars could not be re-iced in a week they can now be re-iced every few hours. Every railroad has these icing stations; every railroad has to have them."

I supplement to the foregoing: Railroads can and do ice cars as well as independent refrigerator lines, and nearly every one of the largest railroad lines in the country owns, operates and ices its own refrigerator cars, including, as stated in my first reply, the Illinois Central, the Pennsylvania system, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Nickel Plate, the Rock Island, the Michigan Central, the Northwestern, the Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Wabash System, the Grand Trunk, the Wisconsin Central, the Burlington and Quincy and the Santa Fe.

Mr. Armour in his second article harps upon the same string as to the immense development of the fruit and vegetable

You can bend it like this when it's *new*

The Red Cross Shoe is comfortable as "an old shoe" from the first.

The sole of the Red Cross Shoe is made of specially prepared leather used in no other shoe; it is so supple, that though amply heavy for all kinds of wear, it follows every movement of the foot.

In other shoes at every step the ball of the foot, bearing the entire weight of the body, rubs against the sole. This *rub, rub, rub,* makes the feet burn and ache; makes the shoe pinch the top of the foot, chafes the heel.

The Red Cross shoe *bends with the foot;* it enables a woman to be on her feet for hours at a time with comfort.

The Red Cross Shoe is made in all lasts, from "common-sense" to the most fashionable. It is a delightful shoe for *every* woman. Women who are on their feet much and women whose feet are tender find it an indescribable comfort.

Our booklet "Women To-day" shows the importance of foot-comfort to health. Write for it.

This trade-mark with *Krohn, Fechheimer & Co.* is stamped on the sole. Leading dealers have the Red Cross. If yours hasn't, order direct from us. Imitations have neither the comfort, style nor wearing qualities of the genuine. Oxfords, $3.00 and $3.50, High Shoes, $3.50 and $4.00

Krohn, Fechheimer & Co. 829-839 Sycamore St. Cincinnati.

CHOCOLATES BY MAIL EXCLUSIVELY made by "MELLINGER," the famous specialist in this one branch of the confectioner's art — nothing but chocolates. A bit of candy [illegible] comes as a revelation to lovers of pure sweets. Inexpressibly good. [illegible] MELLINGER'S is a stamp of refined taste. [illegible] fresh made, packed and shipped the same day your order is received — postage prepaid.

A 2-lb. BOX for $1. One pound 55 cents, five pounds $2.25. Full weight guaranteed. [illegible] alike in a pound order. Even the box is a [illegible] ladies keep them afterwards for gloves or jewels. [illegible] be delighted with your first trial order.

[illegible]

MELLINGER, 102 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Window Shade Troubles Cured

The E. Z. Up Shade Hanger

is the friend of the housewife — Anyone can put them up — Shade [illegible] No [illegible]

AGENTS are making money selling the E. Z. Up — We want agents in your territory. [illegible] every day send 25 cents for sample [illegible] today — circulars sent free. E. Z. Up Mfg. Co., Dept. A Harrisburg, Pa.

WHEEL CHAIRS

We make [illegible] Invalid Rolling and Self-propelling Chairs and sell direct from factory at WHOLESALE PRICES. [illegible] styles to select from. We pay freight and [illegible] 30 Days' Trial.

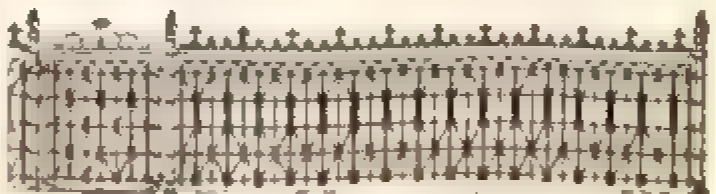
Liberal discounts allowed to all sending for FREE Catalogue NOW

GORDON MFG. CO., 535 Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Physical Culture Career

You may earn from $10 to $[illegible] weekly. [illegible] a great deal more. [illegible] the world [illegible] and influence. The demand greatly exceeds the supply. The first graduating class of [illegible] are nearly all holding excellent positions. Catalogue free.

Bernarr Macfadden Institute, Physical Culture City
Spotswood, P. O. Box 306, New Jersey


Lawn Fence, cheaper than wood. For Churches, Lawns, Cemeteries; Galvanized Barb and plain wire direct to consumers. Catalogue *Free.*
WARD FENCE CO., 90 Meridian St., Portland, Ind.

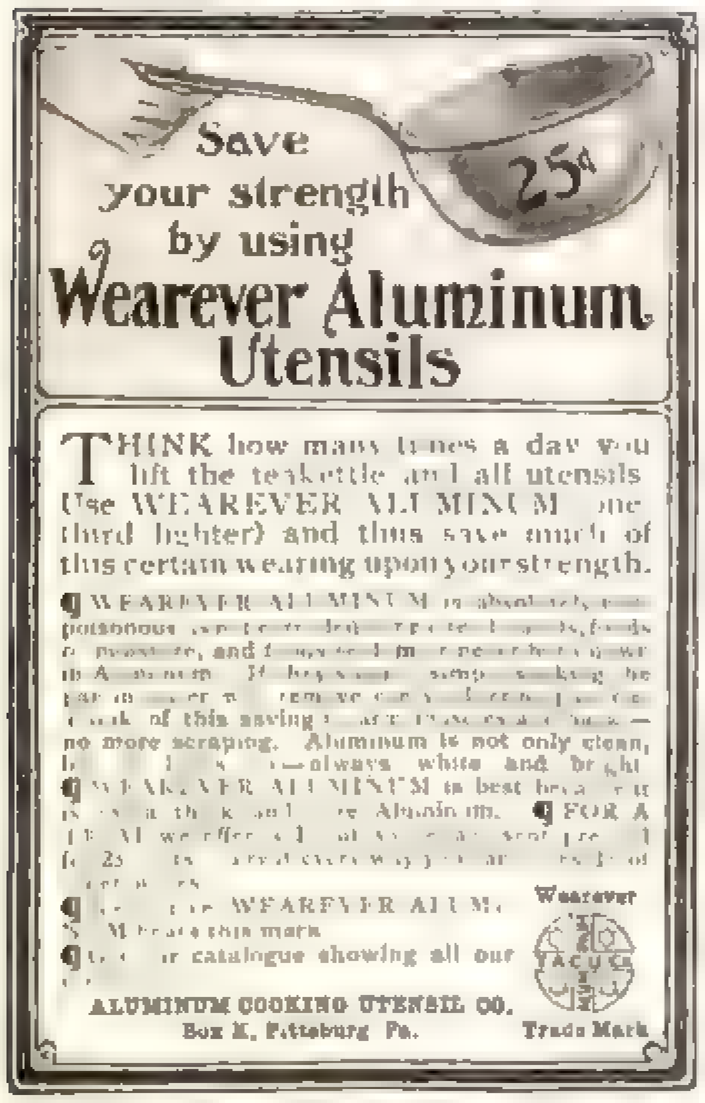
Princess Grand

Ivers & Pond PIANOS.

Fashion and utility prescribe the Grand for home use, wherever space will permit.

The "Princess" Grand is the finest musically and mechanically of all the small Grands. In quality of tone, precision of action and powers of endurance it is unequaled. Hear and see it before you buy. We can arrange to place one in your home on trial wherever you live. Catalogue and pamphlets giving pictures and dimensions mailed free. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.


Save your strength by using Wearever Aluminum Utensils 25¢

THINK how many times a day you lift the teakettle and all utensils. Use WEAREVER ALUMINUM (one third lighter) and thus save much of this certain wearing upon your strength.

WEAREVER ALUMINUM is absolutely non-poisonous [illegible] no more scraping. Aluminum is not only clean, [illegible] always white and bright. WEAREVER ALUMINUM is best [illegible] FOR A [illegible]

[illegible] WEAREVER ALUM [illegible] this mark

[illegible] catalogue showing all our [illegible]

Wearever Trade Mark

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
Box K, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE EARTH
H&R
BEATS THE EARTH

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOG
HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
329 PARK AVE.
WORCESTER, MASS.

DO YOU STAMMER
Trial lesson explaining methods for "home cure" sent FREE. Gold Medal World's Fair [illegible]
GEO. A. LEWIS, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

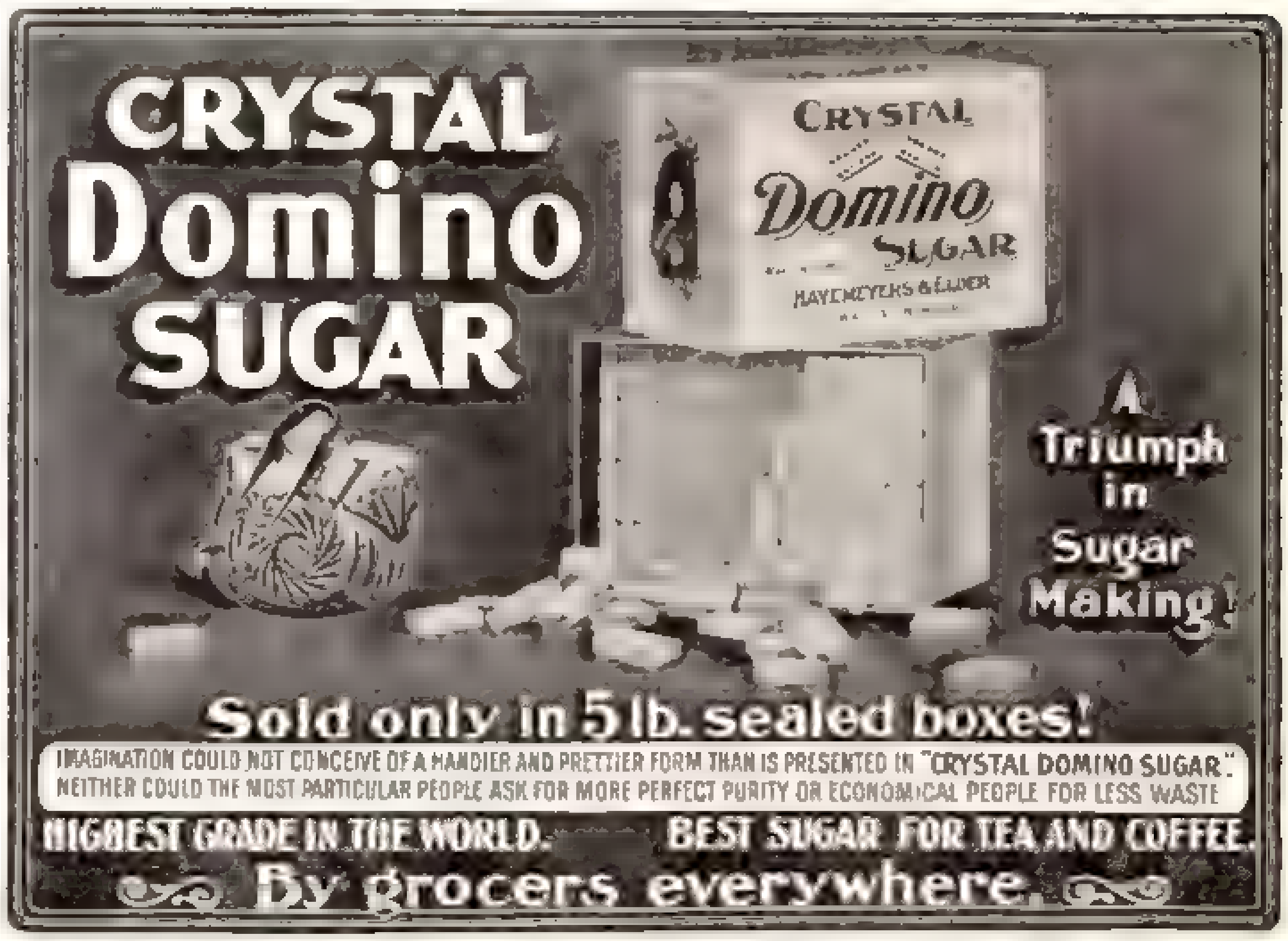
industries brought about, *as he maintains,* by the operation of private car lines, although every one at all familiar with the subject and conditions knows that it has been refrigerator cars that have developed these industries to their present stupendous proportions; not private refrigerator cars, but refrigerator cars—it is immaterial whether under railway or private ownership. So far as is concerned all the talk about the private car line making it possible for every one to "enjoy fresh fruit, vegetables and meat," the people enjoy all those articles when iced by private refrigerator lines by paying a large advance for the enjoyment over what they would pay if the same commodities were not subject to the inordinate profits in the icing which those lines exact. Take two examples: To ship a car of grapes from a Michigan point to Boston, the Armour charge for icing in 1905 was $55. To ship a car of grapes from the New York grape belt to Chicago over any of the railway lines the charge was but $10 at the outside, and I have a large number of original railway freight bills in my possession where the charge for icing is but $5 per car. Take another instance: The Armour charge for icing a car of perishable fruits from Gibson, Tennessee, to Chicago was $73, and in the case of a similar car shipped the same day from Memphis, Tennessee, to Chicago, a little farther distance than Gibson, the railway charge for icing was but $15. These are but two instances out of thousands. This is certainly affording the public the "enjoyment of fresh fruit, vegetables and meat" with a vengeance!

Icing as High as Freight

Mr. Armour attempts to set up a formidable argument in stating what is involved in the cost of purchasing and maintaining his equipment. Railways have to purchase and maintain their equipment also, and in addition build and maintain depots, office buildings and whatnot. But concisely to make this plain it is only necessary to state that I have in my possession a large number of original freight bills where the Armour icing charge is as much as the railway freight charge, and in many instances much more; and yet the railway furnishes everything: roadbed, rails, locomotive, train crew, station houses, office buildings, clerical and manual labor at both termini, and even the very car of the private car line in which the ice is put, because for the use of the car the railway pays the private car line three-quarters of a cent per mile mileage both ways, loaded or empty.

In concluding this short reply I herewith embody a letter from Mr. E. G. Davies which is a complete answer to some of the other contentions Mr. Armour puts forth:

"In reading Mr. J. Ogden Armour's article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, I am amazed at the vast amount of presumed knowledge that Mr. Armour has acquired in so short a space of time. It seems but as yesterday that Mr. Armour testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that he knew nothing whatever of the business of the Armour Car Lines and referred the Commission for information to Mr. Robbins, president of the company. Mr. Armour was no doubt perfectly sincere; he told the truth. The history of the fruit and vegetable development in the United States is not exactly the place one would look for a treatise on philanthropy, and the earnestness with which Mr. Armour pleads the inherited virtues of benevolent disposition reads like a bitter sarcasm upon the means and methods that were adopted by the Armour Car Lines since they first engaged in the fruit-carrying business. If Mr. J. Ogden Armour's articles are read analytically it will be found that he has a peculiar style in answering his own arguments. The contention that has been raging around Mr. Armour is that his charges are extortionate and unjust. In his last article he labors to prove that a charge of $77.50 for icing service on one of his cars loaded with fruit at Los Angeles, California, and shipped to Boston, Massachusetts, is a reasonable one. For the sake of the argument let us concede that it is. We must, however, take into consideration that the mileage that the car would earn would be about $50. This, on a basis of three-quarters of a cent per mile for somewhat less than 3500 miles each way. Let us follow this item up on the figures that Mr. Armour himself used in his article. He says that there were 30,000 carloads of oranges and lemons alone transported from California in the past year. If all the cars


CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR
CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR HAVEMEYERS & ELDER
A Triumph in Sugar Making!
Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!
IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR".
NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE
HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.
By grocers everywhere

BUY FROM THE MANUFACTURER CLASS PINS OR BADGES
For College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge.

Made as ordered in any way or [illegible] Either [illegible]
Silver Plate $1 doz., Sample 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz., Sample, 25c.
[illegible] new catalog [illegible] gold [illegible] silver. Satisfaction guaranteed [illegible] and Ribbon Badges at right prices.
Special designs and estimates free.
Bastian Bros., 21 L So. Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

There is no other hair-brush like the
Keepclean Hair Brush
Handsome—Sanitary

Its bright aluminum "face" holding the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes [illegible] sold in green boxes by good [illegible] everywhere. Remember the name [illegible]

[illegible] Benjamin Harrison.

Merrill and Baker's Failure

[illegible] History of the World [illegible] Wm McKinley

Places in Our Hands the Remainder of Their Greatest Publication

Ridpath's History of the World

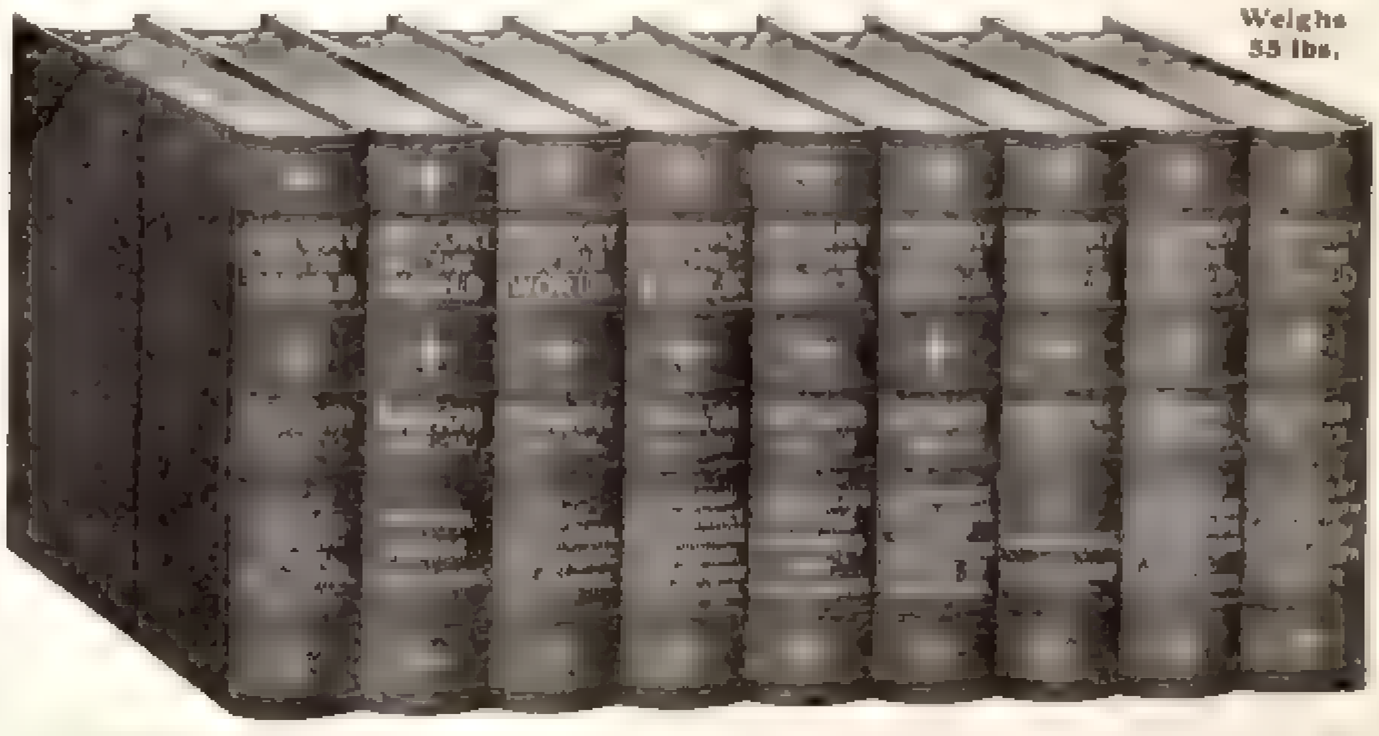
9 Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 2,000 superb illustrations

Brand New, latest edition, down to date, beautifully bound in Half Morocco

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his History, and to print our price broadcast, for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause great injury to future sales.



RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; to the rise of the Western world.

He throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there,—patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes from his mountain platform sees Themistocles, with three hundred and fifty Greek ships, smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail and help to mold the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty. Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismarck is there,—gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring,—laughing with grim disdain at France, which says: "You shall not." Washington is there "foursquare to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear seeing over the heads of his fellow countrymen, and on into another century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

He covers every race, every nation, every time, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing, and inspiring was ever written by man. RIDPATH should be in your home. It is a Work that you will value as long as you live and read over and over again.

$1 brings the complete set, balance small sums monthly

200,000 Americans own and love Ridpath.

Send Coupon To-day

Fold here, tear out, sign, and mail

Mail Coupon To-day
9-10-06
WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
204 Dearborn St.,
Chicago

Please mail without cost to me Ridpath Sample Pages and full particulars.

NAME ....

ADDRESS

You need not clip coupon if you mention SATURDAY EVENING POST

Who's your Tailor

Any good tailor can make a good suit or overcoat.

But can make it very much more satisfactory if he has the correct measurements of the man who is to wear the garment.

Everything can be said in favor of wearing clothes made expressly for you except sometimes the question of price.

Our enormous output and magnificent tailor shops enable us to regulate the price.

$25 to $35 for suit or overcoat, made from beautiful fabrics—about the same price you would have to pay for ready-made clothing.

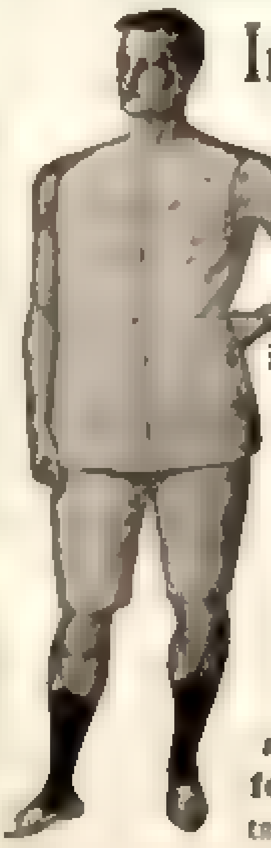
Our representative in your town will take your measure.

Write us for his name and address.

Ed. V. Price & Company

Merchant Tailors 264 Franklin St, Chicago

500 styles of cloth from which to make selection.



In hot weather all tight-fitting underwear is sticky and disagreeable. WEAR LOOSE-FITTING

B.V.D.

Trade Mark
Registered U. S. Patent Office

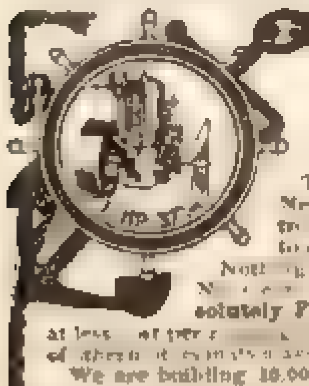
Coat Cut Undershirts

Knee Length Drawers

and be **cool and comfortable.** Accept no imitation. If your retailer cannot supply you with **B. V. D.** underwear (identified **B. V. D.** by Red Woven Label), mail us your chest and waist measurements with $1.00 and we will send you an undershirt (No. 76 N) and a pair of drawers (No. 15 K), all charges prepaid.

FREE descriptive booklet C for the asking

ERLANGER BROS.,
70-72 Franklin Street New York



From Row Boat to Launch

The Detroit Auto-Marine Motor [illegible]

Nothing [illegible] — No Valves — [illegible] **Absolutely Foolproof**, [illegible]

We are building 10,000 Auto-Marine [illegible] Engines this year—not merely assembling parts but manufacturing complete from foundry to user—**and guarantee every engine we make.**

1½ H. P. . . . . . . $33 15 Engine Only
3 H. P. Will develop 4 H. P. $49 00 Engine Only

Write for catalog [illegible] 1 to 20 H. P. motors.
Detroit Auto Marine Co., 97 E. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.
The only builders of Auto-Marine Engines [illegible]

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

were shipped to Boston in the Armour cars the mileage alone would amount to no less than $1,500,000, or an amount sufficient to build the best refrigerator cars at the rate of 1500 cars a year. Armour has 12,000 cars, and it would require less than three round trips per year to accomplish these immense revenue-producing results.

"We conceded, for the sake of the argument, that $77.50 was a reasonable charge for the Armour icing service from Los Angeles to Boston—from a section of the country where ice is comparatively scarce. At all events, $77.50 for about 3500 miles *looks* reasonable (whether it is so or not will be shown, if necessary, at another time). But what of the Armour charge from Humboldt, Tennessee, to Chicago? Humboldt is ninety miles south of Cairo. Chicago is 365 miles north of Cairo. The Illinois Central Railroad charges $10.25, average, for icing cars through an entire season from Cairo to Chicago. How much more would it be worth to furnish ice for the remaining ninety miles between Humboldt and Cairo? Suppose we say that it is worth $9.75, making a total charge of $20. That looks reasonable, $20 for 455 miles, but that is not Armour's charge. *Eighty-four* dollars is what Armour thinks a reasonable rate for ice from Humboldt, Tennessee, to Chicago. The run is made in less than thirty hours."

The Telltale Rates

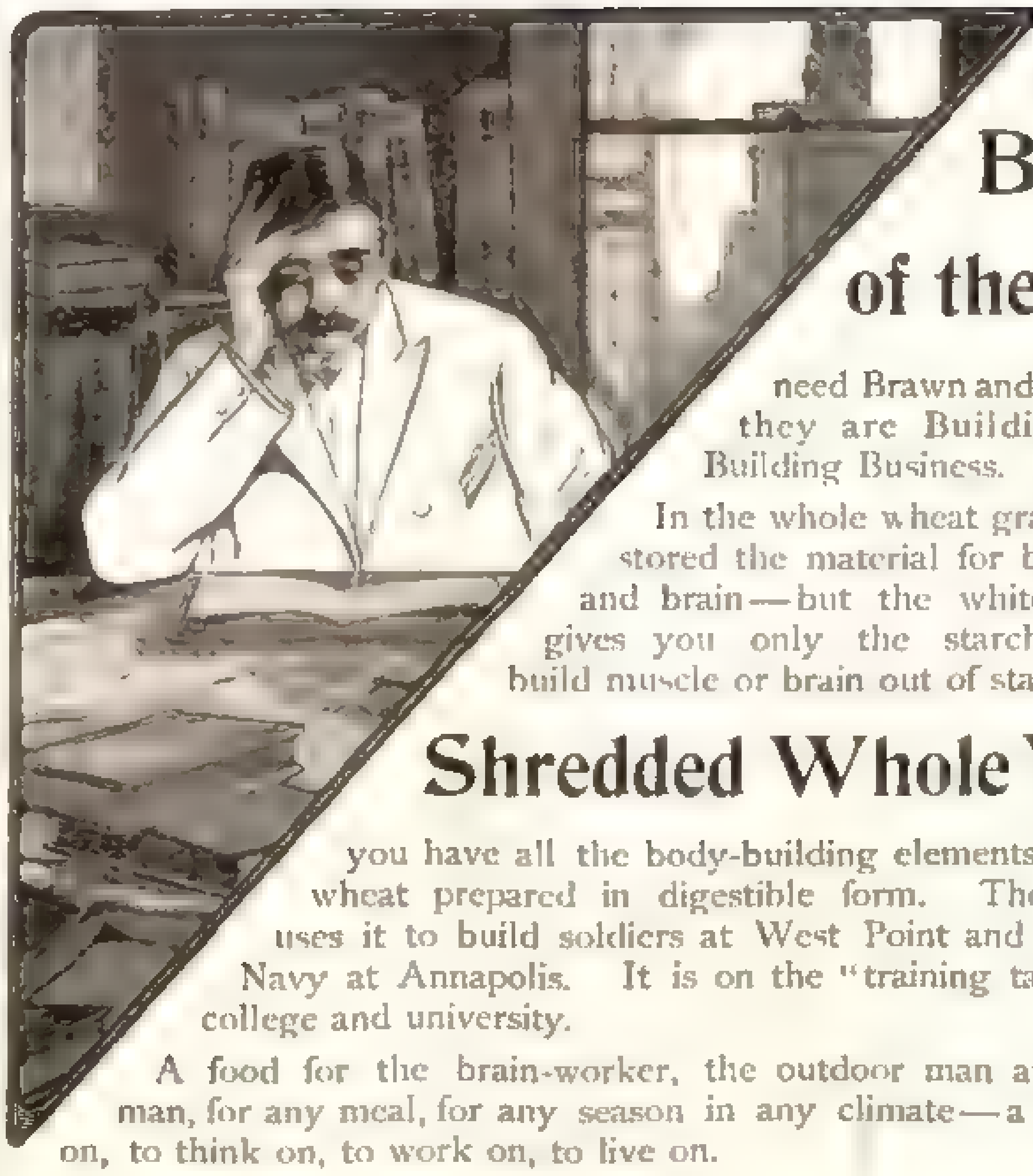
"Let us examine what Mr. Armour tells us about the 500 cars of tomatoes shipped from Humboldt, Tennessee, last year. The Armour rate is seven cents per crate; a car usually contains about 1200 crates, amounting to $84 per car. The icing charge as I have already shown is $10.25 on shipments from Cairo to Chicago. The Illinois Central iced the cars at that price. The same Illinois Central iced these cars from Humboldt at Cairo. Armour has no icing station there and never did have. I have shown that in the charges that Armour makes for icing the Humboldt shipments there is $64 per car charged in excess of what would appear to be a reasonable rate. That amounts to no less than $32,000 per year tribute (from one station on one railroad) to Armour's public-spirited benevolence toward the fruit growers and consumers."

In corroboration of Mr. Davies' statement as to the mileage earnings of refrigerator cars, I quote as follows from page 16 of the third annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

"A forcible illustration of the results of car mileage to owners of refrigerator cars appeared by a statement put in evidence from the books of a railroad company showing the mileage made and earnings of some such cars for nine months. During that period the mileage for which compensation was allowed made by the cars of three shippers from Chicago to an eastern point and over a single line of road was 7,428,406 and the earnings of the cars $72,945.97, being about the cost of 81 cars. The mileage allowed during most of this period was one cent a mile, and three-fourths of a cent a mile for a part of the period. Refrigerator cars run on fast time and make four times the mileage of ordinary freight cars. The cost of investment in cars and the amount of mileage allowed for their use show that the investment is very profitable. At a car mileage rate of one cent a mile the profit on investment in many of these cars is very large, reaching, according to information acquired by the Commission, 25 per cent., 50 per cent. and even more, annually."

Now, in view of the foregoing statement by the Interstate Commerce Commission as to the profit derived by private car lines in the matter of mileage alone, what shall be said when, at one of the late hearings of the Commission, it was shown that the Armour Car Lines charged for icing cars from 100 to 400, and in many instances over 400, per cent. above the cost of the ice? What this tremendous profit added to the mileage-profit means can be best understood when we consider that the entire perishable products of the country are now shipped under refrigeration in distances approximately over 150 miles from their market.

Step by step this icing of cars has been the means, through the operation of exclusive contracts between railways and private refrigerator lines, of placing an onerous tax upon the one thing—the perishable food of our people—which should be relieved of every burden possible in passing from the producer to the consumer.



The Builders of the World need Brawn and Brain, whether they are Building Books or Building Business.

In the whole wheat grain Nature has stored the material for building brawn and brain—but the white flour miller gives you only the starch. You can't build muscle or brain out of starch. In

Shredded Whole Wheat

you have all the body-building elements of the whole wheat prepared in digestible form. The Government uses it to build soldiers at West Point and sailors for the Navy at Annapolis. It is on the "training table" of every college and university.

A food for the brain-worker, the outdoor man and the indoor man, for any meal, for any season in any climate—a food to grow on, to think on, to work on, to live on.

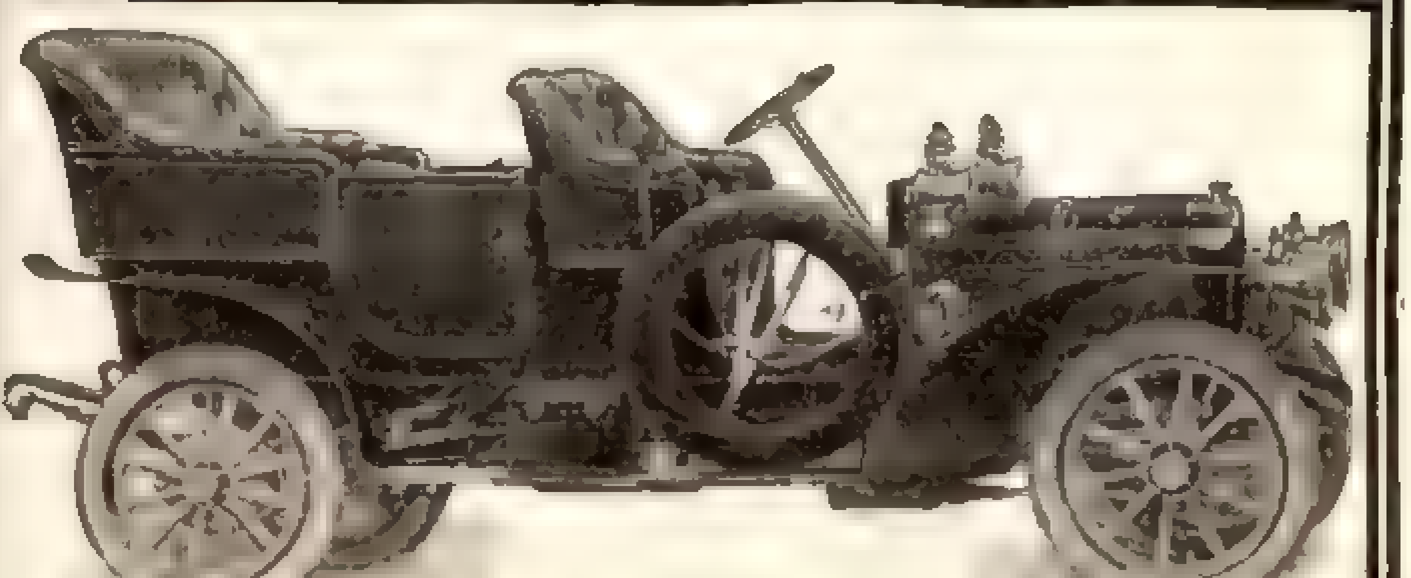
Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

The "Vital Question Cook Book"
is sent free for the asking

The Natural Food Co
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"It's All in the Shreds"

Packard



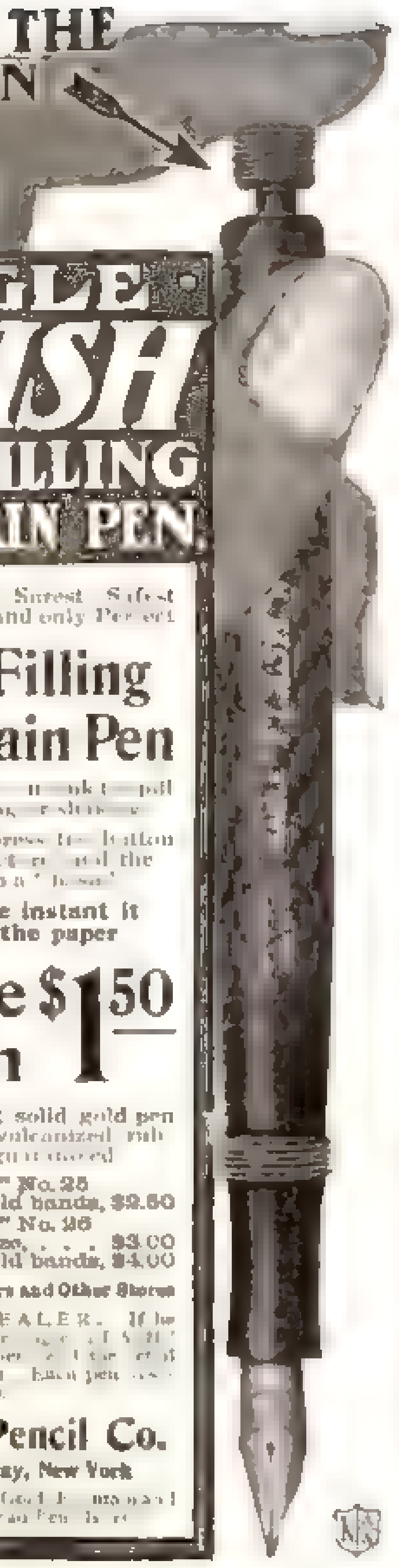
The constant development of a single type of car year after year has enabled the Packard Company to work out methods, machines and special appliances to make every detail of that car better than it has ever been made before and better than it could possibly be made under any other conditions.

Packard Motor Car Company, Dept. E
Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers

New York Branch
1540 Broadway

PRESS THE BUTTON



EAGLE FLASH SELF FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

The Simplest Surest Safest Handiest and only Perfect

Self-Filling Fountain Pen

[illegible]

You simply press the button as in the picture and the pen fills in a [illegible]

Writes the instant it touches the paper

Eagle Flash $1.50

With 14 karat solid gold pen [illegible] finest vulcanized rubber and fully guaranteed

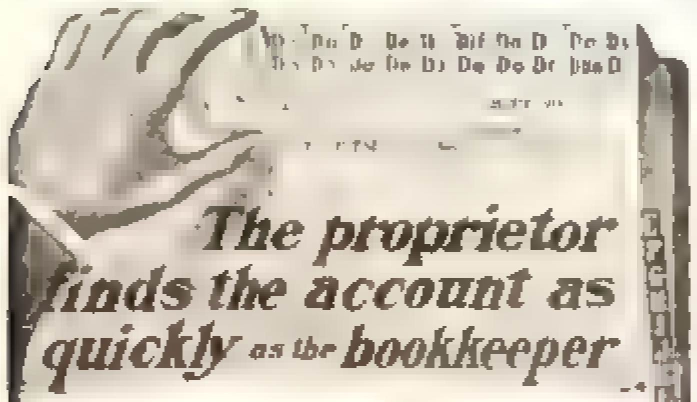
Eagle "Flash" No. 25 with gold bands, $2.50

Eagle "Flash" No. 26 large size, . . . $3.00 with gold bands, $4.00

Sold by Stationers and Other Stores

Ask YOUR DEALER. [illegible] direct to [illegible] Each pen [illegible] fully guaranteed.

Eagle Pencil Co.
373 Broadway, New York
Manufacturers of [illegible] Steel Pens, Lead Pencils [illegible]



The proprietor finds the account as quickly as the bookkeeper

in The Kirtley Ledger

No writing of names in the index; hence no mass of written names to look over when finding an account

Each account is under its own printed heading which enables *anyone* to find it instantly. *It saves fully one-third of the book-keeper's time in posting; it decreases the possibility of error.*

Made either loose leaf or bound, with every [illegible]

Sheets can be furnished for use in any make of loose leaf [illegible]

[illegible]
They explain themselves

THE HUGH STEPHENS PRINTING CO.
Dept. C, Jefferson City, Mo.

BI-PED TACK PULLER

Agents Wanted

One Foot for Matting Tacks
One Foot for Carpet Tacks

The [illegible] tool that lifts tacks *easily, quickly* without damage to carpets, matting or [illegible] Sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents, [illegible]

Kangaroo Trick Lock, Free, and a Package of Interesting Matter and Samples of Specialties.

General Specialty Mfg. Co., 1043 Arcade Building, Phila.

CASSIDY'S INCENTIVE

PERHAPS the trouble lay with the car, perhaps with Cassidy. Perhaps the car ought not to have rocked and bounced so much, perhaps Cassidy should have been prepared for just that thing.

Anyhow, the car rocked like a ship in a storm as it came to the railroad crossing, and then the trolley slipped the wire. Hagan, the conductor, who had signaled him to come on, was waiting to swing aboard as the car passed, but the car did not pass; instead, it stopped where Hagan stood, and he trotted back to adjust the trolley to the wire.

Cassidy waited for the power, but sometimes a wire is elusive and a trolley is perverse. Hagan had difficulty in establishing a business connection between the two. Cassidy, waiting, heard a rumble. There was a nasty curve a short distance to his right, and he instinctively looked in that direction. There was no engine in sight, but a long shaft of light showed that one was approaching the curve. Cassidy rang his gong sharply.

The approaching train might come on any one of four tracks, across two of which the street car lay. The long shaft of light swung toward it as the engine took the curve; it flashed through the car, and there was the shrill scream of the engine's whistle giving the passengers the first intimation of danger.

"Jump!" yelled a pedestrian who saw the peril.

Cassidy could have jumped, but most of the passengers could not; the first that tried became wedged in the doorway. They screamed and swore and fought. Cassidy did not even hear them. He was trying to decide on which track the train was coming whether to back up or go ahead when he got the power.

The moving shaft of light became steady. The train was on the second track, and the only safety lay in backing off. With this discovery came Hagan's cry of "All right!" Cassidy reversed and threw on the power carefully; the car was heavy, and there must be no sudden, breaking strain. The response was slow—so slow that the car did not seem to move at first. Then it began to back, and he gave it more power. The blinding light was full upon him, the whistle seemed close to his ear.

"Jump, you fool, jump!" came in a frantic yell from the watching pedestrian.

Cassidy must have misunderstood, if he heard. Instead of jumping himself, he threw on the whole power, and the car jumped backward. There was a jar, a rasping noise, and the train rushed past, while the street car continued to back away.

The passengers tumbled out, hysterically thankful, when it stopped.

"Are you hurt?" some one asked, for those inside were sure that the engine must have struck the front platform.

"Who? Me!" said Cassidy. "Naw! But I bust a fender."

"You saved our lives!" they told him.

"Had to do it," returned Cassidy curtly.

Several tried to shake hands with him, and one, with the true American idea, tried to put their appreciation in financial form by taking up a collection on the spot.

"Aw, go chase yerselves!" said Cassidy. "Ain't I got troubles enough now? I bust a fender."

He pulled away what was left of the fender and went back to his controller.

"All aboard!" he shouted.

Several men insisted upon standing on the platform with him.

"I'll bet you did some tall thinking while you were standing here," one of them finally ventured.

"You bet I did," said Cassidy.

"With all these lives in your keeping."

"Huh?" said Cassidy.

"I say, the safety of all these people rested upon you."

"I forgot that," said Cassidy.

"Forgot it!"

"Never give it a thought."

"Forgot it! What did you think of, that made you risk your life?"

"I was thinkin'," said Cassidy, "it's me to the scrap-heap if I bust up this new car. That's what I was thinkin', an' that's all I was thinkin'. And I bust a fender," he added solemnly. "I'm some nervous about that, but I guess I don't lose my job for it."

—*Elliott Flower.*

HOW·WOULD·YOU·LIKE·TO·BE·IN·HIS·PLACE?

Easier Position— Better Pay

I have something of vital interest to say to every young man and woman who desires to earn from $25 to $100 a week.

I have something to say to every clerk, bookkeeper and underpaid subordinate who sees only continued slavery ahead and little or no increased financial prospects.

I want them to investigate the very rapidly expanding field of advertising, and realize that the demand for trained ad writers today is *more than three times* what it was last year or any other year.

The experience of Mr. Smith, whose portrait and success are given herewith, is a mere duplicate of daily occurrences, for the widespread demand for Powell graduates is breaking all records.

It will interest the ambitious to know that this demand, due to the enormous increase of business generally, now comes from the very largest advertisers and agents, and the tendency is to offer higher and higher salaries. Mr. L. A. Munger, Ozone Park, N. Y., has just become advertising manager of the syndicate of shoe stores operated by Frazin & Oppenheim, New York, *at double the salary* they told him they were willing to pay. A typical case, too.

The National Herb Co., Washington, D. C., wrote me yesterday to secure a Powell graduate, who could manage both advertising and factory. One of the largest Pittsburg advertising agents advertised last week in the Gazette for a Powell graduate and got him without writing me. Pretty eloquent testimony to my standing.

Practically every advertising journal in America refers to me when subscribers ask for private information as to which correspondence course of advertising is best. There are two reasons for this action — I am recognized as the leading expert, and I have had more success in qualifying brainy people than all other schools combined. More than that, I am the only teacher confining himself exclusively to advertising instruction.

If you want to learn all about the increasing demand and the Powell system, I will mail you free my elegant Prospectus and "Net Results" on request.

The most interesting works ever published, either for those who want to double their salaries or for business men desiring to double their profits.

George H. Powell, 45 Metropolitan Annex, New York

Mr. and Mrs. A. ELGENE SMITH

Mr. and Mrs. Smith [illegible]

My dear Mr. Powell: Cleveland, O., Jan. 9th, 1906

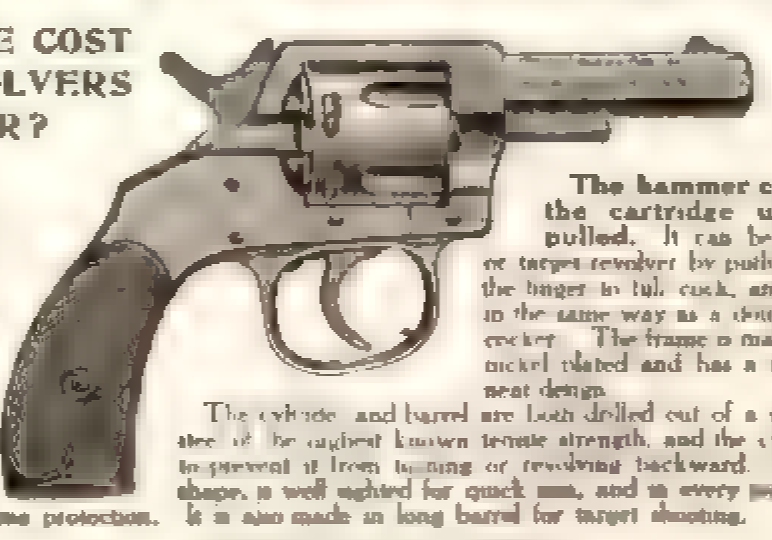
Your letter to this company and myself is before me, and I [illegible]

Yours [illegible] A. ELGENE SMITH

Do You Want a Reliable, Accurate Revolver

AT HALF THE COST OTHER REVOLVERS SELL FOR?

Price $2.50



The HOPKINS & ALLEN Double Action, Self Cocking, solid frame revolver is a dependable and well made arm. It has a safety rebounding hammer which is always on the safety or rebounding notch when not being fired.

The hammer cannot touch or reach the cartridge unless the trigger is pulled. It can be used as a single action or target revolver by pulling the hammer back with the finger to full cock, and then pulling the trigger in the same way as a double action revolver or self cocker. The frame is made of solid steel beautifully nickel plated and has a rubber stock or handle of neat design.

The cylinder and barrel are both drilled out of a solid piece of drop forged steel of the highest known tensile strength, and the cylinder has a safety device to prevent it from turning or revolving backward. The barrel is octagon in shape, is well sighted for quick aim, and is every [illegible] a thoroughly reliable revolver for pocket or home protection. It is also made in long barrel for target shooting.

DESCRIPTION OF SIZES

22 and 32 calibre for Rim Fire Cartridge.
32 and 38 Smith and Wesson Calibre Centre Fire.

Regular length of barrel	2½ inches, price	$2.50
	4½ " "	$3.00
	6 " "	$3.50

For sale by all dealers. If your dealer does not handle them, we will send the model desired on receipt of price, postpaid

Send today for our complete illustrated catalogue of high grade revolvers — shotguns — rifles.
We make the most complete general line of high grade Firearms in the world

Dept. 15 HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO. Norwich, Conn.

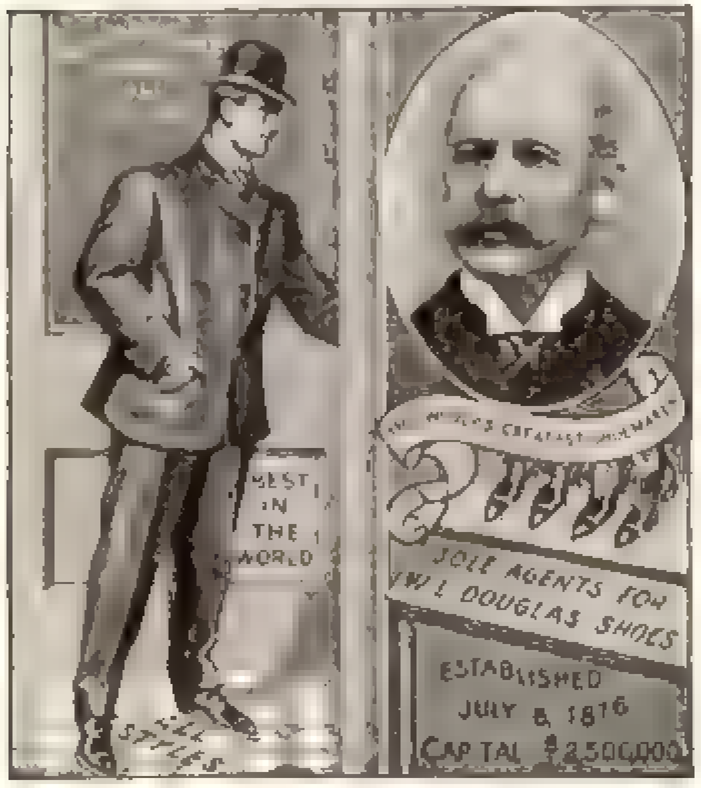
The SUN 100 CANDLE POWER LAMP

The "SUN" outshines them All
SUN
Incandescent Gasoline
LAMP
[illegible] supply depots in all larger cities. Agents wanted. Get Catalog

Sun Vapor Light Co., Box 910, Canton, O.
Licensee of the Campbell patent

7th YEAR OF SUCCESS
Tried, tested and in constant use in [illegible] factories, [illegible] stores, [illegible] pendant, [illegible] styles.
Safe as a candle. Simple to sunlight.

W. L. Douglas
$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

CAUTION [illegible] having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take [illegible] on bottom. *Fast Color Eyelets* [illegible]. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

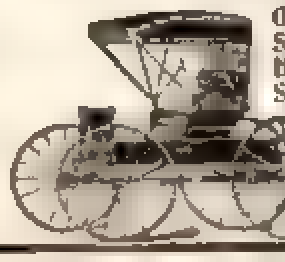
W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 7, Brockton, Mass.

The Monarch SHIRT

Its popularity has long since justified its name. The king quality among shirts of equal price. $1.00 and $1.25 in fast color fabrics and white. Leading dealers.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
Troy, N. Y.

$50 if it Suits
Nothing if it Doesn't



That's how we sell our **Split Hickory Special Top Buggy**. Though it's the Buggy known for merit in every section of the country, and you know what you buy, still [illegible] have one to use for 30 days before you decide. We [illegible] Buggies $35.00 up to our famous $50 [illegible] Split Hickory special. And other [illegible] harness, too. It takes 180 [illegible] to show all these in our new 1906 catalogue. We tell you this book will save you money and we want to

SEND YOU ONE FREE

But we must have your name and address — where can we reach you? [illegible] today. [illegible] headquarters. We **make** [illegible]. You can't get a more liberal proposition and you save middlemen's profit of a third to half by dealing with headquarters. Our guarantee is a legally binding one between you and us. You know the years of experience and long successful business [illegible]. Now we want to send you that catalogue so you can pick out what you want to try — then it's up to the goods. Your address, please, at once.

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. COMPANY
H. C. PHELPS, President
Station 108 Cincinnati, Ohio

The Cry of the Children

(Continued from Page 3)

frock hung a long apron which reached to the ground. Her hair was short and shaggy, her face bloated, her eyes like a depression in the flesh, and about her mouth trailed dark streaks of tobacco. It seemed atrocious to question her. Oblivion was the only thing that could have been mercifully tendered, and even the peace of death could hardly have relaxed those tense features, cast in the dogged mould of misery.

"How old are you?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know."

"What do you earn?"

She shook her head again.

On the Night-Shift at Six

Her fingers did not for a moment stop in their swift manipulation of the broken threads. Then, as though she had suddenly remembered something, she said:

"I've only been a-workin' here a day."

"Only one day?"

"I've been on the night-shift till now."

Dwarfs? Ah, yes; dwarfs indeed! But would that those who affirm it might once catch sight of the expression that lowered under the brows of these two miniature victims. Like a menace, threatening, terrible, it seemed to presage a great storm that shall one day be unchained by the spirits too long pent up in service to the greed of man.

The next child I questioned was twelve. She had been only three weeks in the mill.

"Did you ever go to school?" I asked.

"I sure did."

"Would you rather be in school now?"

She stopped a moment, looked full at me, and then she said:

"Yes, indeed I would."

It was just then that we were interrupted by the "second man."

"Some folks," he explained, "thinks we are runnin' children under tweayulve. They's all over tweayulve except a few little ones that's in here helpin'."

He knew something of the law then, this second man.

And if the children were only "helpin'," who was paying them for it?

Who but the owners of the mills?

At the next factory the intricacy of work —cotton-woven bedspreads and crash towels—requires older and more experienced hands. The "boss" made no objection to showing the mill, but, as I was accompanied through the rooms by a clerk, I had no opportunity to question what children there were. Of the two hundred hands, I saw six or seven who looked to be under twelve, and a score who might have just completed their first dozen of years.

About a mile out of Anniston is yet another mill employing one hundred hands. There, finding the gate open, I walked in without passing by the office or asking any sort of permit to visit. My solitary tour through the spinning-room was interrupted by the superintendant, who asked me my "business." When I told him it was "simple curiosity" he led me on a fatiguing expedition through picking, carding and twine rooms: but I had already questioned hastily ten miniature "hands" who were under twelve years old. Too large a proportion, perhaps, even though they might have been only "helpin'!"

The largest factory was firm in its refusal to allow visitors of any sort within its gates.

"You see," the superintendent said, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "we have some difficulty keeping our help, and we're always afraid folks might be prowlin' around to get some of our hands away from us. Besides that," he added, fortifying his refusal, "the insurance companies don't permit us to let people through the mills."

Where Night is Day

One mill there was whose tall, narrow windows continued through the night-hours to glow in the darkness, reflecting long silver beams of light against the hillside houses, as though to search out and claim in their very sleep the mill hands.

Let him who is a skeptic on the subject of child labor, let him who scoffs at the worth of the "lower classes," stand one morning at six before the door of that mill when the night-shift gets off.

The Queen of Sheba considered herself the richest ruler in the world until she saw the splendor of Solomon.

Many a man has considered his letterhead as good as any until he receives a letter written on

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND
"Look for the Water Mark"

—the difference is noticeable at once.

Old Hampshire Bond is designed for intelligent men and firms who appreciate that the dress of a business communication is as important as its address. It is made with special care, from superior materials, and every sheet is hand-selected by an expert examiner. Write us on your present letterhead for our "Book of Specimens," showing Old Hampshire Bond in white and fourteen colors, printed, lithographed and engraved. Every printer and lithographer has this book, but we want *you* to have one.

Old Hampshire Bond

Hampshire Paper Company
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

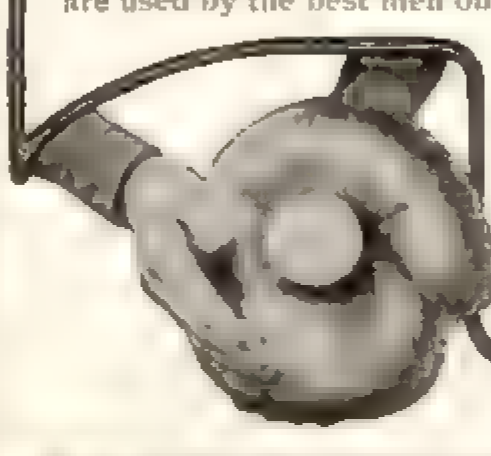
Reach

Reach gives your money back

When you buy a Reach ball, mitt, glove or any other Reach sporting goods, the deal isn't closed. Use the ball or whatever you buy, and if it doesn't give entire satisfaction we replace it free of charge, or return your money. The only exceptions are base-balls and bats selling for less than $1. Other Reach goods are guaranteed regardless of price.

The Reach trade-mark is **a guarantee of quality** as well as of fair play.

The Reach base ball is official for all the big leagues, and Reach mitts and gloves are used by the best men on the diamond.



Base-balls 5c to $1.50
First Basemen's Mitts $1 to $4
Fielders' Gloves 25c to $3
Catchers' Mitts 10c to $8
Fielders' Mitts 25c to $2
Base-ball Bats 5c to $1.25

Insist on getting Reach goods. If you can't get them from your dealer notify us.

Button-badge free. Fac-simile of a Reach base-ball mailed to every one who sends for the Reach catalogue.

A. J. Reach Co., 1705 Tulip St., Philadelphia

TRADE REACH MARK

Why Your Trousers Wrinkle

Your trousers are all puckers and bunches *in the back* because you adjust them with a strap and buckle—you can't make them look dressy no matter how you try. You should wear The Present "NUFANGL" trousers—it's as hard to make *them* look bad, as to make *others* look good.

THE PRESENT "Nufangl"

trousers have the *only* perfect adjustment—the waistband is divided by openings at the side seams, the end of one part passing *over* the other, so that in taking up, or letting out, the fit is not disturbed, and wrinkling becomes *impossible*. "NUFANGL" trousers are not only perfect in adjustment, but also *best* in other ways—material, style, finish, are all that the best dresser could require. Leading Clothiers have them in seasonable weights and weaves, and at the same price as other makes. If your clothier does not have them, we can tell you of one who has.

PRESENT AND COMPANY, 592 Broadway, New York City

Beautify your Home

IF BUILDING or decorating you probably realize that in the modern house the wood work is an important feature: its color and finish are often made the key-note of successful color schemes.

Margaret Greenleaf, of New York, the widely known writer and practical Decorator, is now a permanent member of our Staff in charge of the

Decorative Department

She will upon request furnish to our patrons full color schemes for a single room or an entire building: also panels showing the exquisite wood finishes we supply, and if desired will make purchases of wall coverings, draperies, rugs, furniture, etc., and all *without any charge whatever* to those using our productions.

A letter addressed to Miss Greenleaf at our New York office will bring a prompt reply. Send ten cents for a copy of the new edition of the **Home Ideal** by Margaret Greenleaf, a profusely illustrated book of 25 pages, 8½ x 11 inches, on house decoration.

CHICAGO VARNISH CO.

36 Dearborn Ave.
Chicago

26 Vesey St.
New York

Established 1865.

HOME STUDY COURSES

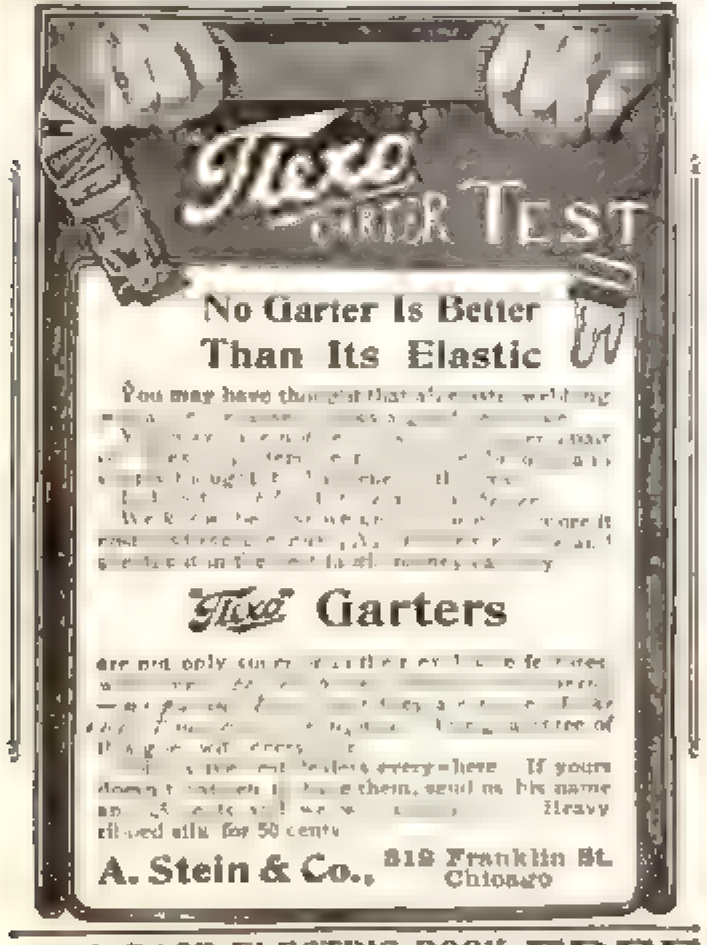
JOHN F. GENUNG, A.M., PH.D.
Professor of English.

OUR School affords the home student an opportunity to pursue a Complete High School Course under professors in leading American colleges and universities. The courses in English are given by Prof. Genung, of Amherst; History, by Prof. Wells, of Yale; Latin, by Prof. Harkness, of Brown; Greek, by Prof. Chase, of Harvard. An eminent specialist is at the head of every department.

Students may register at any time and may take complete courses or pursue special branches. Special attention is given to students preparing for college. We also offer instruction in Commercial and Normal Branches.

Every reader of THE POST who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for a free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study courses.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.



No Garter Is Better Than Its Elastic

You may have thought that all elastic webbing [illegible]

[illegible]

Flexo Garters

are not only [illegible]

[illegible] dealers everywhere. If yours doesn't [illegible] them, send us his name and [illegible] Heavy ribbed silk for 50 cents.

A. Stein & Co., **318 Franklin St. Chicago**

170 PAGE ELECTRIC BOOK FREE
Write for it. We will also send you [illegible]
secure any article in our big catalogue No. 26 for little work.
Julius Andrae & Sons Co., 78 W. Water St. Milwaukee, Wis.

In the haggard procession that filed up the incline toward the settlement the thing which impressed me most was the cheerfulness of every response that was made to any question I put. Conversation with these people never became, as it does inevitably with the poor whom charity societies reach, an occasion for lamentation and complaint.

"Why, the old mill keeps us company," one woman protested. She was a pale wraith of a being, clad in black, her sparse hair dragged clear of her forehead. The fine films of cotton had settled over her garments where they rested like a shroud already enveloping one whose weary limbs would find rest only in death.

"We-all don't mind sleepin' in the daytime," she smiled, "when the children don't wake us up, playin' round."

By our side trudged a long-legged, barefooted boy, who gave his age as thirteen. At an exclamation of pity from me with regard to the night-work for children, he said:

"If you don't work you can't earn nothin'. You sure do make more nights. You can get as much in five nights as you can in six days"—which information was accompanied by a comprehensive expression that traversed his wan face.

"How much time do you have for resting in the night?"

"Not much of any," he said.

"But for eating?"

"You've got just abeaout time enough for swallowin' your midnight lunch. The machinery don't never stop and the work's mostly piece-work."

Here I caught sight of the "hand 'most four" whom my red-headed friend had signaled to me as being on the night-shift. Tumbling along by his mother's side in the semi-obscurity of the dawn, he appeared like a sprite, a creature bred in a cave, his flesh bleached, his eyes dazed by perpetual darkness. Yet when I spoke to him he turned his strange, bloated, masklike face to me and smiled.

"He's only helpin' me," the worker explained. "He makes a dollar-twenty a week. I've got three and myself," she added, almost apologetically, "to look out for since my husband died."

Anniston is a typical Alabama town in which there happen to be mills. The tenements rented by the mill hands are part of the companies' property, but the schools belong to the township, and the mill children, like any other residents of the city, may go or not, as they please, to the public classes. There are no compulsory school laws in the State.

"We don't think it's right in a democracy," one of the Alabama club women explained to me, "to *force* any one to do anything. If the parents want their children to go to school, it's their privilege to send them; but we don't believe in compulsion—we believe in liberty."

Uncommon Honesty

AFTER the general washing of dirty business linen that has taken place the past year, it is consoling to turn up a story of business integrity like the following—a kind of story that occurs much more often than it gets into print:

A large clothing house in Chicago shipped a $10,000 consignment of goods to a retail merchant in Alaska. As the shipment was going a long way, and would be some time on the road, it was insured against loss. On the first week out this clothing got into a freight wreck and was burned up. Proof of total destruction was furnished the insurance company by the shippers, and within another week a check was received for the full value of the consignment.

After a second consignment had been forwarded to the Alaskan dealer, the head of the clothing house remembered that the first shipment had been billed subject to a five per cent. discount for payment in thirty days. The insurance company had paid the full face of the bill without protest within two weeks after its date. According to the business ideas of the head of the house, who is a Hebrew, the insurance company was entitled to the same discount as its customer. Therefore a check for $500 was immediately sent to the insurance people with an explanation. The latter, on their part, returned the check, stating that the face of a policy was not meant to include a trade discount, and that they could not accept the discount. After one or two more letters had passed the check was turned over to a charity.

Rex Flintkote ROOFING
Resists Fire
"LOOK FOR THE BOY"
TRADE MARK
REX
ROOFING
Flintkote

Samples Sent Free
to any one who asks.

Make This Red-Hot Coal Test

It is a *true* test. The spread of fire is generally due to flying sparks, white-hot embers or blazing brands falling on *shingle* or *tar* roofs which quickly catch. On **Rex Flintkote** they smolder and die—try it and see for yourself.

We do *not* claim that **Rex Flintkote** is fire *proof*—light it *on the edge* and it will slowly burn—but there are no cut edges on a roof—the method of laying avoids this. The surface only is exposed.

Rex Flintkote is Good Fire Insurance

It fulfils its purpose. Quality is not sacrificed, and never will be, to meet or undersell cheap competition. **Rex Flintkote** is an *honest* roofing in conception and execution. It resists fire; it resists rain, snow, heat, cold and *wear*. It is a perfect roofing for public buildings, factories, railroad buildings, residences, barns and poultry houses. Two hundred thousand square feet cover the new Atlanta Railroad Terminal. *Any* workman can apply it. Complete laying outfit with directions in every roll. Simple as A-B-C.

Our Handsome Booklet [illegible]

[illegible] also photos of Rex Flintkote [illegible]

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India St., Boston, Mass.
[illegible]

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

Art is found no less in dining well than in painting well, in writing well, in working well. When the world grasps this truth in all its splendor, Nabisco Sugar Wafers as the confection of highest art will have that exalted place on every table to which their transcendent merits justly entitle them.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO—Another confection looking like an almond, but proving to be the most delicately flavored conceit that ever charmed your palate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

COLT'S

The most reliable ALL-ROUND arm ever produced

POLICE

Adopted by the Police Departments in the principal cities of United States and Canada

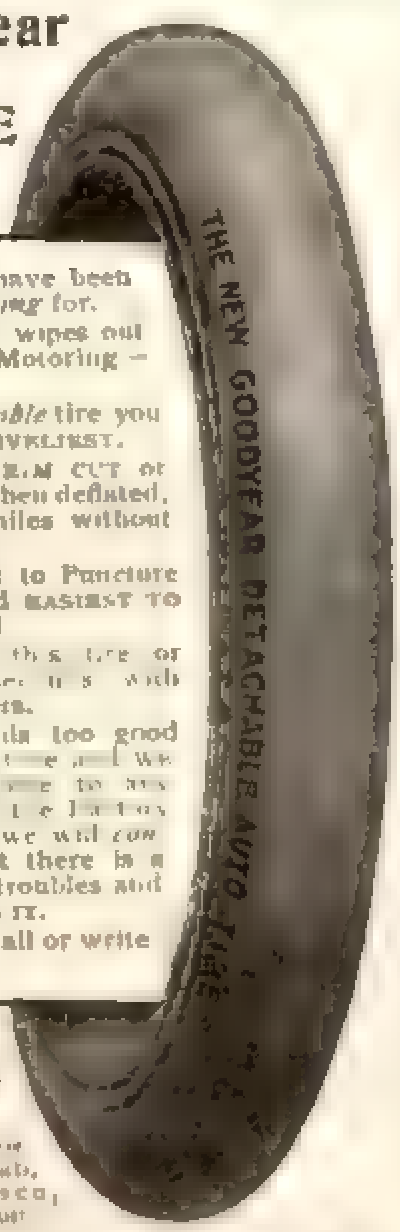
POSITIVE

An arm that is positively safe against accidental discharge. The LATEST invention of the celebrated Colt experts

Calibre 32 and 38

The COLT guarantee is the standard of the firearms world. Catalog "Pistols" describes this and all models. Mailed free on request

COLT'S Patent Firearms Manufacturing CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
LONDON OFFICE 15a, Pall Mall, London



THE NEW GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE

The Goodyear
Detachable
AUTO TIRE
on
Universal Rims

Is the Tire you have been *longing* for and *waiting* for.

It is the Tire that wipes out that bug-a-bear of Motoring — TIRE TROUBLES.

It is the most *durable* tire you ever rode, also the LIVELIEST.

It won't CREEP, RIM CUT or COME OFF THE RIM when deflated, though ridden for miles without a particle of air in it.

It's a tire difficult to Puncture in the first place and EASIEST TO REPAIR in the second.

You can remove this tire or put it back in 30 seconds with no tools but the fingers.

Perhaps this sounds too good to be true but it is true and we CAN PROVE IT. Come to any Branch store or to the factory or WRITE US and we will *convince* you fully that there is a sure relief from tire troubles and that THIS TIRE GIVES IT.

Don't put it off — call or write TODAY.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Seneca St., Akron, Ohio

BRANCHES — Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, Buffalo, Denver and Detroit

$8,000 TO $10,000 Yearly.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
NORTH TONAWANDA N.Y. U.S.A.
CAN BE OPERATED BY STEAM OR ELECTRICITY

This is not a large profit for owners of Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best possible advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no mechanical knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money making business, write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
172 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Luck of Captain Spink

(Concluded from Page 6)

They said he was "*wunderbar*," and he said that he knew it.

"I know I'm a wonder," he remarked modestly, "but I'm a gentleman and I know when I'm among 'em. I'm a stranger here, my friends, but I feel quite at home, and I hope you won't have any more disasters before you fetch China. I wish I was comin' with you to take care of you, for I'm as good as a pilot as any for all the East and a sight better than most."

"We wish you were, too," said the Germans.

"I'm very much pleased with you all," said Spink, "and it will always be a pleasant thought to me that I saved you as you were floatin' about like as if you were an old tin kettle in a duck pond, as I told your skipper here. And though I'm doin' you a service, I don't want to insist on it, as I'm gettin' paid for it, and I want to do you one that I'm not paid for if I may. May I?"

They asked him what he proposed to do for them, and he stood up and told them.

"Gentlemen, my name is Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, and I come from the best county in England, and I have an uncommon deal of pride in me in spite of my nature which compels me, as I said, to ship mates that can lick me and speak to me in terms sometimes that any deck-hand might resent if they were used to him by a drunken admiral. And, havin' that pride, I can feel for the pride of others, and I want to save you and the German Empire from derision, which you and your Empire will certainly get if this affair is put in the papers. I suppose you see that?"

There was no mistake about their seeing it, and their silence said that they did.

"Well," said the noble Spink with his hand at his heart, "I propose to say nothing about it publicly, and I further propose to make my officers hold their tongues on so sore a subject by givin' them a whack out of the swag, and I shall let the crew understand that the Swan was hired to come here to coal you, and then no one but yourselves and your Government, when it pays up, will be the wiser. And I only reserve the right to tell it to the English Foreign Office, for it will ease their minds about the German navy. Is that a bargain?"

The skipper of the cruiser said it was, and all the officers drank the health of Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, and he said he would send them a double Glo'ster cheese if they got home again safely—but of that he had his doubts and he owned it. Then he shook hands with all the junior officers once and with the senior officers twice and with the captain at least ten times.

"And I'll give you the coal all right," said Spink as he went down the side. "We'll find a nice quiet anchorage in the lee of Socotra and fill you up with a quality of coal that your old Fatherland can't match out of a museum. And I'll bet the specimen you have there was brought from the neighborhood of Cardiff. But good-by till the morning, when we'll go to work and fill your poor empty bunkers, my sons. I'd feel a deal easier, though, if you were goin' home."

He was very sorry for them, but not at all sorry for himself. He had done a mighty stroke of business and he revealed his heart to Day.

"I've sold those poor benighted landlubbers a thousand tons," he said, "and we'll take the rest out to Singapore, after all, and I'll fix it up with the consignees. I'm part owner, ain't I? And I don't see why I should tell the robbers who are my partners anything about my deal with the German Empire. They have robbed me and I'll get even. Are you in, Day?"

Day said he was in and so did Ward.

"I think I behaved very well to those Dutchmen not to hold 'em up to public derision," said Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, as he took a last look at the cruiser before he went below for a snooze. "But I always did believe in bein' kind to the poor and afflicted."

Sy-Clo
TRADE MARK

The Latest Word In Sanitation

The name SY-CLO on a closet means health insurance for your home or any building in which the closet is placed; it means freedom from all those diseases which are usually traceable to noxious odors and poisonous gases arising from ordinary closets.

SY-CLO stands for more than mere flushing: it stands for a wonderful syphonic action of great power — an action which literally pulls the contents of the bowl into the drain, cleansing the non-reachable parts, instantly sealing the outlet channel with a water trap to an unusual depth, and absolutely preventing all danger of gas.

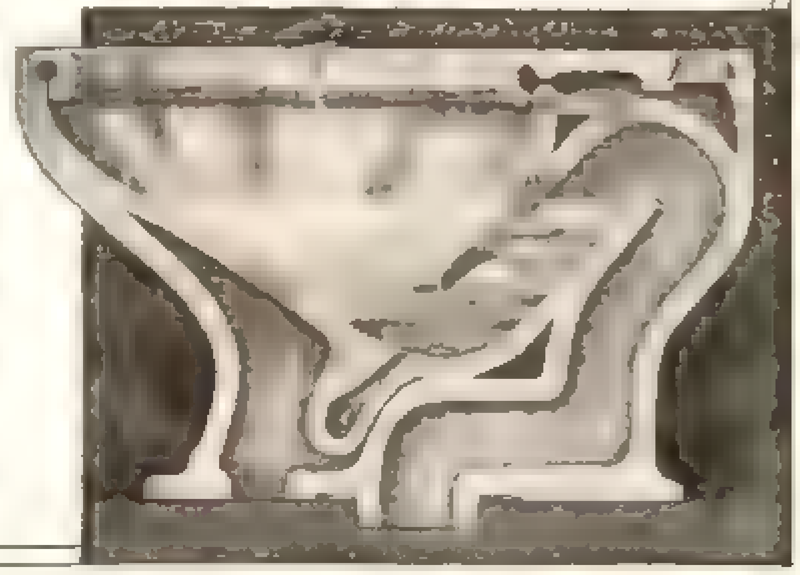
The SY-CLO Closet stands for an interior cleanliness and purity impossible in an iron closet, and unknown in any closet but one made of china — like the SY-CLO. Hand-moulded of china all into one solid piece like a vase, the SY-CLO is without crack, joint or rough surface to collect dirt or disease germs. It is as clean inside and out as a china pitcher, being made exactly the same way and of the same material.

The surface of the SY-CLO Closet cannot chip off, is not affected by acid, water or wear, and hence cannot rust or discolor as an iron closet does. The SY-CLO is strong, simple, durable; it cannot get out of order and will last, with ordinary care, as long as the house in which it is placed.

It costs but little more than the common closet, and when health and comfort are considered, it really costs less; in fact, *your doctor pays the bill.* Your plumber will tell you that SY-CLO is absolutely the latest word in perfect sanitation.

Send for booklet on "Household Health" mailed free.

POTTERIES SELLING CO.,
Trenton, N. J.



Lyvola
Ripe Olives

THIS BOOK IS FREE

Do you like good things to eat? Would you be healthy and strong and happy? Would you become acquainted with a new food—one that is delicious, appetizing, healthful?

LYVOLA Ripe Olives are the ripe fruit from the [illegible] olive trees of California. They are not the green olive that [illegible] They are the fully matured fruit with all the oil cells fully d[illegible] When you eat LYVOLAS you get health giving olive oil, without the olive oil taste.

LYVOLAS are new. You have never eaten them. They are n[illegible] ripe olives heretofore placed upon the market. They are delightfully [illegible] They are [illegible]

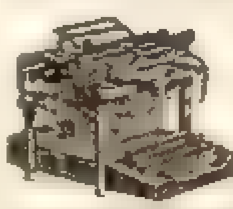
Write [illegible] free [illegible] It is [illegible] of LYVOLAS from this year's crop is necessarily [illegible] only a limited number of these books. Address

LYVOLA OLIVE COMPANY DEPT. P ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Government Positions

39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass [illegible] at $840 to $1200 a year. If [illegible] write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing [illegible] for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.



Clearing Sale Slightly Used **TYPEWRITERS**

We own and offer as wonderful bargains, [illegible] Better than new. [illegible] free examination [illegible] built to sell for $95—our price while they last, $45.

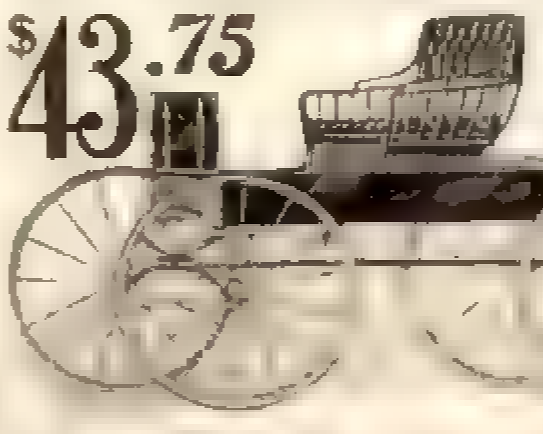
FREE catalogue containing unparalleled list of splendid typewriter bargains. Send for it today.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 740 Baldwin Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. [illegible] system is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. [illegible] as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. [illegible] learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. This system is now widely used by stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters, [illegible] ministers, teachers, [illegible] A [illegible] grade positions in all sections of the country. Send today for free booklet, testimonials, offer etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.



$43.75 Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon

UNION QUALITY FULLY GUARANTEED

Best hickory wheels, ⅞ in. **Rubber Tire,** long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price.** We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

30 Days Free Trial Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of Vehicles, from $26.50 to $150.00. 50 styles Harness $5.00 to $60.00. Write to-day for our 200 page **Illustrated Style Book.** **Free** for the asking.

UNION BUGGY COMPANY **No. 53 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.**

Smith Premier No. 2

IF your letters do not read right it may be the stenographer's fault. If they do not look right it's the fault of the typewriter. With the

Smith Premier

the mechanical end of your correspondence is sure to be perfect.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE
ROOFING RULES

A Good Book on Roofing Tin

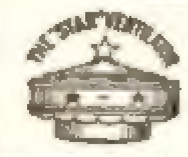
for everyone who owns a roof. Our **Free Book** tells the difference between good and bad Roofing Tin; it also tells how you can save dollars on your roof repair bills. Write for "Roofing Rules A."

When you want the best roof, specify "Merchant's Old Method" Roofing Tin.

M & E Co

MERCHANT & EVANS CO., Inc.
Philadelphia, New York, Chicago,
Brooklyn, Baltimore, Kansas City, Denver.

We are also sole mfrs. of the "Star" Ventilator, of which thousands are used by the U. S. Govt. Specified by leading architects and engineers.



"MERCHANT'S
M.O.M. OLD METHOD"
ROOFING TIN

BOYS WRITE FOR FREE BOOK OF BASE BALL RULES AND REGULATIONS SEASON 1906
BOYS WRITE FOR HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE
BOYS
WE WILL DELIVER TO YOUR HOME
ALL EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID
A Handsome Base Ball Outfit
Consisting of cotton Flannel Shirt, Padded Pants, College Style Cap, and Fine Belt.
FOR 90cts
Book of Base Ball Rules & Regulations Free
EASTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
215 GARFIELD ST., GARFIELD N.J.

Are You DEAF?

I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective. Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Tell me the cause of your deafness. Geo. P. Way, 1510 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

AN OUTLAW AT HOME

(Concluded from Page 11)

Aunt Metty was at home. Both assistants had gone to Marysville the night before, and Uncle Niely was sitting up with the old cow in their stead. The two visitors explained, with some awkwardness, that they had been going on to the "gap," and had seen the cabin, and had thought that perhaps they could stay over and get some breakfast.

Uncle Niely did not come down the gulch for another half-hour. He had heard the ponies, however, and when he did come, he came much more silently than those "revenuers." Twitching open the door, he covered them with two large hammerless revolvers at the same instant as they threw up their rifles.

The power of personal magnetism is something which has, perhaps, been overemphasized. But there is one phase of it to which almost no attention has been given at all. When two gentlemen face each other with cocked weapons, the professional—the man who has shot with painful effects before—is going to exert a very real and nerve-sapping personal magnetism upon the will of the amateur, the man who does not know whether it would be wise to shoot or not. In this case there were two amateurs. But when, after a long ten seconds of silence, they were advised to put their Winchesters on the bed, they obeyed.

Aunt Metty told "her man" that they had asked for breakfast. Uncle Niely owned that the request was a moderate one, and commanded her to prepare it for them. Also, that they should be ready for it when it was prepared, he seated them side by side at the table, and upon that small vertebral hummock on the nape of the masculine neck—which under more fancy-free conditions is commonly polished or abraded by the collar-button—in the case of each of his guests he placed a revolver muzzle colder than a retriever's nose. After the next half-hour had passed thus, the bacon and hominy appeared upon the board, and he bade them eat.

One of the pair seemed to have the same difficulty in finding his mouth with his fork as a three months' old baby has in finding it with a rattle. The other choked himself at the second gulp, and was in common fairness warned that another such paroxysm might loose off the trigger. They said they could not eat. They had asked for breakfast, however, and, as Uncle Niely reminded them, the Scriptures are terrible hard on him who turns any man empty away.

We have heard often enough of that lump in the throat which keeps the afflicted wight from swallowing. Why should something not in the gullet at all have the same psychic power? Or, again, how hot need coffee be not to be chilled by four pounds of blued steel laid against the rearward wall of the œsophagus?—Questions not for us, but for the physiologist! And whatever be their answer, Uncle Niely did his part by compelling the twain to eat, and eat to most horrid satiety. Then he led them forth and saw them hoist their qualmy limbs into the saddle. After which he paused a moment, and, ere he pointed them back down the cove with one of their own weapons, showed them that both his revolvers had been empty. His "boys," before leaving for Marysville the day before, had used up the last cartridges target-shooting.

The pair who had brought in the cornmeal were now stirring themselves for the home journey. It was time, also, that we two were saying farewell and resuming the pedestrian business. We had had perhaps as illuminating a view of "moonshining" as is often given to the outsider to obtain—a view hardly less illuminating, indeed, than that vouchsafed to those luckless revenuers themselves. We had had one more proof, too, that the Byronic type of outlaw is a fraud and a fakement.

As for the moral aspects of illicit stilling, what of that? Alas, but truly our point of view had been given a hopeless twisting. It might be that, after all, the only difference between the great, sleek and virtuous distillery over the mountains and Uncle Niely's wicked and unkempt old cow, was that the former could do a vast deal of harm and the latter a very little. And this point of view is plainly anarchistic.

Both Sides of this Underwear Question

Linen that means Kneipp Linen Mesh because all other so called Linen Mesh Underwears contain cotton—a statement we would not dare make could we not prove it.

Kneipp Linen is pure unmixed Irish Linen and nothing *but* linen.

That's why it's the cleanest, coolest, dryest feeling underwear you can glory in.

And its loose, comfortable fit and "open weave" next the skin give the pores absolute freedom, while its closer woven "outside" protects the body against sudden changes of temperature.

The streamers of the seal show a strip of Kneipp Linen Mesh folded so you can see both sides—but we will send samples of our several weaves and weights on request—free—so write for them today.

We take Linen against "the field." So do the Doctors.

But the first claim for Linen is that it feels so clean, cool and dry. Its firm, glossy fibers stand apart as woven, the air circulates freely through its meshes and you never feel "sticky" in Linen Underwear.

Cotton and wool hug the form, "mat" and "pack"—get perspiration soaked, *cannot* dry out quickly and you feel sticky and uncomfortable.

But worst of all you are encased in clammy dampness—the pores are choked, stop work and you catch cold because your busy little pores are not allowed to regulate the temperature of the body as nature intended they should.

That's why your Doctor says "Linen next the skin"—the pleasantest prescription he could give and a cold preventive as well.

And when he says

Kneipp Wear-Guarantee The manufacturer's strong wear-guarantee stands behind every garment. If it does not wear satisfactorily your dealer will replace it on his judgment without consulting us—or we will if you deal direct with us. Our sweeping wear-guarantee protects both our dealers and the wearer.

Linen Mesh
Kneipp
Underwear

Sent For Free Inspection

The best dealers everywhere sell Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear for Men, Women and Children. On request we will send samples of the different weights and meshes and give you the names of our dealers in your town. If we have no dealer near you we will send Kneipp Underwear direct to you for free inspection. Write today for free Linen Book. It tells the simple proved truth about Linen for Comfort and Health.

C. COMMICHAU & CO., Ltd.
89 Franklin Street - - - New York City

300 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album, 10c. 40 different U. S. 10c. 200 var., 25c. 500 var., $1.25. 1,000 var., $4.00. 32 page list free. Packet No. 1-10 Animal Stamps, 10c. Agents wanted. 50% com. L. Crowell Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio

The Pratt Teachers' Agency 70 Fifth Ave. New York

Positions in public and private schools and colleges procured for teachers. Parents advised about schools. Write for particulars.

Positively the Last
of the
Booklovers' Shakespeare

Three years have now passed since we first took hold of the **Booklovers' Shakespeare** and in that time three large and entire editions of the work have been distributed through our Library Club. The past is a record of phenomenal success, the popularity of the work is uninterrupted, and we would gladly purchase another edition were we able to secure it at previous figures. We are, however, unable to make satisfactory terms with the publisher, who wants to sell the books through agents at the full price, and we are reluctantly compelled to announce this as **positively the last of the Booklovers' Shakespeare**

Bound Books At Sheet Prices

We find a few sets left on hand of the half leather edition which are either slightly discolored from exposure in the show window or a little rubbed from handling, but the damage is so slight that it is scarcely noticeable. Our inspector, however, will not pass them as perfect stock, so we will close them out for what they are worth to us with their covers torn off.

No Other Edition Contains

TOPICAL INDEX: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

CRITICAL COMMENTS, explaining the plays and characters; selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearean scholars.

GLOSSARIES FOLLOWING EACH PLAY, so that you do not have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.

TWO SETS OF NOTES: Explanatory notes for the general reader and critical notes for the student or scholar.

ARGUMENTS, giving a full story of each play in interesting, readable prose.

STUDY METHODS, consisting of study questions and suggestions,—the idea being to furnish a complete college course of Shakespearean study.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagehot, Stephen, and other distinguished Shakespearean scholars and critics.

THE BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE in 40 dainty volumes—a play to a volume—contains 7000 pages, including 40 beautiful plates in colors and 400 other illustrations. The volumes are 7 x 5 inches—just right for easy handling. The price of the work sold through agents is $42.00. **WE OFFER THIS FINAL END OF A LARGE EDITION AT $23.00** to close them out.

FREE—For 5 Days

Nothing that we can say about the Booklovers' can be as convincing as a personal examination of the books. We will send you the set transportation prepaid—allow you ample time for its examination and if for any reason it fails to give you satisfaction **you may return it at our expense.** No deposit is required—and you incur neither risk nor expense in doing this—nor are you under obligation to purchase unless thoroughly satisfied. All you need to do is to fill up and return the accompanying coupon

SIEGEL COOPER CO.
New York

We employ no agents. The Library Club transacts all its business by correspondence.

FOLD AND TEAR OFF HERE

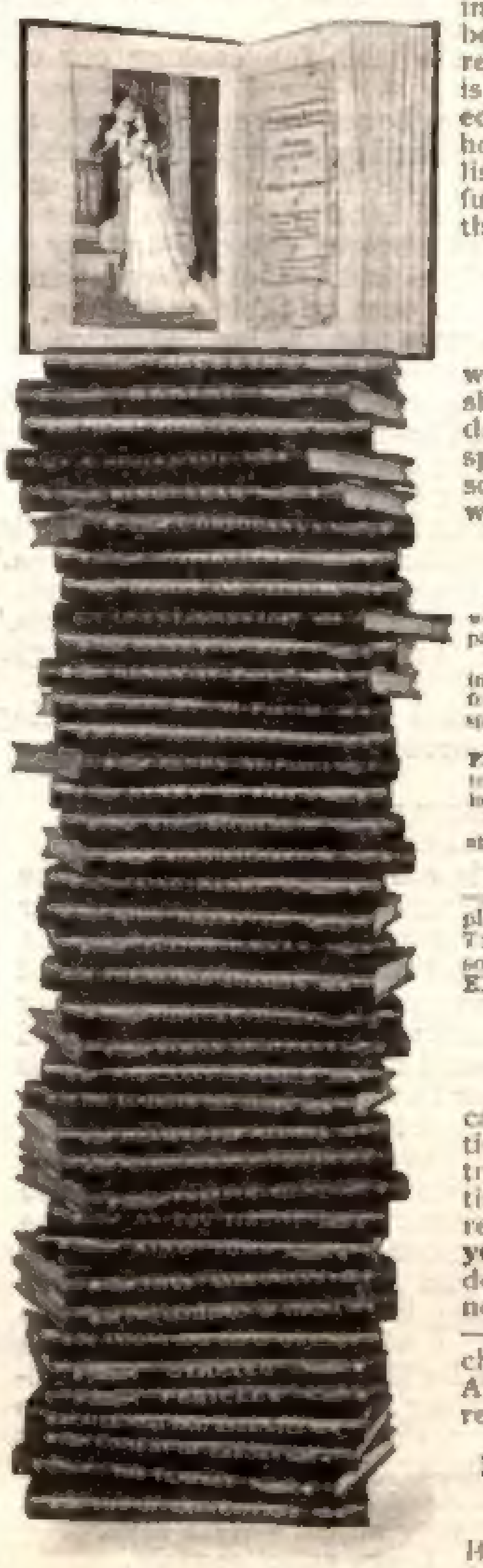
S. E. P.
3-10-'06

SIEGEL
COOPER CO.
NEW YORK

Please send on approval, prepaid, set of Booklovers' Shakespeare in half leather binding, at your special price of $23.00. If the set is satisfactory, I will pay $1.00 within five days after receipt of books and $2.00 a month thereafter for 11 months. If it is not satisfactory, I am to notify you without delay and hold the set subject to your order. Title to the books to remain in Siegel Cooper Co. until fully paid for.

Name ....

Address ....



40 Dainty Volumes
Illustrated in Colors

Absolutely Accurate At ALL SPEEDS

NO matter how fast or how slow you go the Auto-Meter tells the speed at which your Automobile is traveling with unfailing correctness.

It is actuated by the same *unchangeable magnetism* which makes the Mariner's Compass unfailing and certain **forever.**

The Auto-Meter is the *only* successful *magnetic* indicator because there is just one way in which magnetism can *successfully* be used, and *we have patented that way.* That means that the only indicator you can *depend* upon for *Permanent Reliability* is

The Warner

AUTO-METER

(Registers Speed and Distance)

It registers any speed from *1-4 mile to 60 miles* per hour.

It tells how far you have gone on the *trip* and gives total miles traveled during the *season.*

It goes on the dashboard, where it can be *read from the seat,* and fits any Automobile.

It's as sensitive as a compass and as *solid as a rock.* It is uninfluenced by any shock which would not ruin your car. It is accurate when you get it, and is

GUARANTEED TEN YEARS

We will renew any Auto-Meter within 10 years (unless injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is more than *1-10 of 1%* incorrect.

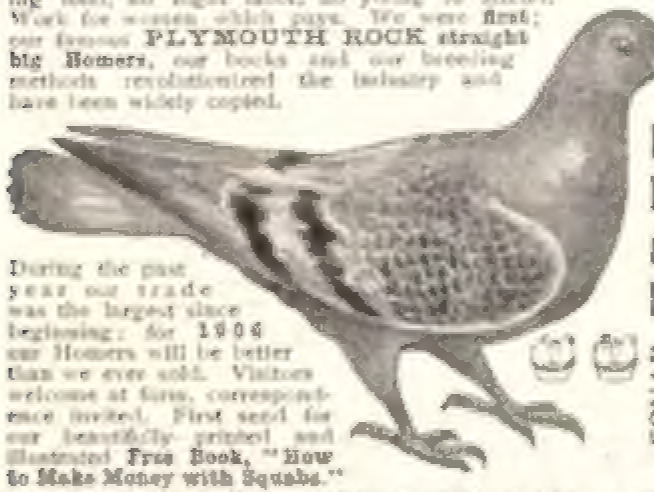
Any man who can afford an automobile can easily afford an Auto-Meter. It is as indispensable to the Motorist as the *watch in his pocket.*

Let us tell you more about it.

Write us *to-day* and we'll send you with our answer our free book "Auto Pointers." Address

The Warner Instrument Co., 101 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)



Eat squabs — when you buy them ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** squabs, which are the **largest and best.** Breed squabs to make money. Raised in **four weeks,** sell for **$2.50 to $6** doz. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were **first;** our famous **PLYMOUTH ROCK straight big Homers,** our books and our breeding methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied.

FREE SQUAB BOOK

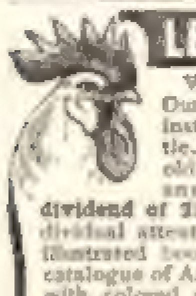
During the past year our trade was the largest since beginning; for 1906 our Homers will be better than we ever sold. Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated **Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."**

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 423 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

THE Victor BOOK FREE TO YOU

Tells how to make hens lay when eggs are dear—how to raise chickens to sell at early spring prices. Victor Incubators are built to hatch every fertile egg. Our nearly 40 years experience and large facilities enable us to make the best incubator at the lowest relative price. We pay the freight and send a guarantee bond with every machine, agreeing to take it back and refund money if not as represented. Write us today.

GEO. ERTEL CO., Quincy, Ill. Established 1867.



LEARN POULTRY CULTURE

We can teach you thoroughly, successfully. Our original personal correspondence course of instruction is interesting, practical, costs but little. **A safe guide to beginners,** invaluable to old poultry raisers. We teach you how to make any plot of ground, large or small, pay a sure **dividend of 25 to 50 per cent on the investment.** Individual attention given each student. Send 10 cents for illustrated booklet telling how to make poultry pay, and catalogue of America's largest model poultry plant, together with colored photograph of poultry suitable for framing. Send for it today. Do it now. **Columbia School of Poultry Culture, 165 Harvey Bldg., Waterville, N. Y.**

$12.75 Freight Paid

East of Rockies

This 230 Egg Incubator

THE ROYAL The world's simplest, surest hatcher. Automatic in action; perfect results. Incubator and supply catalogue free. **FREE TRIAL** Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10 cents. 50 cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.

Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 29, Des Moines, Iowa.

POULTRY For PROFIT

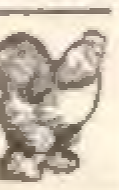
or pleasure, is **easy** if you have a **1906 Pattern Standard Cyphers Incubator.** Guaranteed to hatch more and healthier chicks than any other. **90 days' trial.** Start right and make money. Complete outfits for dooryard or farm. Catalogue and Poultry Guide (228 pages) **free** if you mention this magazine and send addresses of two nearby poultry raisers. Address nearest office.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City or San Francisco.

SQUABS How we raise and prepare squabs for market; prices, profits, care of breeders. Details of management in one of the most perfectly equipped Squab Plants in the world. **Sent Free.**

ROYAL SQUAB CO., Show Room, 186 C, East 42d St., New York



GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of **Standard bred poultry for 1906,** printed in **beautiful colors,** contains **Fine Chromo,** illustrates and describes **60** varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 13)

with. They kept to the Montparnasse quarter, for there, Paula said, were the best ateliers for Betty. They found a little restaurant where only art students ate, and where one could breakfast royally for about a shilling. Betty looked with interest at the faces of the students, and wondered whether she should ever know any of them. Some of them looked interesting. A few were English, and fully half American.

Then the weary hunt for rooms began again.

It was five o'clock before a concierge, unexpectedly amiable in face of their refusal of his rooms, asked whether they had tried Madame Bianchi's—Madame Bianchi, where the atelier was, and the students' meetings on Sunday evenings—number 57, Boulevard Montparnasse.

They tried it. One passes through an archway into a yard where the machinery of a great laundry pulses half the week, up some wide wooden stairs—shallow, easy stairs—and on the first floor are the two rooms. Betty drew a long breath when she saw them. They were lofty, they were airy, they were light. There was not much furniture, but what there was was good—old carved armoires, solid divans and—joy of joys!—in each room a carved oak, seventeenth century mantelpiece eight feet high and four feet deep.

"I *must* have these rooms!" Betty whispered. "Oh, I could make them so pretty!"

The rent of the rooms was almost twice as much as the sum they had fixed on, and Paula murmured caution.

"It's no use," said Betty. "We'll live on bread and water if you like, but we'll live on it *here.*"

And she took the rooms.

"I'm sure we've done right," she said as they drove off to fetch her boxes; "the rooms will be like a home—you see if they aren't. And there's a piano, too. And Madame Bianchi, isn't she a darling? Isn't she pretty and sweet and nice?"

"Yes," said Paula thoughtfully; "it certainly is something that you've got rooms in the house of a woman like that."

"And that ducky little kitchen! Oh, we shall have such fun cooking our own meals!"

When the boxes were unpacked, and Betty had pinned up a few prints and photographs and sketches, and arranged some bright-colored Liberty scarfs to cover the walls' more obvious defects—left by the removal of the last tenant's decorations—when flowers were on table and piano, the curtains drawn and the lamps lighted, the room did, indeed, look "like a home."

"We'll have dinner out to-night," said Paula, "and to-morrow we'll go marketing, and find you a studio to work at."

"Why not here?"

"That's an idea. Have you a lace collar you can lend me? This is not fit to be seen."

Betty pinned the collar on her friend.

"I believe you get prettier every minute," she said. "I must just write home and give them my address."

She fetched her embroidered blotting-book and wrote:

> 57, BOULEVARD MONTPARNASSE.
>
> *My dear Father:*
>
> This is our new address. Madame Gautier's tenant wanted to keep on her flat in the Rue de Vaugirard, so she has taken this one which is larger and very convenient as it is close to many of the best studios. It is not decided yet where I am to study, but there is an atelier in the house for ladies only, and I think it will be there, so that I shall not have to go out to my lessons. I will write again as soon as we are more settled. We only moved in late this afternoon, so there is a lot to do. I hope you are quite well, and that everything is going on well in the parish. I will certainly send some sketches for the Christmas sale. Madame Gautier does not wish me to go home for Christmas; she thinks it would interrupt my work too much. There is a new girl, a Miss Conway. I like her very much. With love,
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> E. DESMOND.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VENT
WATER REGULATOR
Pipe to Lavatory
WATER
GAS
DRIP
WATER

The Humphrey Instantaneous Water Heater

Is guaranteed to heat water for general family use by the year *more economically* than any other heater or system of heating. *For the Bath,* for the *Kitchen,* for the *Office,* anywhere, it quickly pays for itself. You light a match, turn a handle, and steaming

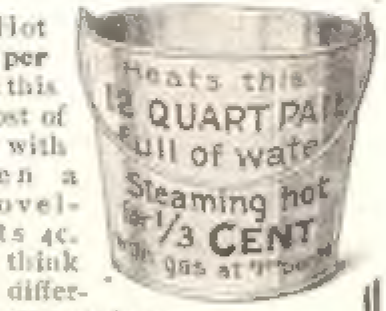
Hot Water Instantly

pours forth, day or night, summer or winter, in unlimited supply, for it heats the water as it flows.

Quickly pays for itself, besides the saving in Time and Labor

Two Reasons for this remarkable economy: 1. Perfect combustion, and every heat unit taking effect. 2. Gas flows *only* while the water flows — not a particle of gas is wasted or unused hot water left in heater or pipes. We guarantee these results — we guarantee satisfaction.

Heats Water Hot for **1-10 cent per gal.** Compare this with the cost of heating with coal when a good shovelful costs 4c. **Then** think of the difference in **convenience.**



Heats this 12 QUART PAIL full of water Steaming hot for 1/3 CENT

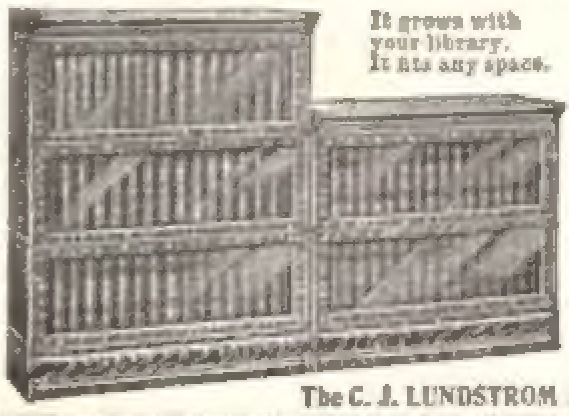
Write for Descriptive Booklet — FREE

Humphrey Co.

Dept. P 10

Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Largest Mfrs. Instantaneous Water Heaters in the World."



On Approval, Freight Paid Per Section **$1.00** without Door **$1.75** with Door

It grows with your library. It fits any space.

The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

Pronounced the Best by its Thousands of Users

The Lundstrom cases are made under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production is sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such reasonable prices. In purchasing a Lundstrom Sectional Bookcase you are not helping to test a doubtful experiment, but are getting an article which time and experience have proven a wonderful success. Our sectional bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Every book section has **non-binding, disappearing glass door** and is highly finished in **Solid Oak.** Tops and bases, $1.00 each. **Write for illustrated catalogue No. 25 C.**

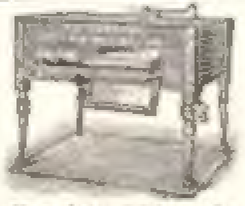
All Goods Sold Direct From Factory Only

The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N.Y., Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets

BIG MONEY IN HENS

You can make good money from poultry if you follow the plan that has made **Millhook Poultry Farm** the greatest pure bred poultry farm in the world. All told in our new 128-page book, **"POULTRY FOR PROFIT."** Pictures and describes all breeds; gives plans for poultry houses and full directions for feeding, mating and caring for fowls; with lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, feeds and all supplies. Book for 10c. postage.

J. W. Miller Co., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

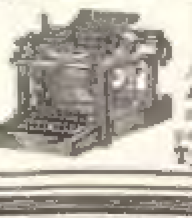


Successful Incubators

Tried, proven under all conditions. They'll hatch the most and strongest chicks for you. Take no chances. Get Successful Incubators and Brooders and make failure impossible. Incubator and Poultry Catalogue **Free.** Booklet, "Proper Care and Feeding Small Chicks," 10c. 50c. poultry paper one year, 10c.

Des Moines Incubator Co., Dept. 549, Des Moines, Ia.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines **SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE** at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.

Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St., Chicago

RUSH-COUPONS!

Cut out this advertisement, attach to your business stationery, and mail to us—or write on your regular letter-head.

In return we will send free **50 RUSH COUPONS** (printed on **COUPON BOND** paper).

Pin one of these **RUSH COUPONS** to your next order. It will save you time and worry.

Let us put a pad of these Coupons on your desk with our compliments.

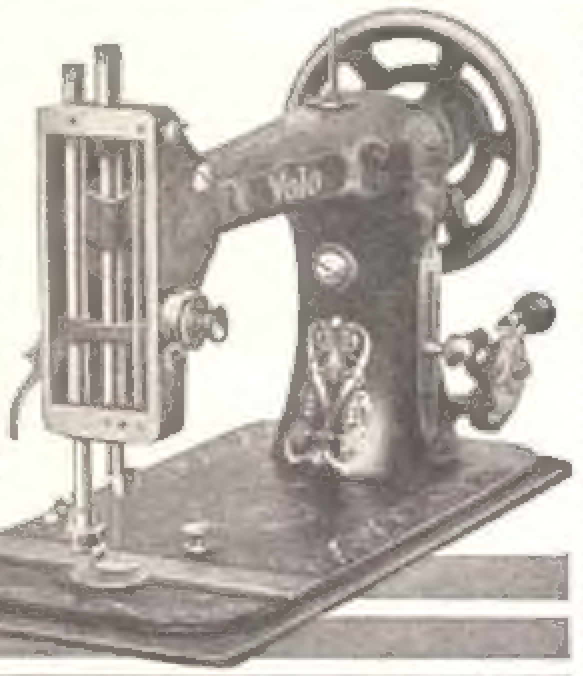
AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY, 22 MILL STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! If you want the **BEST SEEDS** that can be grown, you should read **The Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1906,** so well known as the **"Leading American Seed Catalogue."** It is mailed **FREE to all.** Better write **TO-DAY.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Automatic Tension Release

When presser bar is raised the tension is released; when lowered, regular tension is restored.



Many New Advantages

For fine, fast, *easy* sewing, no machine ever made can approach the Volo—the newest, highest-grade sewing machine on the market. It is not an ordinary "sewing machine," but a piece of mechanism constructed on entirely new lines, so marvelously efficient that it transforms sewing into mere pastime. The

Volo

Sewing Machine

has proven the lightest running of all machines. Its perfected system of bearings reduces friction by 80 per cent. Runs without vibration; practically without noise. No work too heavy, no work too delicate for the **Volo** to perform faultlessly. As beautifully finished as the finest piano. Price, $40—a third less than other machines. For sale by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

Our special booklet explains fully why the **Volo** is superior to any machine you ever saw or tried. Send for it.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis and New York.

Stall's Books

All people, sooner or later in life, are bound to know the truth about themselves and the sexes. It is human nature. The greatest duty of parents is to understand these vitally important truths themselves, and to make their children understand them—*in the right way.*

To tell these truths in an intelligent and straightforward manner, Stall's Books have been written.

The 8 Books in this series are:

Four Books to Men	Four Books to Women
By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.	By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D.
What a Young Boy Ought to Know	What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know	What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know	What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know	What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

$1 per copy, post free. Send for free table of contents.

Vir Publishing Co. 944 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Telegraphy—The Road to Success.

Be a telegraph operator. Good wages, great opportunities for advancement. **We teach telegraphy quickly.** Send for our 40-page booklet—FREE. Tuition and expenses low—students earn board if desired. We pay railroad fare.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy,
Janesville, Wis. *(Est. [illegible] years.)*

WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN
ASK FOR A MASSAGE
USE POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

If you patronize a barber, remember that the Pompeian sign in a barber shop is proof that you can get a real massage there—a hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream.

If you shave yourself, you can get a jar of the cream from your druggist, and with our book, perform facial massage yourself. Have

Pompeian Massage Cream

in the house in either case. After the day's work or sport, nothing is more refreshing than a good facial massage. Those whose occupation or sports expose their hands and faces to accumulation of dust and grime, find Pompeian Massage Cream the only thing that will entirely remove the soil from the skin. It removes the pore-dirt that soap cannot reach—and, increases the blood circulation, relaxes the muscles and makes the flesh firm and the complexion clear.

Don't allow the druggist to sell you an imitation, nor let your barber use a substitute—imitations do not do the work and may do harm. Look for trade mark on bottle and see that the name "Pompeian" is there.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

This is the jar the barber buys.

SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 50 cts. and $1.00 a jar.

POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY
49 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Men like Pompeian Massage Soap. A high grade toilet article, healing and refreshing, but not *highly* perfumed. Sold everywhere.

This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

LIQUID VENEER

A CHILD CAN APPLY IT

Have You Tried it, Madam?

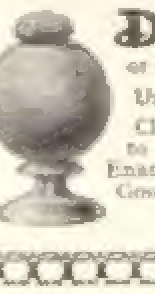
It is applied with a cloth and renews everything from a $1,000 piano to a 50c. kitchen chair, including your furniture, woodwork, picture frames, etc., making all look exactly like new, by simply going over the surface as though dusting. You cannot realize what it will do **until you try it!** It instantly carries away smokiness, dirt, germs, stains and scratches, and will improve even a new, highly finished piano!

Remember, it's not a varnish; there are no brushes, no stickiness, no muss, and no drying to wait for. A child can apply it. Don't fail to use it at housecleaning time. At Grocers, Druggists, Hardware and Furniture Dealers. Large bottle, enough to renovate the ordinary home, 50 cents. **Beware of Substitutes.**

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
374 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE

Postpaid to anyone sending their dealer's name and address.



DONT LICK STAMPS

or envelope flaps; it isn't sanitary—nor polite. Use the **DAINTY MOISTENER**

Clean, ornamental desk appliance. Invaluable to currency counters. Nickeled 50c, Black Enameled 25c. Special price in quantities. Agents! Good side line. **O'Neil Water Heater Mfg. Co., Dept. F, Peoria, Ill.**

AUTOMOBILE users, drivers, repairmen, chauffeurs, and others wanted all over the country; 50,000 machines built this year in United States, affording great opportunities for men trained in this coming business; a small outlay per day will qualify you for good wages in this field, in which the demand is such that ability counts ahead of pull and length of service. For full particulars, including free lesson and "Dictionary of Motoring Terms," address, The Correspondence School of Automobile Engineering, Suite 6626 Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

It's Summer Now *in* JAMAICA

The Gem of the WEST INDIES

REGULAR WEEKLY SAILINGS by the steamers of the

Atlas Line Service

FIRST-CLASS RATES

To JAMAICA, $20 to $40. Round trip, $37.50 to $75.00, including berth and meals.

23 DAYS' CRUISE, visiting ports in **JAMAICA, COLOMBIA** and **COSTA RICA, $125.00,** including berth and meals.

Regular service to and from COLON, via KINGSTON, JAMAICA, first-class rate **$55.00** and upward, including berth and meals.

For further particulars apply

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

Offices: 35-37 Broadway, N. Y. Boston, 92 State St.
Chicago, 159 Randolph St. Philadelphia, 1229 Walnut St.
San Francisco, 401 California St. St. Louis, 901 Olive St.

The DAISY Air Rifle

Every Healthy Boy Wants a Gun

A real gun—not a toy. You want him to have a **safe** gun, so that he won't be experimenting with the dangerous kind. The Daisy Air Rifle, which shoots with compressed air instead of powder, is harmless, and will satisfy every fun-loving healthy boy. The Daisy Air Rifle is beautifully finished in walnut and nickeled steel, has hammerless action, and perfect sights. It gives the boy a gun with all the accuracy, style and finish as the gun his father uses.

1,000-Shot Daisy costs $2

Other Daisy Models **$1 to $1.75**

Sold by dealers everywhere or sent charges prepaid on receipt of price direct from factory.

The "Daisy" book telling all about them is free; write for it

DAISY MFG. CO.
Dept. G, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

Florsatin For Floors

An Exquisite Finish having the **Exact Appearance of Wax,** but without its slippery surface and capacity for catching dust and disease germs. FLORSATIN imparts to woods all the beauty of wax while possessing far greater durability. It is **much easier to apply and care for** and may be washed frequently without injuring the satinlike beauty of its surface. Send ten cents for a panel showing this beautiful finish and a copy of the new edition of the **Home Ideal,** by Margaret Greenleaf, a profusely illustrated book of 25 pages, 8¼ x 11 inches, on house decoration.

Chicago Varnish Company

36 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. *Established 1865.* **26 Vesey Street, New York.**

WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

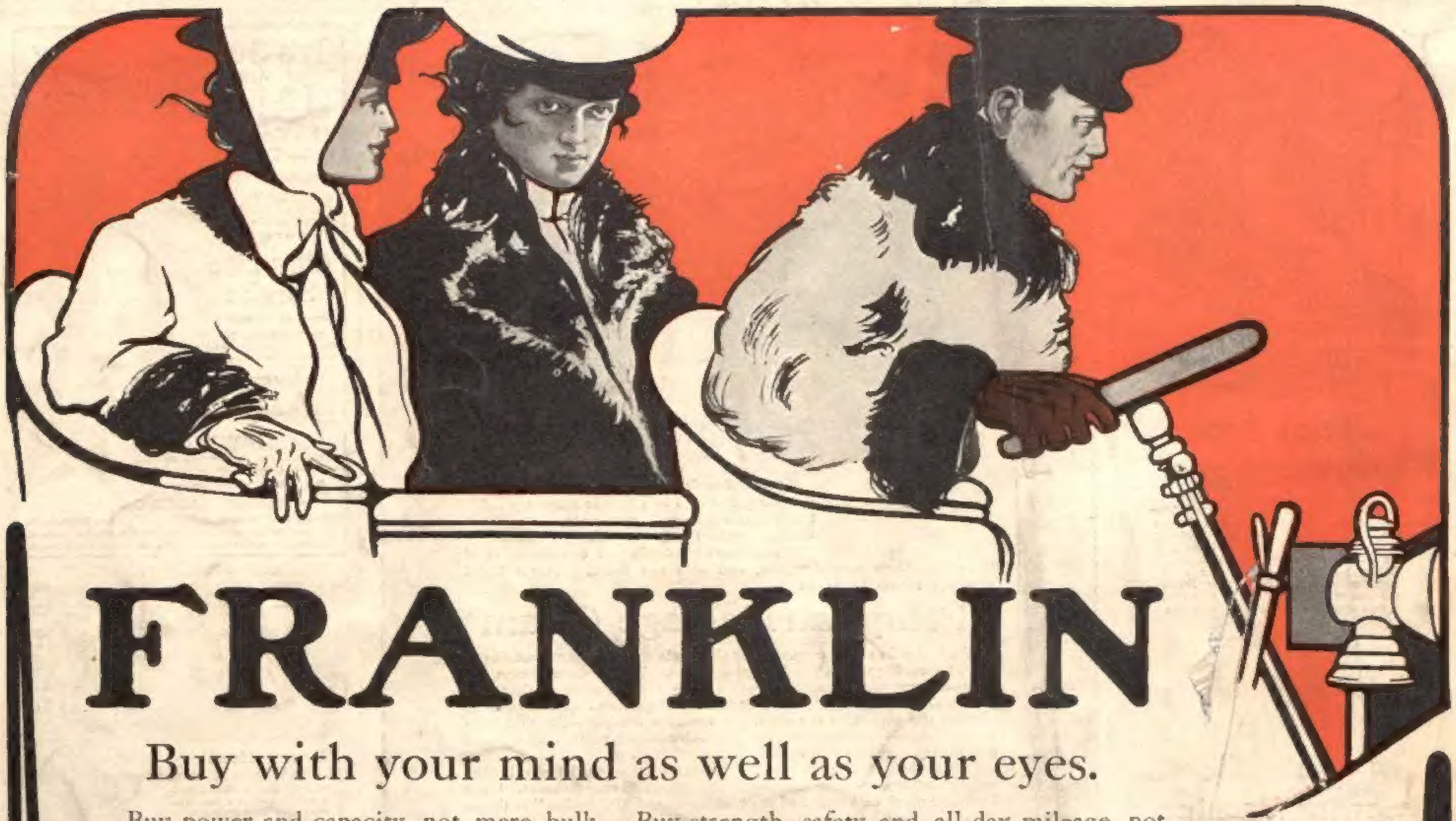
We Supply the U. S. Government.

Prices Cut in Half

to introduce. Don't buy until you see our large, new 80-page Band instrument text-book B. Sent FREE. Write to-day.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Save Magazine Money by ordering all of your magazines and newspapers through us. **Our 44-page Catalogue** containing a list of 2500 periodicals mailed **Free.** Better write for it to-day. A postal will do. Address **J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY, Lexington, Ky.**



FRANKLIN

Buy with your mind as well as your eyes.

Buy power and capacity, not mere bulk. Buy strength, safety and all-day mileage, not useless weight and extravagant tire-bills. Buy the genuine luxury of real comfort.

The Franklin is the modern "grey hound" type of motor-car; impressive, not for eye-filling avoirdupois, but the mind-satisfying ability and enjoyability which comes of an extremely efficient motor in a strong, roomy, flexibly-framed, perfectly-suspended light-weight car.

Franklin Motors are powerful beyond all others of their size and rating, because Franklin air-cooling creates and maintains the most efficient working temperature possible to obtain in a motor-car engine. The Franklin auxiliary exhaust discharges the hot gases left by the explosion without carrying them back through the cylinder as in ordinary engines. There is no flame to burn and pit the main exhaust valve and cause it to leak power. There is no over-heating and no back-pressure to retard the piston on its idle stroke. The combustion chamber is kept so cool that it takes in a much larger fresh charge than is ever admitted by standard cylinders of equal size. And the unusually full power thus obtained is produced continuously under full load without hindrance, leakage or loss of any kind.

Getting rid of water-cooling apparatus and its heavier supporting frame frees the power from a useless weight, while the four full-elliptic spring and wood sill construction used in every Franklin car absorb road-vibrations, save the power that is jolted out of stiff metal-frame cars and make speed so safe and comfortable on ordinary rough country roads that the exceptional ability attained is better utilized and more completely available than that of any other car.

The luxurious strength and power of Franklin cars, and their abundant adequacy to all demands become more evident with every mile traveled and every test encountered.

The Franklin Motor Book—handsomest and clearest ever published—shows in full detail the distinctive features which make Franklins what they are. Write for it.

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse.

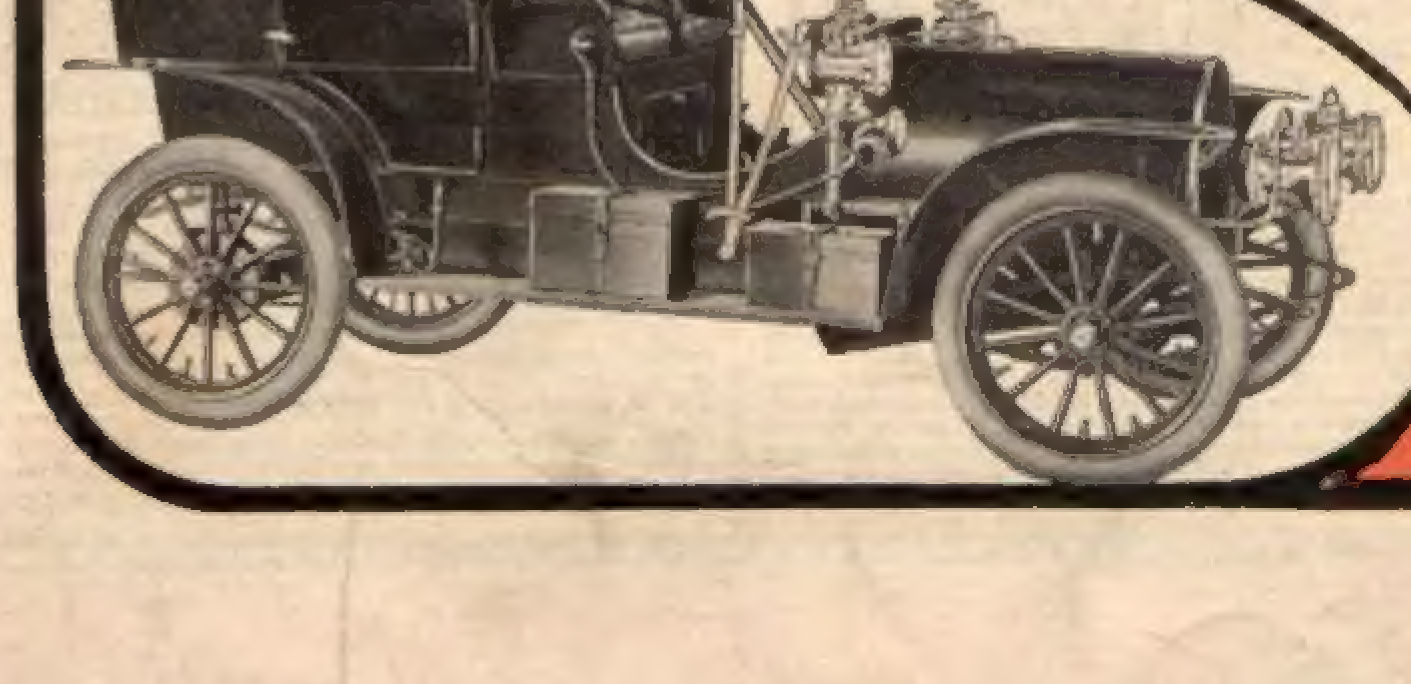
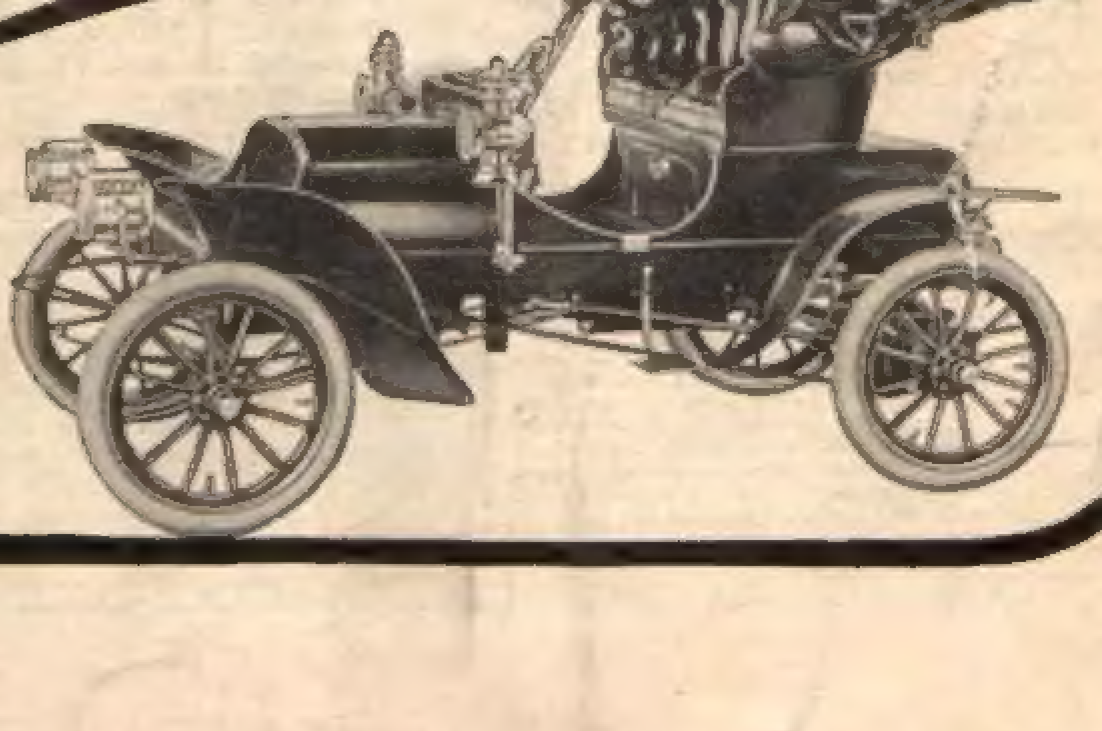
Four-cylinder Runabout, $1400
Four-cylinder Light Touring-car, $1800
Four-cylinder Touring-car, $2800
Six-cylinder Touring-car, $4000
Four-cylinder Limousine, $4000

H. H. FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING CO., Syracuse, N. Y., M. A. L. A. M.

Type D. Four-cylinder Touring-car

Five passengers. Air-cooled motor. 20 "Franklin horse-power." Three speed sliding gear transmission. Shaft drive. Disc clutch. Force-feed oiler on dash. 100-inch wheel base. 1800 pounds. 45 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. $2800, f.o.b. Syracuse.

Type E. Four-cylinder Runabout

Air-cooled motor. 12 "Franklin horse-power." 81½-inch wheel base. Force-feed oiler on dash. Two speeds and reverse. Chain drive. Ironed for canopy, cape or victoria top and glass front. 1100 pounds. 40 miles an hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. $1400. f.o.b. Syracuse.